MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

AUGUST 2001

#219 THREE BUX

FOR THA PUNX!

THE LOST SOUNDS

THE RESINATORS

ANTI-FLAG

THE DON'TCARES

FLOWERS IN THE DUSTBIN

CRUCIAL UNIT

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

- LIMP WRIST-What's Up With the Kids-EP
- NINE SHOCKS TERROR-Paying Ohmage-LP
- THE NEIGHBORS-Negative Atrraction-LP
- VITAMIN X-People That Bleed-EP
- TERVEET KADET-Mi Enthalvan-LP
- Y-Global Player-LP
- STACK-Konkret-LP
- MONSTER X/CAPITALIST CASUALTIES-split EP
- DISCLOSE-A Mass of Raw Sound Assault-EP
- NO SIDE-Comp 95-98-EP

JEFF HEERMANN

- SCREWS-Shake Your Monkey-LP
- LES SEQUELLES-Et Tant Pis Si Cela Vous-LP
- BRISTOLS-Tune In With-LP
- NEWTOWN ANIMALS-Lose That Girl-45
- HATCHBACKS-Ain't No Bitch-EP
- BASEBALL FURIES-I Hate Your Secret-EP
- X-Aspirations-LP
- SCAT RAG BOOSTERS-I'm Coming On-EP
- CECILIA ET SES ENNUIS-Avec Les-EP
- SUICIDE-live

DONNA POOLE

- BANTAM ROOSTER-Fuck All Y'all-LP
- NAKED RAYGUN-Free Shit-LP
- STUPID BABIES GO MAD-Guinea Pig-EP
- KAMIKAZES-Time for Rock 'n' Roll-EP
- BOBBY PERU-The X-File Conspiracy-45
- ASTRID OTO-Apology-EP
- PETER MANIETTE GROUP-Robber-EP
- BASEBALL FURIES-I Hate Your Secret-EP
- BANANAS/FOUR EYES-live
- ANTI FLAG/ONE MAN ARMY-live

CAROLYN KEDDY

- DIRTBOMBS-Ultraglide in Black-LP
- REAL KIDS-She's Got Everything-EP
- SCREWS-Shake Your Monkey-LP
- BASEBALL FURIES-EP/Plaster Caster-film
- STUCKISTS-Art or Arse-45/ZOUNDS-2xLP
- V/A-Sympathetic Sounds of Detroit-LP
- LOS SINNERS-Rebelde Radiactivo-45
- X-LP/PAGANS-Pink Album/Shit Street-LPs
- REDS/SWEET J.A.P.-split EP
- SCAT RAG BOOSTERS-EP/HEAD-EP

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

- THE GREEN HORNES-live
- X-Aspirations-LP/LOS SEXAREENOS-EP
- PAGANS-Pink Album/Shit Street-LPs
- DIRTBOMBS-Ultraglide in Black-LP
- CHERRY VALENCE-LP
- STUPID BABIES GO MAD-Guinea Pig-EP
- NAKED RAYGUN-LP/HATCHBACKS-EP
- SCAT RAG BOOSTERS-I'm Coming On-EP
- BASEBALL FURIES-I Hate Your Secret-EP
- PETER MANIETTE GROUP-Robber-EP

RAY LUJAN

- YELLOWCARD-One for the Kids-CD
- POPSTERS-Everything I Want-CD
- SECRET AFFAIR-Glory Boys-CD
- SNUFF-CD/DIGGER-Trainwreck-CD
- DIRT BIKE ANNIE-Superscope-EP
- PUTA-PONS-Return to Zero-CD
- CHORDS-BBC Sessions-LP
- NEWTOWN ANIMALS-Lose That Girl-45
- X-LP/BRISTOLS-Tune In With-LP
- CHELSEA-BBC Sessions-CD

TIMOJHEN MARK

- PLANKTON/MILKMAN-split EP
- GATE CRASHERS-Loud at Any Volume-EP
- PAGANS-Shit Street-LP/REAL REGGAE-CD
- X-Aspirations-LP/Y-Global Player-LP
- MONSTER X/CAPITALIST CASUALTIES-split EP
- NAKED RAYGUN-LP/HERO DISHONEST-CD
- LIMP WRIST-What's Up With the Kids-EP
- THE NEIGHBORS-Negative Atrraction-LP
- TERVEET KADET-Mi Enthalvan-LP
- BETERCORE/POINT OF FEW-split EP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

- THERE IS A LIGHT THAT NEVER GOES OUT-LP
- FOUR LETTER WORD-Band That Time-LP
- LIMP WRIST-What's Up With the Kids-EP
- DUESENJAEGER-Maulwurf-EP/URCHIN-LP
- THE MOB-2xLP/ZOUNDS-Curse of-2xLP
- PAGANS-LPs/TRUE FEEDBACK STORY-EP
- NAKED RAYGUN-LP/WAT TYLER-EP
- TERVEET KADET-Mi Enthalvan-LP
- BEYOND DESCRIPTION-LP
- ASTRID OTO-EPs/CHORDS-BBC-LP

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
- US: $3 each. 6 issue sub for $18. If you're in California, send $19.49 (tax).
- Canada: $4 each (air) or $3 (surface). 6 issue sub for $24 (air) or $18 (surface). (US dollars)
- Mexico: $4.50 each (air) or $5 (surface). 6 issue sub for $27 (air) or $30 (surface).
- Western Europe: $8 each (air) or $4 (surface). 6 issue sub for $48 (air) or $24 (surface).
- Japan, Australia, New Zealand: $9 each (air) or $4.50 (surface). 6 issue sub for $54 (air) or $27 (surface). (US dollars)
- Everywhere else: $8 each (air) or $5.50 (surface). 6 issue sub for $48 (air) or $33 (surface).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues #146, 148, 150-163, 165-181, 184-218 are as stated above in subscription info. See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

** NEW **AD** SIZES!! **
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $70
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $80
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $125

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands. Send ads properly sized on paper.

CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within the US, we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders. Must order five or more of the same issue.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (916) 641-8900 or fax (916) 641-8889. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon, and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
Phone (415) 923-9814
maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes.

ARWEN CURRY

- DETROIT COBRAS-Life, Love, & Leaving-LP
- ASTRID OTO-both EPs
- TERVEET KADET-Mi Enthalvan-LP
- ZEMEZLUC/DAVOVA PSYCHOZA-split EP
- Y-Global Player-LP
- TRUE FEEDBACK STORY-Viva Hate-EP
- ASSEMBLY OF GOD-Assembly Line-EP
- WAT TYLER-Mr. Crust-EP
- LIMP WRIST-What's Up with the Kids-EP
- ZOUNDS-2xLP/MOB-2xLP

BRUCE ROEHRS

- LIMECELL/ANTISEEN-live
- ANTISEEN-Boys From Brutalsville-CD
- TEMPLARS/DEVILSKINS-split EP
- V/A-Skins & Pinz-CD
- DICK SPIKIE-Birth of the Dick Spikie-CD
- IRON CROSS-Live For Now-CD
- FORGOTTEN-Singles Collection-CD
- TEMPLARS-The Horns of Hattin-CD
- BRASSKNUCKLE BOYS-American Bastard-CD
- TERVEET KADET-Mi Enthalvan-LP

ANDREW SCOTT

- NAKED RAYGUN-Free Shit-LP
- TRUE FEEDBACK STORY-Viva Hate-EP
- X-Aspirations-LP/NEW GRANADA-EP
- PAGANS-both LPs/LIMP WRIST-EP
- LES SEXAREENOS-Can You Do The Nose-EP
- REDS/SWEET J.A.P.- split EP
- DETROIT COBRAS-Life, Love, & Leaving-LP
- DIRTBOMBS-Ultraglide In Black-EP
- V/A-Sympathetic Sounds of Detroit-LP
- PLANESMISTAKENFORSTARS-Fuck w/Fire-CD

MIKE THORN

- LIMP WRIST-EP/NINE SHOCKS TERROR-LP
- STACK-LP/DISCLOSE-A Mass of Raw-EP
- ASTRID OTO-EPs/ASSEMBLY OF GOD-EP
- WAT TYLER-Mr. Crust-EP/VITAMIN X-EP
- NEW GRANADA-EP/POLICE LINE-EP
- ZEMEZLUC/DAVOVA PSYCHOZA-split EP
- BEYOND DESCRIPTION-LP/FUNERAL-LP
- BETERCORE/POINT OF FEW-split EP
- SBITCH/FOILIN' THE WORKS-split EP
- EFFIGY/ÄPÄRÄT-split EP/SPAZM 151-LP

MAX WARD

- ANODYNE-Berkowitz-EP/LUGOSI-live
- BETWEEN US-What's Right-EP
- STACK-LP/EFFIGY/ÄPÄRÄT-split EP
- UNHOLY GRAVE-Tortured Alive-10"
- BATHTUB SHITTER-Wall of World is Words-10"
- NINE SHOCKS TERROR-Paying Ohmage-LP
- GATE CRASHERS-Loud at Any Volume-EP
- DISCLOSE-A Mass of Raw Sound Assault-EP
- LIMP WRIST-What's Up with the Kids-EP
- FOB/GODSTOMPER-split EP/NO SIDE-EP

RYAN WELLS

- REALLY RED-Discography-CD
- REDS/SWEET J.A.P.- split EP
- PAGANS-Pink Album/Shit Street-LPs
- X-Aspirations-LP
- BLUTT-Bing-Bang-Boum-EP
- V/A-Sympathetic Sounds of Detroit-LP
- V/A-Bored Teenagers Vol. 2-LP
- LES SEXAREENOS-Can You Do the Nose-EP
- LOS SINNERS-Rebelde Radiactivo-EP
- BASEBALL FURIES-I Hate Your Secret-EP

KENNY KAOS/REMA YOUNG

- THE CHERRY VALENCE-LP
- X-Aspirations-LP
- NAKED RAYGUN-Free Shit-LP
- DANKO JONES-I'm Alive & On Fire-CD
- DIRTBOMBS-Ultraglide in Black-LP
- KAMIKAZES-Time for Rock 'n' Roll-EP
- NEW TOWN ANIMALS-Lose That Girl-45
- BASEBALL FURIES-I Hate Your Secret-EP
- CHORDS-BBC Sessions-LP
- ASTRID OTO-At Home With...-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

- Burning Jelly #2
- Gnome Sane #1
- It's Alive #19
- King-Cat Comics #59
- No Man is a Riker #3
- P.U.N.K. #8
- Third Generation Nation #21
- Those Days #1
- Underdog Zine #31
- Fifteenth Precint #4

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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#143/Apr '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jesus Christ Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit.

#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#155/Apr '96. Hockey Teeth, Turnips, Pussy Crush, Cro-Mags, High Plains Drifters, Slight Slappers, Third Degree, Anti-Flag.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab.

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '96. Blanks '77, Emily's Sassy Lime, Real Mckenzies, Millionaires, Dropkick Murphys, Other People's Music, No-Talents, Hives, Sea Monster, He's Dead Jim, Defiance, Bou Sou Nezumi, Freeze.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#167/Apr '97. Grand Theft Audio, No Fraud, Gauze, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, Danko Jones, Viceroys, Forgotten.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit.

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#176/Jan '97. Scared of Chaka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squid Boy, Izgoy, Beltones, Sky Grain, 1,4,5s, Ducky Boys, JCCCamp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan 2000. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb 2000. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March 2000. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April 2000. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May 2000. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June 2000. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July 2000. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug 2000. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept 2000. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion.

#209/Oct 2000. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone..

#210/Nov 2000. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, the Pre-Teens, the Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#211/Dec 2000. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles.

#212/Jan 2000. Avail, Born Dead Icons, From Ashes Rise, the Voids, the Guilty Pleasures, xLimpwristx, Chachi on Acid.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Eric Drooker cover, Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

You Want Back Issues?

...We've Got Yer Back Issues Right Here.

$3 dollars each from → maximumrocknroll po box 460760 san francisco, ca 94146-0760

¡ACHTUNG!

INTERNATIONAL MRR READERS

¿THE POST OFFICE HAS DONE IT AGAIN?

YEP THAT'S RIGHT, THE PRICE OF INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE HAS NEARLY DOUBLED. PLEASE SPECIFY AIR OR SURFACE WHEN ORDERING!

Sorry this is so expensive, we're not happy about it either (however, zines shipped by surface should still arrive before it hits newstands). You can also save money by selling MRR at shows, bulk rate boxes of 20 are available. We are investigating cheaper methods of shipping so stay tuned!

NEW MAILORDER RATES

Location	one magazine (u.s. dollars) (3-5 days) Air/Surface (4-6 wks)	two zines Air	three zines Air	four zines Air	five zines Air	subscription rates (six months) (3-5 days) Air/Surface (4-6 wks)
Canada	4.00/3.00	8.00	12.00	14.00	15.00	24.00/18.00
Mexico	4.50/5.00	8.00	12.00	14.00	15.00	27.00/30.00
Western Europe	8.00/4.00	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	48.00/24.00
Japan, Australia, N. Zealand	9.00/4.50	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	54.00/27.00
Eastern Europe, South America, Asia, Africa	8.00/5.50	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	48.00/33.00

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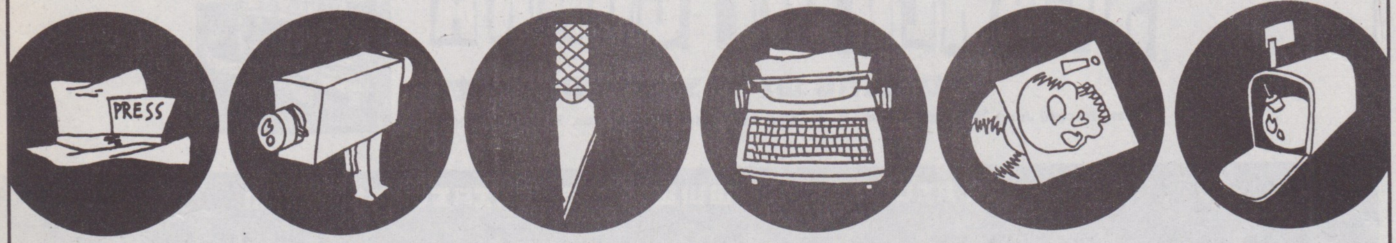

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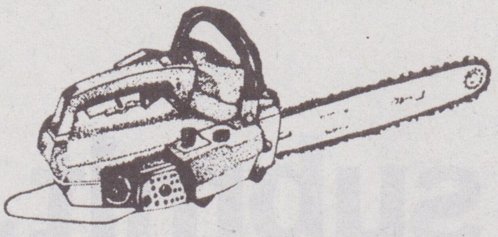

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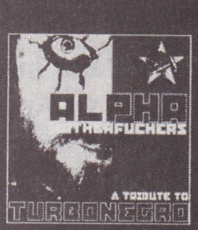

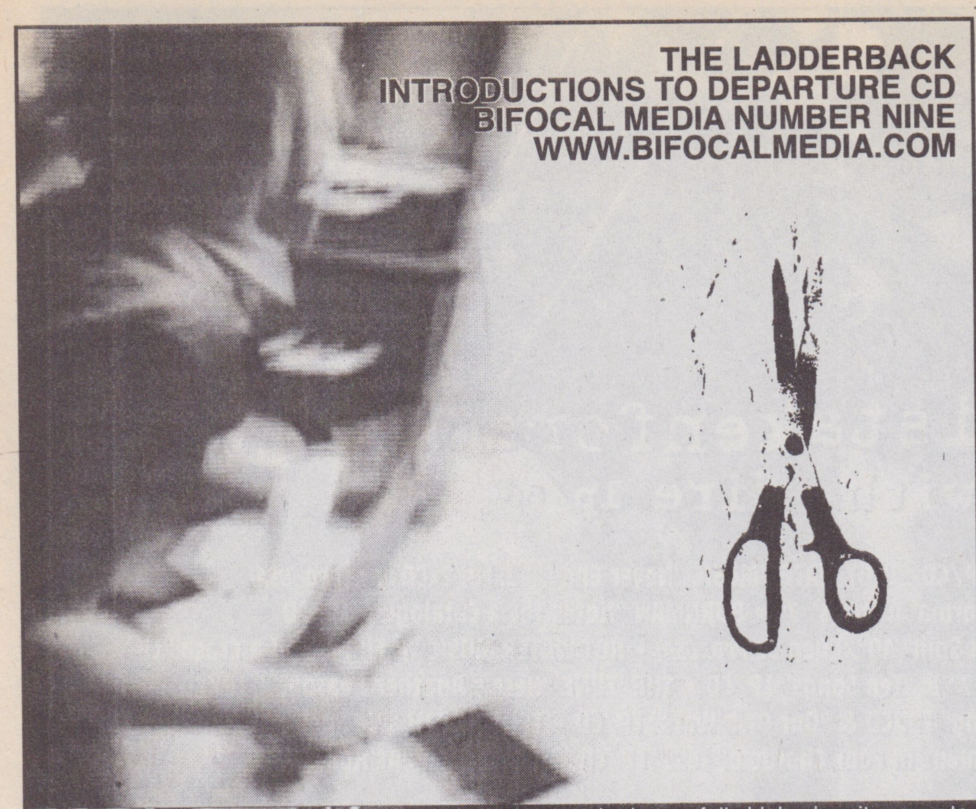

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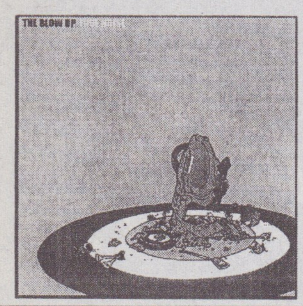

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to maximumrnr@mindspring.com. No response guaranteed.

MRR -

This letter is in response to Chris Lawrene's letter in the June issue of MRR (#217). Chris, if you truly are a long time reader of MRR like you said in the letter, then I doubt you'd even need to wonder why "there's a ridiculous amount of DIY hardcore in the issues" as you put it. I mean I've been reading the zine since almost the beginning (prolly before you were even thought up by dear old Mom and Dad), and it's always been geared towards the same types of music. In fact I'm sure the English Dogs have been featured in previous issues (when they counted). I think it's unfair to say that MRR doesn't give enough attention to oi, street punk stuff. There's a column devoted to it, they review it, and in not-so-past issues they've interviewed the Angelic Upstarts, Cock Sparrer and many more. I think if you look at the bands covered in each issue it's pretty diverse. You complain that they label lots of the music you listen to as generic, well it is, it's just as generic as the music I listen to (which I'm sure some of the reviewers of this zine say some of it is generic also). There's nothing wrong with generic... you also go on to complain about recognition 2 of my previous bands got in the zine... Neither band ever got any local support, but we didn't really give a fuck, we were playing fast music that we liked to play, to most of the time very few people. We started doing things ourselves (like putting out our own records, etc.). You seem happy that both bands are dead and gone, and that's fine, as we accomplished all we set out to do. We didn't cater to morons like you in the Albany hardcore scene who had preconceived notions of what hardcore should be, or what direction it should go. I'd dealt with that attitude at shows since the early 80s, when the only shows that were happening in Albany were the "tough guy" mosh shows (that you prolly wish you were at). You will have to put up with me and my new bands, John Browns Army, and the Oath, because we will hopefully be around for years, just to piss off people like you.

Chris, you need to stop complaining about this zine, and about what's going on in "your" community, and start doing things yourself. Good luck with life.

Nate Wilson/ Gloom Records

PS Yeah sure.... "Blood for Blood is real hardcore" (are you out of your mind?), is Korn real hardcore too?

Dear MRR,

How is everyone doing? First off, I would like to respond to Chris Lawrene of Never Surrender Records about his "DIY hardcore" bitch session in #217. Like Chris I also live in the Albany area, and I have been "putting up" with Monster X (RIP) and Devoid of Faith (RIP) for a while (my best friend Jeff was drumming for Monster X for a span), and I gotta tell ya - as most people know - Monster X and Devoid of Faith were great, not to mention influential bands.

Also, what is wrong with DIY hardcore? Isn't Chris running a record label, thus Doing it himself? Although Chris might not be into hardcore, you think he would be able to appreciate the fact that Monster X and Devoid of Faith were doing something to shit on the greedy promoters of Albany. For cripes sakes, Nate ran his own store (Crypto Comix), and last I knew Monster X played their last show at a house, and Devoid of Faith played their last show in NYC, because of greedy promoters. What's wrong with this? Once again, if you don't like it, don't listen, and unless you were chained to a speaker at a Monster X or Devoid of Faith show, don't bitch, 'cus you had the chance to leave. Sorry, but that's the way it is. Sorry for this small town bullshit.

Josh Mickalonis/ y2jarsh@hotmail.com

PS *Bring back the Christian's Corner!!!* That was the funniest shit ever, not to mention all the people that wrote in to complain, those letters were even funnier!!!

PPS *Bill Florio is my idol.* No one can give you a NY perspective than him... Word.

MRR,

Well, I was reading the letters section again from #216 and came across Chrischarge's letter. Yes, bands beware of these scammers using BYOFL for lining their own pockets. Well, I have a similar warning to issue. Watch out for the assholes who ask for your music to be released and then just disappear.

After finding what appeared to be a "decent" label in BYOFL, my old band stupidly sent our only DAT(as we had done on other occasions), and a CD-R out to be on a compilation on Lapdance Records. "Ryan Lapdance" made no extraordinary claims about what we would get. After waiting for some time for this compilation to be released, I tried to contact "Ryan", but with no success. The phone number as well as the email address were bogus, and the mailing address was at a large apartment complex. After doing some research and contacting several bands, I found out my band was not the only one to get screwed.

If anyone has any information on this scam artist please email me (I seem to be continuously moving) at hatorecs@hotmail.com. Bands beware of scam artists like this, and always make a backup of your shit.

Jeff/ Bludgeoncore Records/ 2310 Acushnet Avenue 1S/ New Bedford, MA 02745

To MRR and its readers -

It has come to my attention that the recent Terrorain 7" "1988 demo" has been turning up on Ebay and fetching $18 to 22 at a time. Please don't be fooled, it is available from Sound Idea and others at $3 or 4; Sound Idea also

has Terrorain shirts at $6 a pop if you want them. Don't play into the hands of some money grubbing turd, use the underground distros ok? Take care,
Pat Terrorain/ 6815 S. McClintock Dr./ Tempe, AZ 85283

Dear MRR,

The main goal of this letter is to hopefully capture the attention of punk/hardcore enthusiasts in the El Paso, Texas/ Cuidad de Juarez, Mexico area. I will be living down there (on the Mexico side, in Juarez) this coming fall semester on a border studies program through my school, as I will be doing a field study, and taking classes in Juarez and UTEP. My wish is to become involved in the local punk/hardcore community. No, I don't want to study you, this is for my own well-being!!! I am extremely enthusiastic about the scene and need to establish a link with it somehow during my stay there.

I do vocals, write songs, and have experience in one short-lived band. I amplify my obsession of '80s and recent hardcore bands by doing a one-page zine called *Clench*. I also have experience in booking shows, and do punk artwork.

My border studies program is rooted in the Spanish language, and I am especially interested in the likely bilingual aspects of the El Paso/ Juarez scene. If I will be in your area this fall, please don't hesitate to get in touch with me. I hope to hear from all of you soon, as I will be in El Paso/ Juarez August 22nd. Thanks much.

Clench #1 (focus on Void) and #2 (focus on FUs) are still available by mail for a stamp each. *Clench* #3 is almost on the way with a focus on Agnostic Front. *!Bust out the hardcore!*
Phil Knowles/ 12780 E. 2200th St./ Atkinson, IL 61235

Dear MRR and readers,

I just picked up a copy of MRR today for the first time in ages, and I gotta say having gradually witnessed punk, which had always played such an important part in my life, seemingly being relegated to just another sanitized trendy lifestyle "choice" on MTV or some retarded "lets pretend it's 1977/1983/1988..." retro dickhead themepark, I was totally stoked! The zine is better than ever!

It's good to see columns and opinions that are well argued, interesting or just plain fucking hilarious. It seems so easy to get out of touch if you haven't got the money or time to buy all the latest 'cool' releases, I gotta say I missed MRR being my punk 'bible' - I used to read MRR in the '80s 'cuz it was such a refreshing change from the stagnant UK punk scene at the time and I gotta say reading the zine made me again realize that I'm still part of a massive international punk conspiracy, not just some old git who's 'past it' (as I've been feeling lately).

From what I can gather the international punk/HC scene is stronger than ever with shit loads of cool bands and individuals - I've come to realize the shit is happening now! Don't take what we've got for granted - the "glory days" are happening now! Anyhow I'm definitely gonna get a new subscription! I just wish I was 10 years younger!

I'm into getting in contact with older punk/HC people into trading records/ views/ photos or whatever- I'm into everything from Alternative TV to Botch (and into Vespa/ Lambretta scooters!). Please feel free to write!
Russ/ Leeds/ England/ scooterpunk@ukonline.co.uk

Maximum R&R!

First and foremost - I'd like to send all you hard workers there at MRR my utmost drunk fucx! I can tell by your mag, that you guys make a serious effort to produce a mag that punx of all varieties can get in touch with - cool.

Any rage - I been thinkin' about writin' for a while - but see'n as I'm on Walk Alone - and haven't had a chance to really get pissed in a while - I been puttin' it off. That is, of course, until I seen the June issue of *Stuff* magazine - if ya'll haven't had a chance to check it out - don't trip, you aren't missin' anything. Except some "super-ultra-tough guy punker than thou" article by Lars Frederiksen. Now I know you guys being from 'Frisco are probably into this guy - hometowns and all - and I give the guy credit for last'n in the "scene" so long - same as Duane Peters, Mike Loreman and Ricki Barnes. But I'm here to give you what I think is the collective level of thought of most all the punxdrunx and skins throughout this fucked up system!

First off - let's start with the photo of the band. Here we got a few mean characters - mohawks, skinasks, leather jackets, spikes, studs and dude himself is given up the middle finger response! All right bro - fuck shit up! But if I've learned anything in the joint, it's that people who try to look mean and tough are usually the ones to break first. Now if you are mad all the time - the strong thing to do would be to do something about it. Find out the reason for anger and destroy it - unless of course, you're just makin' faces for the cameras - in which case the rest of us see right through it! It's like a skater posin' tricks at the coping or curb! No difference.

Now, don't get me wrong. I dig the whole anti-fashion aspect of punk rock, but it's a thin line between fashion and anti-fashion, and I think it's real apparent when people try too hard for either one. Me, myself, I truly find it hard to maintain the look - shit costs money and I'd rather buy beer than try to impress people with my jacket. Let my actions speak for how punk I am!

And movin' right along to the interview itself - he starts off protestin' major labels. Fuck yeah major labels waterdown shit for the masses - and I think there actually is no need for them in punk rock - take Rudimentary Peni, for example - one of the best bands ever. Yet strident social recluses! And every punker in the world has at least heard of them and most worship at the altar of the "Farce" album, but they never had a major label - cool punk rock! But the guy sayin' all this stuff is the same guy who's songs where being played on the radio only a couple of years ago! If labels are considered sellin' out, what is that called? I believe that if you are gonna represent something - go full force. You can't straddle the fence when it comes to beliefs, ya dig?

But he doesn't stop there - he goes on to rant and rave about the "Grammys" and "the fuckin' dot com plague". Okay, get a grip buddy! None of use care about the music the Grammys praise! And if you are lookin' for social praise on such a grand scale, how can you call it "Independent Music" and that also just flushed his whole protest against labels down the toilet! Are you guys pickin' up what I'm puttin' down?

Then the best part is how pissed

he is about dot.com millionaires - hoard their money. Well I got a question for him, what did he do with all the hundreds of thousands of dollars made off Rancid? Or what does he plan to do with all the money he makes off the Warped Tour? How much do you want to bet he doesn't do shit for all the punx who end up on the wrong side of the fence!? Probably get a $200.00 dollar a night hotel room and shoot heroin with Blink-182 or something! I shouldn't say that about the heroin - 'cause I don't know if the guy uses, but you get my point. I mean the guy is sportin' a pair of brand new blue suede creepers, in this photo, that probably are worth more than anything me and three of my friends own put together!

Can you see how this could become frustrating? I'm on Walk Alone at the rat ass joint cause I'm a threat to the security of the institution, I've had three months on the streets since '95 and this will be my ninth time parole'n - so as you can see, I don't get much time out there. I get out, hit maybe four shows a week, I break shit, start fights, and basically run around Orange County like a chicken with his head cut off! Representin' punk rock as best as I can which is nothing new. I been doing the same shit since I was eleven and I don't plan on change'n anytime soon!

I want you to know that I usually don't trip on guys like Lars. There's thousands of people just like him, and everyone I meet I tell them the same thing. If you're pissed about something, do something about it, there's nothing stoppin' anyone except fear. If ya think major labels are fucked - start a label that isn't. Not like you don't got enough cash! Or take it to the next level and challenge them physically - whatever you feels right in your heart - ya dig?!

There comes a time when enough has been said and it's time for action. The ones who keep talkin' are fake! And eventually sound like old bitchin'-hags!

Punk rock is the only thing I hold dear. I live and breathe for the next gig or the next person I can bum out - I don't walk around mad all day cause I have no pent-up aggression. Any time I am obscured by obstacles I conquer them, but I've paid the price with my freedom. I accept that, cause I'm fanatical about the scene - like I said before, full force! One thing though, that I don't want to say is that you got to go to some to prison to be punk - you don't! But it's kind of a known fact that if you truly believe in anarchy and chaos, then the Department of Corrections has a place for you - so where the hell is Lars and his buddies?

I agree with him that no - punk rock is not dead - and will never die. It'll just spend some time in the hole for awhile!

Thank you *Maximum Rock n' Roll* for let'n me vent on this subject - and you never know someday I might run from parole and come visit all you wonderful people in 'Frisco - so you can check me out in action!

Please keep up the good work and if ya can tilt a few beers back and maybe break something for me, I would appreciate it - spread the filth! Piss Poor Drunk Fuck,

Kory PDS

Hello,

My name is Robert Middaugh (AKA Rob Ruckus, Waste Blocker). I am a political prisoner; my prison number is #6859467. Last August (2000) during the Democratic National Convention I was pulled over by an officer as I was leaving from a local church that was providing shelter for activists who were attending the protests against the DNC. I was on my way to the Direct Action Network convergence center. Thirty LAPD officers appeared on the scene and blocked off half the two-lane street that I was driving down. The officers told the 4 other people who were with me to leave and then they arrested me. While taking me into custody the officers broke a splint that I was wearing on my fractured hand and bruised my rib and my arm. The officers then towed my truck away. I was booked and charged with assaulting a police officer with a deadly weapon other than a gun, riot, and rout. The LAPD pressured the district attorney to charge me with attempted murder on an officer (a charge that carries 7 years).

While in jail I was not given medical attention or a new splint for my hand. I was in jail for 2 weeks before I was bailed out. I had a lawyer that volunteered his service for free as a favor from a friend that is a friend of mine that I worked with in Seattle against the WTO 2 years ago. For my case in Los Angeles, the DA took the heat from the LAPD and gave me a deal; I pled no contest to the assault charge and had the other two charges dropped. I received time served and 3 years formal probation. At this time I was also wrapping up another case from when I was arrested in Riverside and charged with being on the freeway and disorderly conduct. For this trial I went pro-per, waived my right to a speedy trial, and delayed my trial for one year. I could not find a lawyer who would go anywhere near Riverside because it is such a monkey court full of redneck conservatives. The Riverside arrest resulted from my involvement in efforts to win justice for Tyshia Miller, a teenager who was murdered by the Riverside police for racial reasons. It was not part of the terms of my probation to not attend protests, so I still had my constitutional right to attend a protest.

At this time I started to take a different role. I began to support those who were in the front lines of the battle instead of being in the trenches with them. As time went by I got involved with the World Week for Lab Animals in Los Angeles where I attended a protest on the UCLA campus against animal research. At that event I was arrested by the campus police and taken to the station where I was cited for misdemeanor vandalism against an animal research lab. I don't know what they are saying I did exactly. A week later I attended a protest on May Day in downtown Long Beach to support the front line and I was prepared to offer first aid services. The LBPD shoved me face down then held me down with an officer's leg on my back as they handcuffed me and about 80-90 of my comrades, friends, and other protesters. At first I was charged with felony conspiracy to commit a crime and refusal to disperse. Later that night they added a second felony charge: assault on an officer other than a gun. They claim that I threw a wooden barricade. Three weeks later they divided my charges into two cases. On the first case they are saying that it was some one else that threw the barricade and that I had ordered it to be thrown. On the second case they are saying that I did not refuse to disperse, but that I resisted arrest. I am still being charged with conspiracy to commit a crime. I am innocent to the previous charges that resulted from the past

cases that I described and I am innocent in concern to the charges that a received on May Day. The accusations are lies and I still need a lawyer or an attorney to take my case and help me to let the truth be known. We should not need a permit for the people to gather together to protest when we have a constitutional right to do so. Capitalism is a form of slavery for those who can't see that we are not free; the shackles are not around their waists but fastened behind their eyes. Free your minds, free all political prisoners. If you are a lawyer or attorney or you know of one that would like to help please contact my support group and me. I also need monetary aid for legal costs. Please send money orders or checks made out to Olga Middaugh and mail them to 254 Celeste Drive/ Riverside, CA, 92507 (care of Rob's legal defense). You can write to me personally at PO Box 86164/ Terminal Annex/ Los Angeles, CA 90686-164, cellblock 1400 pod 2. They misspell my last name so when writing to me replace the last letter H with an N. Remember we are in here for you and you are out there for us!

Robert Middaugn #6859467/ cell block 1400 pod 2/ P.O. Box 86164/ Terminal Annex/ Los Angeles, CA 90086

MRR -

This is life. Job after job, come up for breath, get another job. Dulling abilities, motivation. Stealing my youth. Should I quit? Live on the street, die young?

I read a criticism of Cuba a few weeks ago. This woman who lived there for a year spouted off how almost all jobs are connected to the state and said that people who have no ideological common ground with it are forced into the situation of toiling at jobs they're fundamentally opposed to. (She also mentions that if you fuck up at one, you'd probably have a hard time getting another.) They have no motivation and aren't capable of giving a shit. They have to toe the party line just to get by. The point of the criticism was that if they lived in a free-market economy they'd be free to love their jobs/life and pick a nice conservative world view. Liberty. Never mind the logic of behind working 40+ hours a week to make someone else rich.

I have a hard time believing a real person writes this stuff. This book poses as a fair analysis, but just reinforces ideas of scary non-democratic forces controlling life down there (fucking communists and their universal health care). The all-encompassing state, supposedly oblivious to your needs and forced onto the public. They have to do things they dread because they can't "change" their boss. Being able to choose between bosses would make life a playland. It would cure everything to have someone lead them to higher production and greater exports.

A boss is a fucking boss. Some are more sadistic than others but they all get off on power in some way. There's no real difference between working for private business and working under a dictatorship. You don't have any say in how the business is run. (Maybe management will pretend to listen.) You can't get away from it, business is all encompassing. It ignores what you and everyone else need unless it absolutely can't get away it. (There's one plus for this place. These companies try not to look to evil. Another plus, I won't get whacked for saying this.) There aren't any company or industry decision making bodies open to all workers that can affect real change, or company elections (not that these would necessarily solve much). You're lucky if you have a collective bargaining agreement, but even then the union will probably talk tough, shake their fist, then side with business, unless it affects their jobs too.

Maybe they'll claim their hands are tied. At my last job the boss hardly wrote anyone up. They'd usually come to talk to you and as long as you didn't say "I did it on purpose, douche bag" they wouldn't do shit. One day my union rep calls him up and tells him that if he doesn't start writing us up when we make mistakes, she'll get the union on his ass. What the fuck? Whose side are you on? It's real cozy between those sheets. The union was trying to keep us in line for our employer. Wouldn't want to hurt business. Maybe the companies (and G. W.) would start busting more, and then the union bureaucracy would be out of jobs. They'll get your pay increases a little and keep you pacified so you don't turn against them. Cozy. Maybe they don't even know they're doing it.

Where was I? Oh yeah, I don't like working. A lot of people don't and they don't live in communist countries. No propaganda is gonna change that; but it might not be so bad if I wasn't working to make someone rich. Still, count yourself lucky if you can get a job (especially if you have a family). Does it have to be this way? A lose, lose situation. Fuck.

Billy/ speeker72@hotmail

Howdy ,

Brian from Grand Theft Audio here. I would like to make a few comments addressing an article written by guest colunmist Krishna Rau on white racism in punk in the the July issue, #218, of *Maximum Rocknroll*. I would like to know Rau, where do you get off saying some of the things you do and are you some sort of Joseph McCarthy throwing around accusations of racism instead of communism?

Rau - "When grass-roots musical organization Rock Against Racism formed, fascist groups decided to play their own music. Dubbed 'Oi', this was louder and harder than punk and was targeted at working class youth. And although not all Oi bands were fascist, some of the most prominent certainly were. The singer of the 4-Skins was a bodyguard for the leader of the British Movement..." First off, the term "Oi" happened to be coined by *Sounds* magazine writer Gary Bushell as a way to describe a newer crop of working class punk groups and not some conspiracy of fascists to create a white power alternative to Rock Against Racism as you so paranoidly suggest. In fact Gary Bushell had been attacked by nazis for slagging off people like Skrewdriver. Bushell was also known for helping to push Demob, a half white / half black punk group. On the "Carry on Oi!" LP that Gary put together it dedicates the album to amoungst others "the Chilean resistance", "Khalid Karim and the Pakistani Punks and Skins", and "Amnesty International", whilst slagging off Hitler and the National Front. Um yeah, Amnesty International, this Bushell bloke sounds like a real supporter of fascism to me. Futhermore, which prominent Oi! groups were fascist!?! The 4-Skins!?! You did not even name which 4-Skins singer was, as you put it, "a bodyguard for the leader of the British Movement". There were at least

three singers for the 4-Skins including Gary Hodges, Panther, and Roi Pearce. I doubt it was ex-Last Resort and rabid Millwall fan Roi as I hung with him once and we talked about that stuff at length. Also Skrewdriver never "emerged" from the Oi! scene as you stated, they were around long before the term Oi! was even coined and once they came out as ultra right wing racists in '83 (by then having gone through several line up changes) they were pretty much no longer welcome to play with any of the established Oi! bands .

Next Rau you get even more ridiculous by insinuating that bands like Black Flag, X, and even Minor Threat were somehow promoting white racist views!?! Black Flag's song "White Minority" was totally sarcastic and just because you are not able to pick up on that sarcasm does not mean that said sarcasm does not exist and it also does not mean that Black Flag should be forced to hold up a big sign to let everyone know they are being sarcastic just to appease pc paranoids. Furthermore that song was sung by a Puerto Rican (Ron Reyes aka Chavo Pederast) and not a Mexican. If I was so inclined to your way of identifing racism I might suggest that possibly you consider everyone with a Latino surname as all being Mexican; so are you now a racist? Black Flag were close friends with and played often with the Stains (all Latino), Saccharine Trust (several Latinos), and the Minutemen (a Jewish bass player), amongst many other not all "white" groups. Where the heck you ever came to believe that the song "My War" is a pro nazi song I cannot even begin to fathom! Singer Henry Rollins also happened to be close friends with HR (black) of Bad Brains and John Macias (Latino) of Circle One. Yeah Henry is real nazi (oops I almost forgot you do not pick up on sarcasm too easily). X, the darlings of the liberals, are peddling white racism!?! Get a grip, X were super close friends with numerous bands containing gay, Jewish, Latino, etc. members including the Bags, Brat, Plugz, Gun Club, Catholic Discipline, Big Boys, and many others. Then there is Minor Threat whom you decry for their song "Guilty of Being White" which is obviously about not wanting to be prejudged for your skin color. Would you, Rau, like to be judged by your skin color? I do not think I really need to go on any further about Minor Threat and I seriously doubt I will be the only one to find your tarring of them as promoting racist sentiments to be completely unfounded.

I could go on picking apart other portions of your article but I have not the time to even bother so I will leave you with this old saying, "it is better to remain silent and be thought of as a fool then to open one's mouth and remove all doubt", as any intellegent points you tried to make were totally obscured by such glaring inaccuracies.
Sarcasticly yours -
Brian GTA

PS I think you owe some of the people you unfairly accused of racism a major apology.

Dear MRR,

I thought it was cool how in issue #216, Dulcinea Loudmouth describes a record she doesn't like as "beyond gay". I was thinking maybe next issue you could compare shitty records to black people, or hispanics. That would be killer, bro!
Giovanni

Dearest Giovanni,

Take your PC bullshit and shove it up your uptight ass.
Dulcinea Loudmouth

To those concerned,

Who is to say "Giovanni's" missive is mere pc bullshit? What if the letter writer is a heterosexual/ white supremacist, with an ass actually looser than the reviewer's - someone who would diss sexual and *ethnic minorities.*
Jeff M.

Hey Mark,

I was just checking out the most recent column and wanted to drop you a line to say, basically, that I'm really glad you wrote that and that I completely agree with you. When I let it get to me it causes me major stress via the frustration of dealing with punks' inability to grasp how their lives interact with each others' and with the world at large. It seems that a certain percentage of the kids just want to be apathetic, and the other half are overly PC and, while well intentioned, often serve to create as many boundaries as the former. But what I don't understand is why everyone doesn't see how some things are so clearly wrong (like your examples of conflict of interest in the political sphere). I don't think we should agree on how to change the problems, I don't even think anyone should necessarily have any solid solutions—but we should all be pissed off. And putting bad porn on your LP cover or getting down on someone for eating chicken isn't helping anyone.

Rocknroll is about anger and frustration. It took me a while to realize that. I've always had reason to be angry, and I always wanted to do something to change what was the source of those feelings. But I'm not a great organizer; I don't have amazing patience. I studied social work and wanted to change the world. But it wasn't for me—the only thing I ever wanted was expressed through a guitar and loud amp. But that guitar and loud amp was always fueled by the frustration and anger of goings on in the outside. That always produced the best music—and it always will.

So it's no real surprise that the bands who don't quite grasp that—the one's who are attracted to punk via the aesthetic of anger as opposed to being angry—make the worst music. They clutter our lives with completely regressive imagery and ideas. And it sucks. I'm certainly not saying that punk shouldn't be offensive, but I think you can draw a line between being offensive in a clever enough way to get one to think (Chosen Few, Chronic Sick, early GG Allin) as opposed to being dumb and shocking (Fuck Ups, later GG, all too much current garage). The former can serve some function, the latter is useless.

Anyway, I was really glad to see your endorsement of anger, and renouncement of stupidity. Let's get the anger back in music and if we can't solve all of the problems then let's at least admit a mutual frustration and be fucking pissed! Later,
Dave Hyde

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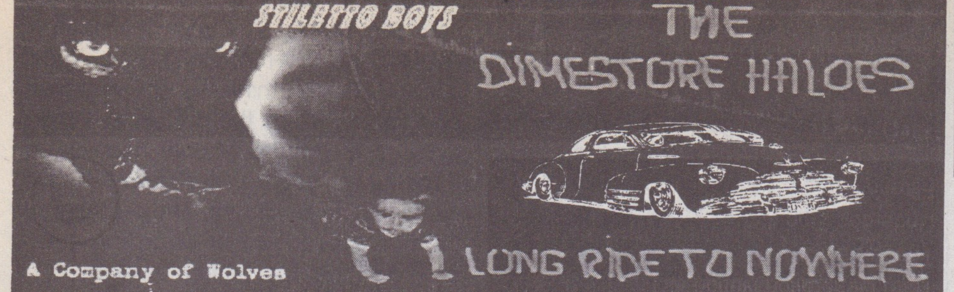

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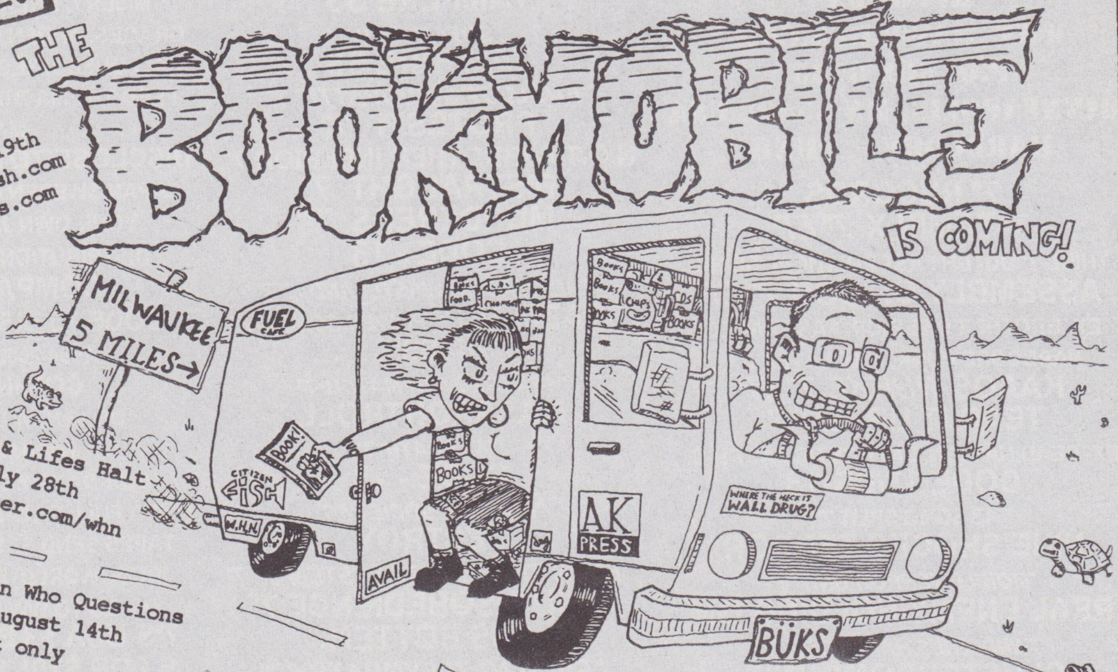

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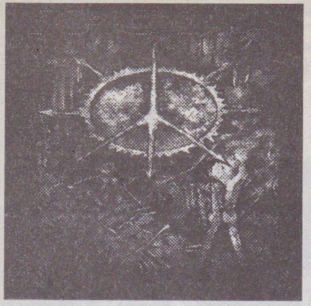

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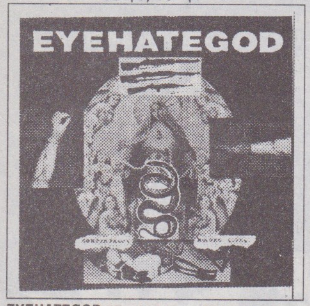

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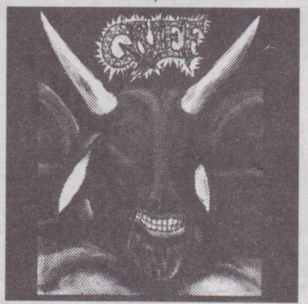

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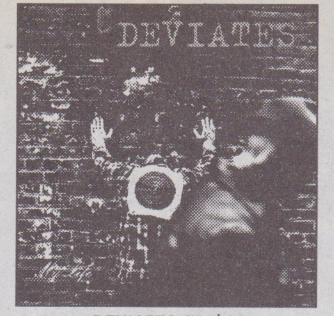

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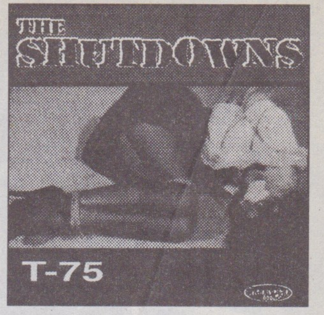

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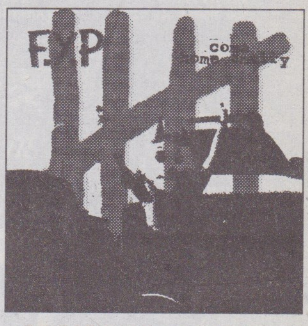

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COLUMNS

It's May. The cherry and plum blossoms are coming out like a closetful of homosexuals. Exposing themselves. Calling, in all their pink and white glory. "Look at me! I'm a flower! I'm a flower!"

It's depressing.

It's May. Springtime. A time where people think about staying at home, starting life again. Warming up. Studying for final exams.

It's May. A month away from homo day. The time they spread their petals and prance through the streets. Come out. They say. Open your closet to the sun. Let your true self raise up in all its glory. It's time to leave town.

I write this, through the buggy miracle of Microsoft, in an open town square in the middle of Riga, Latvia. It's the ancestral home of my grandmother, Esther Berman.

Rewind: I land in Amsterdam at 6AM. I take the train, then the tram to Tony's. It's about 8:30 when I knock on his door.

"Mykel?" comes the familiar voice.

Tony opens the door. He thrusts a Grolsch into my hand.

"Hey Mykel!" he says, "Good to see you!"

I look at my watch. It's 8:35. I have a rule: never drink between 6AM and noon. It's dry time. It proves I'm in control. I set the rules, not the booze.

"What time is it in New York?" I ask Tony.

"I donno," he says. "I guess it's about three in the morning."

I nod.

"Still night." I say, reaching for the bottle opener.

From this time, until I arrive in Latvia a week later, beer continually sloshes down my throat. Through my stomach. I float on half-consciousness and beer farts, a continued existence just this side of soused. It's as if I put on goggles with beer filling the space between the clear plastic and my eyes.

Am I coming out alcoholic?

Fuck. I don't even believe in alcoholism, except as a physical addiction. If you're really addicted you shake without booze. You find yourself in a gutter, your pants around your ankles. Your anus bleeding. You don't know how you got there. That doesn't happen to me. I'm no alcoholic.

I love alcohol without *being* an alcoholic. It's what I do, not what I am. I'm not coming out.

I'm just spending one night at Tony's. Tomorrow, it's off to Helsinki for another night. Then a boat to Tallinn (sounds like 'Stalin' without the S), Estonia, where the adventure *really* begins.

My plane takes off at 9 tomorrow. I have to leave Tony's at 6 to get to the airport on time. I'd better get to bed early. Yeah right.

About 9PM. We're at the local punk bar. I thought I'd get a chance to see my other BGK pals, but no luck. However, I *do* have luck re-meeting Tony's goddess-girlfriend Jutta and a writer-pal of Tony's, Karin Spaink. With a name like that, how could you miss? Spank + pain. Sounds like an equation for a good time. Yeah!

And she's a crip. Multiple sclerosis. Muscular dystrophy. I get 'em confused. She told me she'd be in a wheelchair. Electric. Boppin' down the street. Rollin' into the bar on four wheels. Vroom! Vroom! Screeeech. Stop at my table. Yeah.

I love cripples. They're the bravest people in the world. The world stares at 'em as they lurch, wheel, lumber through life. You curse when can't get a blowjob from your girlfriend. For a cripple, it's enough to be able to turn on the water in the sink.

It's not a theoretical attraction. I know cripples. I had a blind girlfriend. My father has one arm.

I remember Dad tying his shoe with his one hand. I was about eight.

"Now you do it," he said. "Tie your shoelace with one hand." I couldn't.

"You can't," he said. "Now you tell me who is disabled."

From then on, I have had a special respect for cripples. They can do stuff I can't. And they've got balls.

You don't come out cripple. There's no hiding it. It's like being Negro or Oriental. People know right away.

On the other hand, it's not as if you *are* a cripple either. Am I a cripple because I can't tie my shoe with one hand? Cripples are folks with something different to deal with than I have to deal with. Something a little more obvious maybe, but only different, not worse.

These are thoughts cruise through my beer-laden brain when the door opens and in clomps Ms. Spaink.

She's got a metal cane, with an arm brace, but that's it. No wheel chair. No vroom. Just chunk... tap tap. Chunk... tap tap. She's tall, rail thin, with kinky reddish hair like an exotic Jew. Her clothes fit like someone poured her into them.

She thuds up to our table. 'Our' is Tony, me, Scott, a famous guitar player from Detroit, and the Dutch goddess, Jutta. She kisses Tony and Jutta. Then she shakes hands with Scott.

"Sorry," she says to him, "I only kiss people I know."

She looks at me. Her thinness towers over me even more than most Dutch people. (They're the tallest race in the world.)

"You must be Mykel Board," she says.

I smile and stand up with my hand out. She wraps her arms around my body pressing me into her.

"I know you," she says, planting a big wet one on each cheek.

Ah, my first night in Europe and already I'm gonna get laid. By a sexy cripple at that. Wow! I bet *she* isn't disabled!

As the night goes on, Karin tells me that her father lost an arm in the military too. That means we have a lot in common. Can we go to bed now?

"My boyfriend says...." I can't remember the rest of the sentence. She's coming out attached! To me, she has to come out *in a relationship*. I don't need that. Go back in!

But the damage is done. Like a doggie erection, once out, it can go back in, but you still know it's there. What is it about me that causes other people to come out *attached*?

The erotic Ms. Spaink and I spend the night talking about death. She's for easy doctor-assisted suicide. I'm not so sure. She says if the time comes that she can no longer write, she doesn't want to live. I say, that should be her choice, but it shouldn't be easy. She says she only sometimes pisses her pants now, but it could get worse. I say the right to kill yourself could turn into the duty to kill yourself. Especially in a place like America where living is such a financial as well as emotional drain on others.

Back and forth goes the conversation. Our other friends fade into the background. It's me and Spaink. Half of me thinking, reacting, sparring with her. Considering her points, agreeing or not, then raising my own.

The other half follows the curve of her arm, the kink of her hair, the flow of her shoulder toward her bite-size breasts. My own raising... er... temperament. Cripple shmipple. We all come out cripple. I come out short and bald. Others come out acned or knock-kneed. Let...

"Mykel," she asks looking at her tight blouse, "do I have something on my shirt?"

"No," I tell her, "I was looking at your breasts."

She smiles, but doesn't offer anything else.

Ah, it's late. My jet lag confuses me, but I know I have to get

up at 6AM tomorrow to catch the plane to Helsinki.

Ms. Spaink senses my need to leave as accurately as she missed my need to lust. We bid farewell to the lovely Jutta and Scott. (The latter being an extremely cool guy, but not lovely.) Tony, Karin and I stagger to Karin's minicar. Tony opens the hood, twists the rubberband enough to get us to his place, and we're off.

I head for the toilet to get rid of the day's beer. Wow! What a relief. Alas, not as good as being Spainked.

******

The flight from Holland to Finland is a short one. I'm gonna meet Janne in Helsinki. He's an email acquaintance with a label. That's all I know. But he's a punk-rocker and, thank Goddess, that's enough.

We meet up. Have a drink at a nearby bar. Before long, we're deep in a conversation about the "Nationalism Problem."

"It's really bad in Estonia," he tells me.

We're soon joined by his girlfriend (wife?), a beautiful punkette with pink hair and a kid, a daughter about 2. The three of them live together in a suburb of Helsinki. It's there I spend the night.

Janne shows me the records he's put out. His label is *Brew Records*. With a name like that, how far wrong can you go? And there's one by the famous Estonian band JMKE.

Besides beer and punkrock, Janne wants to talk hockey. Something about the quarter finals. The US against Finland. I don't know anything about hockey, I tell him. I, sure as a morning erection, don't care if Finland beats the US.

"What was this Nationalism Problem you were talking about?" I ask.

He smiles. "Okay," he says, "let's have another beer."

We talk over another beer or two or three until I fall into the second of many nightly stupors. At 6AM it's up and out to take the ferry from Helsinki to Tallinn.

"You'll love Estonia," says Janne, "the girls there are *really* beautiful."

Judging from the sexpot mother of his kid, he should know.

It's a three hour boatride to Tallin. Janne warned me about the ferry.

"The boat's gonna be filled with reindeer." he said.

"Yuck!" I replied. "I'll have to step very carefully."

"Not the animal, you dumb American." He said.

"Watch that nationalism." I said.

He smiled again. "Reindeer is what the Estonians call the gobs of drunken Finns. (A pleonasm?) They'd keep anyone from being a nationalist."

Janne explained how it's cheap to drink on the boat, and cheap to drink in Estonia. Cheap drink draws Finns like dirt draws crusty punks. And the results are equally nauseating.

As I leave the ferry in Estonia, I find myself surrounded by belligerent young reindeer. They're shouting at passers by. Smashing into other travelers, as they weave their way from the gangplank to Estonian customs. Unfortunately, none of them loses his footing and plunges into the cold waters of the Baltic Sea.

Somehow, I get swept up in this group. They're all around me, waiting on line to enter the country. Pushing. Shouting, Falling over one another.They're probably hockey fans. Everyone in Finland is a hockey fan.

I keep my thumb over the *USA* on the front of my passport. It is won't be healthy to come out American in front of a gang of reindeer hockey hooligans. I hope The US loses the game. Then I can return to Finland in relative peace.

I've now been to 41 countries. Estonia is first where the customs officer actually says "Welcome." It's a good start.

Meeting me at the port is a crew of Estonian punkrockers. Among the crew is Promille, singer for the great band CONFLICT OK. Tall, red hair, with a pout that could wet your pants. I see her and immediately wonder. Should I come out horny? How 'bout coming out famous-New-York-writer-and-former-almost-was-rock-substar? Nope. She's with her boyfriend, a tall guy with dark sunglasses and shoulders from here to there. No coming out right at the moment, thank you.

As we walk through the town, we meet up with other punks. All drunk, with leather jackets and Exploited t-shirts. One of them, a tall skinny boy, introduces himself to me as "Little Punk."

"I used to be little," he says.

I look at his smooth face and blue eyes. I check out the way his Exploited t-shirt sticks to his thin chest. I follow the bend of his long legs under his black Levis. Well, Janne, I gotta tell you, it's not only the girls who're beautiful in Estonia.

Travel and thinking about sex makes me hungry. I'm often hungry.

"I want some Estonian food." I tell my new friends.

"Estonian food has meat in it." says Promille.

"So?" I answer, "I love meat."

Her boyfriend turns to me with a look of astonishment on his face.

"We thought all American punks were anarchist vegetarians," he says.

"You've been reading the wrong zines." I tell him.

"Yeah," he tells me back, "I don't really like anarchists. They have too many rules."

"I know what you mean," I say.

The air moves with the collective breath of the Tallinnpunks' sigh of relief. "He's not an anarchist," they're thinking. "We don't have to watch what we say and do. We can be free."

We head for a meaty meal. Coming out carnivore to this crew is a breeze. Coming out anything is easy, if that makes you a member of the group you've come out to.

Fast forward: I'm in one of the Tallinn punk bars. Twenty kron to get in, about $1.25. Villu, Estonia's oldest and most famous punkrocker is DJing tonight. I'm there with Stephen Liba, my email contact and first host. I sit with a huge glass of Estonian beer in my hand, 20 Kron.

Next to me sits a notorious Tallinn skinhead. They say someone smashed a pool cue over his head. It broke. The cue, not the head. For some reason, this guy calls himself "Eskimo." Maybe because he looks like a snowcone.

This boy is big. Thick bellied, Wide shouldered. Bald as a hockey puck. His blond eyebrows form low Vs over his eyes, as if he's in a perpetual state of trying to figure something out. A heavy lower lip hangs filled with saliva. He is not-quite-smashed to unconsciousness.

"Where are you from?" he asks.

"New York." I tell him.

"Jew York." he says with a laugh. "Jew York."

Now, this guy is big. He may be mean. I don't know. Certainly, he has friends who are mean. Is this the time and place to come out Jew? It could be dangerous.

He moves closer to me. Puts an arm along the bench behind me.

"Let me tell you about the Blacks and the Jews," he says.

"Now stop that!" yells Stephen in Estonian. "Just forget it will you?"

"It's his obsession," Stephen tells me.

"I don't mind," I say. "It's an interesting conversation."

I can see Eskimo eyeing my beer. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a few coins. He begins to count them. One. Three. Thirteen. He loses track. Shakes his head and begins to count again.

"I'll buy you a beer..." I say.

A smile crosses his swollen features.

"And I'm a Jew." I continue.

He freezes. Not a move. It's as if he's become a photograph of himself.

"You know what the Jews did?" he asks.

Then he answers his own question, "When the Russians came into Estonia... the Jews... to a man... to a man... welcomed them. They went over to Stalin's army and sold us out. Did you know that?"

He eyes my beer. "Are you *really* a Jew?" He asks again.

I nod.

"I take nothing from Jews," he says. "You know what Jews did? They took a young Estonian boy... fourteen... in the woods... They nailed him up like this..." He spreads his arms wide. "Then they cut... right here." He makes an X on his crotch with his index finger. "Just cut it off.... you know... Jews do that."

"Even if that's true," I say, "and Jews did those things. (Yeah, right.) That is not me. I wasn't here. I didn't do any of that."

"But you are a Jew!" says Eskimo. He looks longingly at my

beer again. "Are you *really* a Jew?"

I nod.

Eskimo shakes his head, slams his meaty hand down on the table, and leaves. Is he coming back with his friends? What happens if I meet him on the street with a gang of boneheads? Should I have come out Jew? What's it going to get me? Maybe it was a mistake. We'll see.

Later that night, I'm lying on the floor of Promille's art studio. It's my room for the night. It's 3:30, maybe later. Beautiful Little Punk has long since passed out. He's fetally curled on the carpet. Another blond kid is half over "my bed" nodding into a drunken sleep. Lauri, my latest guide, has the mattress on the floor.

"You want to sleep here?" he asks. (Lauri is a boy's name in Estonian) "I have to leave in an hour anyway. I missed the last tram. Now I want to catch the first."

I thank him and stagger to the only-slightly beer soaked piece of foam. Stumbling, I fall directly onto it and pull the covers over me. I drift into the kind of tomblike sleep you fall into when you've been traveling for three days in a row and doing nothing but drinking.

I don't know how much time passes before a shuffling wakes me up. The blanket lifts off of me. The foam moves. The blanket falls again. With great effort, I turn my head. Little Punk has crawled into the bed. He's lying there next to me. Slowly, I let my hand drift until it touches his. Then I stop. Meanwhile, between my legs, microsoft becomes microhard.

Do I come out turned on? Do I turn toward him and let my arm casually fall over his shoulder? Do I come out cocksucker/suckee and dip my head under the blankets letting my body gradually turn until my knees are on either side of his head? There is still that other guy in the room.

Slowly, I back up into him. Let my body touch his under the covers. Just a touch, then wait. He pulls away, separating himself from me, a bubble of air between us.

I try again, pulling closer. He squeezes away, taking up an ever smaller part of the foam mattress.

Fuck it. That's as far out as I'm gonna come tonight. I give up.

And speaking of giving up, Bill Gates says I've passed my 20K allotment. I'll end this column still in bed with Little Punk. There's still a lot to go yet on this adventure. Two more countries. I don't even know what's gonna happen. We'll just have to wait and see how it comes out.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: www.MykelBoard.com or email subscribers to this column (god@MykelBoard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—>*Just in case you didn't get it dept* I forgot to mention last month that my April Fools column was just that. Well, partly. It was all true except the sex with Eminem part. That was a lie and not even wishful thinking. I just thought I'd play with the obvious heart of a homophobe. Their greatest fear: the homo inside.

—> The Amsterdam punk bar when I sparred with Ms. Spaink is a fun little hangout. Called THE PITS, it's at Bosboom Toussaintstr. 60. You can get there with a number 1 or number 17 tram.

—>Latvian indie radio needs your CDs! You'll get played, for sure. It's a good entry into this part of the world, and you'll help support independent radio. Send CDs only (they're not rich enough to have a vinyl player and they can't air tapes) to: Radio KNZ, SIA 'Studentu Radio, Azenes iela 22a, Riga L 1048, Latvia.

—>*If you've really got balls you'll play there dept:* I hooked up with this Czech-based band called SABOT. They've started a central information place for Czech bands looking to play out and international bands looking to play in Czechoslovakia or anywhere throughout Eastern Europe. You won't make a lot of money, but that's not the point. Is it?

You can call Chris or Hillary at 420 (361) 258-004, email them at: cesta@mbox.vol.cz or check out their website www.cesta.cz

If you're more serious about The Baltic countries or want to see what people can do in a small town, you should contact the great band (best, most inventive hardcore I've heard this century): Hugo. They organize a huge punk festival in Kuldiga, Latvia every June. If I can find their email address, I'll put it here. If not, contact SABOT for further information.

—> My pal Dick, editor of the porn-review zine, BNI, (info at: Rianca@aol.com) pointed out a logical flaw in my last column. I wrote about how analog is good and digital is bad. Says Dick, "Dividing the world into analog and digital is digital."

He's right.

—>*Keeping those channels open dept:* Nope, I'm not talking enemas here, I'm talking contacts. There is a joke making its way around the Baltics. The UN tried to do a survey on attitudes toward the world food problem. The survey was a flop. In Africa, people asked, "Food? What food?" In Western Europe, it was, "Problem? What problem?" In the US, it was, "World? What world?"

So I want to give as many email contact addresses as possible. Email these people. Trade tapes and CDs with them. (No one can play vinyl here, so forget that.) Invite them to play in your basement!

For Finland contact Janne and Brew Records at: brewer@saunalahti.fi.

For Estonia, you can contact punk legends (read that almost as old as I am) Psycho Terror at: liba@hot.ee. Contact the girl-fronted hard-as-nails CONFLICT OK at promille@bolt.com. Arnee at FUCKING CUNT RECORDS has recorded and distributed incredible samplers of Estonia bands. He also plays guitar for Conflict OK. Contact him at conflict@anet.ee. Villu Tamme, the Joey Ramone of Estonian punk is at villu@eol.ee.

You can contact Tony, from Psychoterror another punk legend at: tonu@netexpress.ee

For hardcore with a positive edge contact Janis in Latvia at janis_r@mail.lv. Janis is also a fanzine fanatic. Email him for an address to send your zines.

In Lithuania, contact Ve aka Tomas at ve@hardcore.lt. He plays in Dr. Green, a punk band as sell as helps organize shows at the local punk squat. Krelaz at kablys@hardcore.lt plays in Bamborock and does a hardcore zine.

That should get you started. If you need any more help— or just want to send some naked pictures. As usual, I'm at god@mykelboard.com.

—> It doesn't really fit into the story, but I did want to mention the super Estonian show I saw outside Tallinn. In a town called Viljandi. That's another small town that is building its own scene without losing its identity to the big city. Psychoterror, JMKE, Conflict OK, and other bands played. It was a fine night. Really loud, in a sleepy little village.

So loud, in fact, that the cops came. About 12:30 or so. Not the cops, actually, but one cop. A rotund little guy with a mustache. Meekly, he asked for the organizer.

"Er.. things are a little loud guys," he said (I translate). "Would you mind turning it down, just a bit?"

"Sure, no problem." came the answer.

Later Villu tells me. "During the Soviet occupation the police were really bad. They used to beat punks for no reason. They beat anyone for no reason. Now, they feel sorry for all that and are working to be nice to us."

Does that mean when Guilliani leaves office New York cops will be nice?

If you live in the Metro Chicago area and need a baby stroller, listen up. This woman named Katherine found two brand new ones in her alley waiting to be thrown away. One is somewhat elaborate, with those "basement" compartments and everything, and the second one is one of those old folding strollers *we* got wheeled around in when we were kids, but it's brand new. If you need one or know someone who does, email her at retail-who_re@hotmail.com.

*

An *MRR* reader recently got in touch, not because he's a parent, but because he wanted to know if I use cloth diapers for my daughter. He said that his mother used cloth diapers for him and his siblings, except when they were traveling, and that he thinks cloth diapers are cool because the disposable ones are a

waste of resources.

I told him that yeah, I do use cloth diapers for my daughter and like his mom, use disposables when traveling. When I was about seven months pregnant and getting into "nesting" mode, I started collecting all the essentials for taking care of a newborn and of course, the question of diapering needed to be answered. I automatically thought of using cloth because the disposables did seem to be a terrible waste of resources. During my investigation into the matter of how a cloth diaper even works, I also found out more about what's wrong with disposable diapers.

But before I get into those reasons, I do want to say that it's true that disposables take less work and are therefore more convenient. Duh, that's why they're so widely and almost predictably used. And that's why I completely understand why a lot of parents choose to use them. When you've got to change a baby's diaper on average of fifteen times a day for the first six months, on top of all the other sleepless child care duties, the last thing you want to do is have to wash them too. Ariel Gore, the editor of *Hip Mama* zine, I think summed it up nicely when she said something along the lines of,*why is it the moms who are first asked to give up a little convenience to help save the planet? If you are choosing between your sanity and cloth diapers, by all means, choose your sanity and use disposables.*

So, if you are able to deal with the little extra work and won't resent it and take it out on your sweet little punkin, here's a little information I uncovered that helped me decide that cloth diapers are worth the hassle. Plus, if you have a partner, like I do, who sympathizes with the fact that I did all the physical work to carry the baby for nine months, plus the actual birthing and now breastfeeding, you can negotiate for diaper washing to be their job. You'll still have to deal now and then with carrying a wet, soggy one in your backpack until you get home, and with scraping the shitty ones into the toilet, but at least you won't have to haul that stinky diaper pail to the laundromat twice a week.

First, disposables consist of a waterproof polyethylene outer layer (but some new ones are available with a "cloth like" outer layer), an inner layer made of wood pulp and a water repellent layer. Many brands have added fragrances and perfumes as well. There have been hundreds of complaints made to the U.S Consumer Product Safety Commission about rashes, allergic reactions to chemicals, perfumes and plastics, as well as injury due to foreign objects like wood splinters and metal scraps found in diapers themselves.

There is no safe way to dispose of them. You can't just flush them down the toilet. Most people simply toss the pissed and shat in diapers into the garbage. Throwing them in the trash adds about 84 million pounds of raw poo to the environment each year. Raw poo is then dumped in landfill sites, breeding viruses and bacteria. Live polio has been recovered from these landfills. Approximately one-third of the solid waste of small town America consists solely of disposable diapers.

Calling them disposable really isn't accurate. They are non-biodegradable and will be around forever. Some estimates are that 30% of the US's non-biodegradable garbage is disposable diapers. Of course, you can but the "green friendly" types of disposables that are biodegradable and chemical-free, but they are expensive and can be hard to find unless you're shopping in a bigger health food type store. The regular ones are expensive enough. During the two to three years that your baby will wear them, they will cost about $1000 more than using cloth diapers.

Until recently, all babies in this culture were diapered with cloth. It is just within the last 25-30 years that disposable diapers have appeared on the market. Now, many new parents have never seen or felt a cloth diaper. Instead, they learn about diapering from prime time TV ads. I myself didn't have any idea about using pins, about how to fold a cloth diaper, what kinds of diapers to buy, how to make them or how to wash them. So, after some months of trial and much error with different kinds and ways, here's what worked easiest for us:

The diapers themselves are just big, thin rectangular pieces of cotton. We fold them into eighths and lay one into an outer covering called a diaper cover. You then wrap the diaper up and around the baby as you would a disposable. The covers we use have velcro tabs, so I've never had to worry about sticking her with a diaper pin. Diaper covers can be found cheaply in thrift stores or believe it or not, on internet auction sites. You can also, however, find them for expensive prices in different baby stuff catalogs or for medium prices in most stores that sell baby goods. Buying a few and then using them as a pattern to make more is cheap and easy, too! Wouldn't a few of your darlin's bum covers look darling with a patch sewn on the backside?

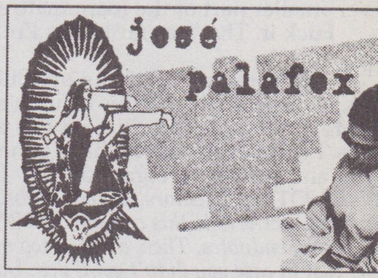
In the 1950s, diaper services flourished. Now, because of disposable diapers, the larger cities and suburbs are usually the only areas with diaper services. Diaper services are slightly more expensive than home laundering, but quite a bit less expensive than disposable diapers. We don't have a diaper service where we live and couldn't afford one anyway, so my partner hauls them to the laundromat about twice a week. Now that our daughter is fifteen months old, she goes through fewer diapers than she did during her first six months and the poopy ones are easier to clean off now, too.

And since I'm talking about diapers, I'll mention diaper rash. In a study of one month old babies, those in disposables had three times the number of rashes and ten times the number of severe rashes than the cloth diapered babies. But if you do have to deal with curing a diaper rash, the best cure for it is fresh air! If you've got wood or tile floors and can handle a little mop-up action every now and then, allow baby some nudie-kazoodie time each day. Have them run around naked when outside! Never use powder with talc! It's no good for baby! If there's no rash, there's no need to use diaper rash ointment as a "preventative." It can block air circulation.

And one last money saving tip—don't buy the disposable baby wipes (save them for traveling)—use a little, soft washcloth with warm water instead and wash them along with the diapers.

*

Punkparents, keep getting in touch. yardwideyarns@hotmail, or PO Box 12839 / Gainesville, FL 32604.



Not Thinking From Rome: Livermore, Black Power Is Gonna Get Your Mama!

I live in a world of books. I have a bed, a coffee pot, my vinyl (and my CDs of course), a lot of files, but mainly, my room is full of books. I don't feel bad about having a room full of books because, let's just say, I acquired them at a very low price. I also like to "get" books for friends. Yet, what do books represent? I mean, besides whatever the author or topic the book is about. What *are* books?

It is now common knowledge that the indigenous people of the Americas had their own systems of recording and/or communicating information. In fact, the Nahuatl word *tlacuiloliztli* means both "to write" and "to paint." This was contrary to the thinking of the Coquistadores, who were discovered by the indigenous peoples of the Americas. The Conquistadores followed a Western intellectual tradition that emphasized "the book" as the container of knowledge. The indigenous peoples of the Americas did not subscribe to the idea of alphabetic writing and hence their knowledges/cosmologies were, to say the least, discredited. The indigenous of the Americas were thought of as "people without letters [and] as people without history, and [their] oral narratives were looked at as incoherent and inconsistent," says Walter Mignolo in his excellent work, *The Darker Side of the Renaissance: Literacy, Territoriality, and Colonization* (Ann Arbor: Univ. of Michigan Press, 1995). What is especially intriguing about Mignolo's book is that he argues that the Spanish colonization of the Americas involved not only the new technologies of modernity (e.g., gunpowder, compass, printing press), but, along with the economic pillaging and military intervention, the colonization of indigenous peoples' language, memory, and alternative ways of thinking. The Spanish did not think of the knowledges embedded in the "scrawlings" they saw on the walls, and erased this history, literally. The Spanish conquistadors burned almost all of the codices ("texts") of the

indigenous people as part of the construction of colonialism in the emerging world-system of capitalism.

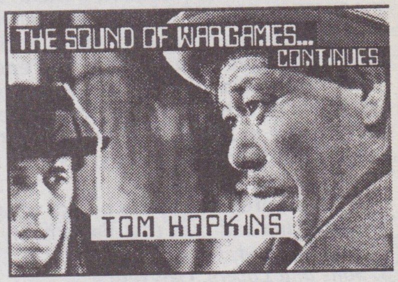
Building on Immanuel Wallerstein's classic study on the emergence of world capitalism, *The Modern World-System* (3 Volumes), Peruvian sociologist Anibal Quijano argues (contrary to the economistic view of orthodox Marxist "class analysis" studies of scholars like Wallerstein) that the international division of labor was constitutive simultaneously in time-space with the formation of a global racial/ethnic hierarchy. That is to say, central to the formation of the capitalist world system (a power structure) were the racial categories (the colonial imaginary) that were produced through the colonial encounter between the conquistadores and the indigenous peoples of the Americas. For Quijano, the racialization process in the Americas was/is constitutive of capitalist accumulation and not just "by product" of class segmentation. So while Wallerstein's study of the emergence of the capitalist world-system begins in Europe (specifically England), Qujino's study begins in the Americas (specifically Peru). Where one is "thinking from" has much to do with their own positions, whether one is conscious of it or not. This is not to say that for essential reasons, only (for example) people of color or women, can/should write about people of color or women, but it does say something about the geopolitics knowledge. So I think that what's important to keep in mind here is that, from the very early stages in the colonization of the Americas and up to the present neoliberal-Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA) [see *MRR* May 2001, #216], the capitalist world-system has always included the sword and the pen in its arsenal of what is called "Western Civilization." The "military might" of Hernan Cortez, along with the Spanish missionaries, killed thousands, forced-fed Christianity to the "savages," and burned local knowledges. Today's intellectual architects of global apartheid continue the tradition: the Hernan Cortez' of yesterday are the Samuel Huntingtons (at Harvard), the Thomas Friedmans (*NYTimes*), and the Larry Livermores (*Punk Planet, Hit List*) of today.

For Larry Livermore to be scared of losing "the university: one of the cornerstones of civilization, and, ultimately, civilization itself" [*Hit List*, May/June 2001, p. 120], reflects the idea that protecting "the university" (giving no attention to the historical connections to empire-building that gave rise to global coloniality) is part of protecting the "free speech" of reactionary fucks like David Horrowitz that are part The Plan. I'm surprised to see an old-cynical-fart like Larry have so much faith "the university." Larry says that the "university, in its purest sense, is one of civilization's crowning achievements: a place whose primary reason for existing is to accumulate knowledge and search for truth." Anibal Quijano's work is a perfect example of the challenge of scholarship in the context of the university: recognizing that there is no such thing as "objective scholarship" in search for "truth" while simultaneously not throwing out the baby out with the bath water. One thing I actually do agree with Larry is the way in which some postmodernist work in academia has depoliticized scholarship (especially Derrida's over-emphasis on discourse while overlooking the materiality of power). Yet, we should not overlook the fact that the social sciences have constructed certain epistemologies/cosmologies while silencing others. The point is not to add a little more color to the Western canon but to totally rethink/unthink the coloniality of power from the perspective of the subaltern (the poor, women, the marginalized, people of color). The "Third World" does not only produce "culture," it produces particular hermeneutics, alternative ways/theories of interpreting subject matter, what Mignolo calls "border thinking" (see his *Local Histories/Global Designs: Coloniality, Subaltern Knowledges, and Border Thinking* [Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 2000]).

It's pretty interesting to write about this as it relates to a new Bay Area, anti-authoritarian organization that I was part of for a couple of weeks. I left in disgust, to say the least. Out of 30 people, maybe eight were people of color. Their solution in solving this "problem"? Let's just bring in more people of color into the organization, so they argued. Good intentions, but any organization (especially if they claim to be "anti-racist") that does not from the very beginning stages (!) take seriously the thinking of people of color (minus the condescending bullshit) is bound to produce and reproduce very same structures of they seek to abolish. For clarification purposes, anthropologists need not apply here—again, the point I want to stress is not to "study" the Other as objects, but to take seriously their thinking and their theories and depart from there (as a point of departure and not a point of entry). The Zapatistas' ongoing struggle has produced a *Zapatismo* from *where* to think in order to rethink the whole project of the capitalist world-system. Think of how the Zapatistas have taken the European word/concept of "democracy" and re-signified it to "mandar obedeciendo" (you can't translate this into English). The question for us is whether we will take their Cosmologies seriously.

PS: For an interesting and insightful critique of Larry Livermore's reactionary turn, see the article by Tommy S. in *The Rattlesnake: Anarchist Syndicalist Journal* (2001, Issue #1), pg's 108-118.

BLATANT PLUG: As part of challenging the Master Narrative of the INS and the Border Patrol, and friend/comrade and I have made this 28 minute film/documentary about the militarization of the U.S.-Mexico border called *New World Border* (2001). It is for sale and available through AK Press for $20.00 plus s/h. Check out their web site (http://www.akpress.org) or email them at: akpress@akpress.org. For a short description of the film see, http://www.threeoneg.com/gsl.



Floyd and I were discussing two of the greatest things ever recently:
1. The "Hat Nerd" EP performed by Sacramento's THE FOUR EYES. The title song of this seven inch is possibly the most fun I've had in quite a stretch of Sundays. All the goofs, dorks, and folks who love them will want to hear the tale of the hat nerd over and over. And if you get Hal MacLean to DJ your bachelor party it will get played over and over again. Huzzah! ($3: PO Box 2414, Sacramento, CA 95812).
2. "Emmet Otter's Jugband Christmas." Floyd can give quite the socioeconomic analysis of the battle of the bands of this holiday special that neither of us have seen since our elementary school days. We both enjoy the fish that squirts water during the RIVER BOTTOM NIGHTMARE BAND's set.

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Hey, here's some things I find hilarious. Really. I start cracking up just thinking about the things below.
1. Salem, the talking cat on *Sabrina, The Teenage Witch*.
2. Always thinking the phrase "sign me up" when passing by an attractive woman.
3. Randy Newman's "Rednecks" played, played, played all night on the CD jukebox.
4. Peeing in the garbage can in the men's room. At bars and nightclubs only, mind you.
5. The number 69.
6. A poster with a photograph of a dog wearing sunglasses, a hat, and possibly a bandana, with the caption "Hot Dog" beneath it.

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Here's a list of things that the OHEV (PO Box 772121, Coral Springs, FL 33077) label have put out on a shiny five inch format in the past couple of years. They can be ordered for ten dollars each.
1. The AUGUST PROPHECY's *Five Endeavors In Self Murder* CD has plenty of gnarly Canadian slash and burn. AUGUST PROPHECY's guitars cut with rusty precision, provide dirgeful direction at the plodding sludge sections, and fade away during the stumbles. The stumbles being lengthy sections of songs void of anything but low mixed samples and light tonal effects. When the mayhem tears along with wheezy speed, the neck hairs of SUICIDE NATION, IRE, and ABSINTHE fans might prickle up. Like a porcupine. Ouch!
2. I listened to the ROCKING HORSE WINNER's *State Of Feeling Concentration* about two and a half times during my to/from work commute. I'm not trying to be cruelly clever here, just honest: I was about ready to start wringing necks on the BART. The music wasn't any of the driven desperation of D.H.

Lawrence's "The Rocking Horse Winner." Instead, CRANBERRIES-lite, with end-rhyme lyrics that brought to mind a secular Christian rock flavor.

3. The INDEX FOR POTENTIAL SUICIDE *Newest Youth Rebellion* CD appears to have been around the block for a bit. Well, it's a new release to this out-of-it know-it-all. Mr. Smarty-pants also plays this CD several times in a row when he encounters it. Not a surprise really, this band is from the Carolinas! LOCUST listeners might find the spirit of the band's sound here, pulled in to extremely dramatic and structured songs. Burly guitars, marching verses, electro-sample mind melts and choppy vocals. The appearance of Eric Wood of MAN IS THE BASTARD on the M.I.T.B. cover track must have had INDEX FOR POTENTIAL SUICIDE in the cat-bird seat, as there is a strong trace of the CHARRED REMAINS in their sound. The booming bass and the squealing knobs.

4. Much of KIND OF LIKE SPITTING's "$100 Room" reminds me of PAVEMENT. Hesitant and imperfect vocals with less cautious guitar accompaniment. Frequently, all efforts slow down and turn to deep introspection. When the bust/burst out does show up, rather then the happy-go-lucky melancholy of PAVEMENT, KIND OF LIKE SPITTING drives in the direction of WAXWING panic. Singer/Songwriter stylings.

5. If you haven't witnessed a metal massacre lately, the TWENTY THIRD CHAPTER *An Eden For The Machines* CD may warrant a rubbernecking drive-by. On the march chugging guitars, punishing acid reflux vocals, and end of the world breakdowns. The graphics had me expecting lyrics about the horned one and razor blade catheters. Political screeds are the actual output. I don't chose to listen to metal very often, so you'll have to decide the overall merits on your own.

***

I like rereading these books whenever I have the chance:

1. *The Sound and the Fury*, Faulkner
2. *Paradise Lost*, Milton
3. *Sons and Lovers*, Lawrence

***

Just so you know, I hold no regard for those who bring guitar and voice to the speaker systems to tear apart what is the most terrific straw man of past years: technology. When no effort is made to address singularly the effects of the *non-reflective* push forward, these knuckleheads have not only earned the apt criticism: "what about your amps?" but are among their own critics.

***

If ZEGOTA and SUBMISSION HOLD were writing the rule book, rest assured that the following would be deemed punk:

1. A sun. But not just any sun, a smiling sun sharing his warmth with all of the sisters and brothers.
2. A kitten sleeping on a pile of recently dried, and still warm, laundry.
3. Unicorns.
4. Trust exercises. For example, please face away from your partner, cross your hands over your upper torso, and allow yourself to fall backwards into your partner's arms. Will your partner catch you?
5. Balloons. But not just any balloons (of course), the balloons with a small window-like reflection drawn on the upper portion of the sphere.
6. The rancid smell of stale ammonia that wafts up from an unflushed, but perfectly working, toilet.

***

This is not a list of releases from an east coast label. MIHALY is a band of skilled musicians whose compositions feature no vocals. Stop. This doesn't mean MIHALY's CD ($8ppd: Planaria, PO Box 21340, WDC, 20009) is full of the painfully precise start/stop lurch of a large unwieldy math-rock truck. The two guitars and drums are precise, but in a looser, flowing way. I don't want to inflate or overextend comment their abilities, but the high tones and rising nature of the guitars on one track reminded me of Gershwin's "Rhapsody In Blue." Huh. All nine tracks are rather upbeat, smooth, and flowing. As with other instro acts, the songs blend together to my untrained ear, but sure to please the guy at the show who always bores me with praise of a band's equipment.

Stop holding your breath, the ANASARCA discography is ready. Seven songs from their two EPs and demo, some of which bring to mind a less hectic MEREL, others sweeping 90s Canadian hardcore with even more dynamic guitars. Pensive and determined intros and interludes travel into tremendous choruses of hair pulling, and explosive, high/low crunch. I've recognized my adolescent and young adult life to have been a long string of right place/right time happenings. Going to college with a member of ANASARCA and getting to see them live several times (and of course getting to know said member) fits well into my time-line. Oh, and seeing ANASARCA cover BOLD's "Nailed To The X." Pardon the pussy talk. LP is available from Planaria ($8 to above address) and the CD from Second Nature.

***

Behold, two more releases that were mailed in:

1. The immediate impression made by the songs on CORPSE FUCKS CORPSE's *Wee 3* CD is of a band that unfortunately records the drums and vocals closer to the boom box. The mix improves as the CD continues, and the corpse fuckers display an overall similarity to mid-years squirrelly ANTIOCH ARROW. Peculiar guitar arrangements, murky bass, and minimal drumming that occasionally grazes into the angular fields of post-punk. The spirit of the sharp but snotty MONORCHID/SKULL KONTROL vocalization struts about in a drunken swagger. ($4: 3109 C Street, Sacramento, CA 95816)

2. The WOLVES weren't sure if I reviewed CD-Rs. Yes, you nervous Yankees, I review CD-Rs, and I'm tickled to get to review this one. Engaging songs that get their charm from dynamic guitar work. Sometimes, I'm reminded of BOOKS LIE because the guitar moves about in a determined way that opens up the dance floor for some boogie. The guitar also panics through with a jittery edge. Overall, there's a dark feel to the WOLVES that benefits from their apparent fondness for true guitar based rock and roll. I don't know how available this is, so you should probably go through this email: BRW97@hampshire.edu. I do hope these are preliminary recordings because a bit more punch in the delivery will get a WOLVES release into required ownership territory.

***

Films that I will watch whenever I find them on the Tivo program listing:

1. *You've Got Mail*
2. *Big*
3. *When Harry Met Sally*
4. *Notting Hill*
5. *Terms of Endearment*

***

I think this is still the emo column, so please keep sending in records, tapes, CDs, zines, and dirty Polaroids to: PO Box 11661, Berkeley, CA 94712.

Last column I discussed why I do not believe in ghosts and UFOs and stuff even though it interests me. I used the case of John Edward as an example. Edward claims to be a medium, i.e. someone who can communicate with the dead and has a highly rated show on the Sci-Fi channel. I caught the show one night and was impressed, so I decided to look into it. I found some pieces in the media that were critical of Edward, and some that were supportive, but the facts presented in the articles added up to support for Edward. Two fairly credible pieces gave accounts of readings in which the journalist knew the person being read and knew that Edward had no prior knowledge about the person being read, but in which Edward produced pretty impressive facts, such as coming up with the name of a grandfather: Aloysius.

I've looked at the show on my own, trying to do content analysis, a technique I was taught as a political science major. The basic idea is to come up with criteria for evaluation before you look at a text, so as to minimize subjectivity. I watched several episodes of Edward's show, looking for one type of inci-

dent. Basically, I wanted to see if Edward regularly came up with unqualified hits, or facts about the person he was reading that could not easily be explained away.

Edward's show consists of readings given to members of an audience as well as one-on-one readings. I disqualified all one-on-one readings because they would be too easy to manipulate. Edward could easily give thirty a day and then pick the best ones for his show. While readings from an audience can be edited, there is some restriction of this kind of manipulation. None of the accounts I read had Edwards holding his audience for a particularly long time. So Edward is probably culling his best fifteen minutes or so from perhaps two hours with an audience.

I also disregarded any hits that, in my judgment, might reasonably be chalked up to luck or clever guess extrapolation. Most causes of death, correct first initials, etc. were disregarded.

I also disregarded information Edward might have obtained by accessing personal records, for example, the names of relatives, recent marriages or births, and so forth.

Edward is less impressive if you set up these sorts of filters. There were entire episodes in which no hits passed through them all. But in most episodes there were one or more hits that did make it. One example that comes to mind is Edward correctly guessing that a woman carried a piece of brick in her purse as a memento of the person supposedly being channeled.

Now, if I was a good political scientist, I would count all of this data up and use software and graphs and stuff on it, but it doesn't really seem necessary to me. It is pretty clear that Edward comes up with hits that are not easily explained away, which is what I was trying to find out.

Another possibility is that Edward uses shills for his strong hits. Unlikely. These shills would have to be really good actors, and moreover, it seems likely that the secret would get out over hundreds of episodes.

So I am both frustrated and fascinated by the fact that I cannot explain Edwards's tricks, even with polisci. Am I convinced? Not really, because there is a lot of shit I can't figure out that I *know* is fake. Like most card tricks. On the other hand, none of the skeptical experts I've read, who can explain card tricks, do an adequate job of debunking Edward. They generally say he uses cold reading, i.e. that he extrapolates conclusions and guesses from truths that apply to most people (e.g. "you lost someone to cancer") and the subject's answers to questions. But in my opinion Edward frequently has hits that cannot be explained by even the most skillful cold reading. Take a transcript of a Larry King call-in show in which, after determining that the dead person supposedly being channeled dies of lung cancer, Edward correctly guesses that the deceased was buried with his cigarettes, then that they were the wrong brand. How lucky can he be?

But again, I am still not convinced. Why doesn't Edward make inexplicable hits left and right rather than sporadically? Why do people reach out from the grave only to say things like "I loved MacDonald's" or "get a new dog"? Why not "turns out you don't have to go to church" or "Sell your stock in Krispy Kreme" or "Whatever you do, don't donate your eyes"?

In nutshell, John Edward's schtick looks a lot more like what I would expect someone pretending to communicate with the dead to look like than what I would expect someone actually communicating with the dead to look like.

Yet, whatever Edward is doing, he is really fucking good at it. He does have a gift. I'm just not sure what it is. It's that real element of mystery that maintains my interest in high quality mumbo jumbo.

***Pearl Harbor*:**
a movie review by John S Ringhoff.

Wow what a movie! A blockbuster! What an event! This was the best horrible movie I've seen in a long time. A lot of people didn't like this movie because it was crap. I loved the shit out of it. It had everything: bad acting, fruity guys, and Japanese people. What else do you need? Well I'll tell you. This movie was flawed in a few ways. Here is how the movie could have been better:

*** if in the scene where the Japanese start bombing Pearl Harbor the song "Everybody Was Kung-Fu Fighting" started playing.

*** If they changed the ending and the Japanese won the war. Because come on, think about it. Japanese kids are cooler and better dressed than kids from any other country. I wouldn't mind doing things their way.

*** If the part of Ben Affleck was played by Mr. Bean.

*** If at the end the Titanic sank.

*** If in one scene a fat guy falls into a lake. Then he puts his hat back on and a fish flops around on his head.

*** If instead of being about Pearl Harbor it was really about some nerds trying to score with the librarian at their school who seems quiet and shy, but when you get her in a graveyard she gets horny.

*** If Ben Affleck wasn't a walking piece of shit.

*** If the real threat to Pearl Harbor wasn't the Japanese, but a small group of albinos who rearrange things while the sailors sleep.

*** Zombies

*** If the main characters in the movie were Oasis.

*** If Jack Burton from *Big Trouble in Little China* pulled up in the Pork Chop Express and helped out.

*** if there wasn't a band from Dallas staying at the girl I'm dating's house, therefore preventing me from getting laid.

*** If instead of being a movie it was a great big pitcher of beer in front of me. Hot wings too

*** If Jackie Chan played a Japanese general.

*** If Leo DiCaprio was in it as Artie the retard from *What's Eating Gilbert Grape*. Everyone would be fighting and he'd be running around touching his fingers to his thumbs and yelling "Where's Artie? Ha Ha Ha!" He'd also have dirt on his face. I love how in movies people get all this respect and good reviews for playing retards. How fucking hard could that be? Why not pretend to be smart instead. That would be a lot harder for these fucking celebrity fucks. And not to mention, they're putting all these hard working retard actors out of work! It's like if they needed a midget for a movie and instead of using a real one they just hired Tim Conway to do his Dorf on Golf thing. That would make the midgets mad. Now the best retard actor was on the *Facts of Life* when Blair's retarded stand-up comedian sister came to town. She did her stand up act wearing a shirt that said "I'm not retarded, I have cerebral palsy." You pansies think you're punk? take lessons from this girl!

To be honest with you, there are only two things I don't like about Los Angeles: First is people kissing celebrities' asses. Especially girls. I know so many girls who just want to fuck celebrities. How pathetic is that? People who brag about what shitty teen actor they hung out with at a bar or who they saw out shopping that day is the fucking sorriest shit in the world. Who cares? These people do not impress me. Want to know why? Because they *pretend to do things for a living*. They don't actually save the world or fly around or get hired to be hitmen. They put on make up, go in front of a camera and stomp around while pouting like little girls. And they get paid to do this. And then people come up and ask them to write their names on pieces of paper for them. Great. Now you have Jared Leto's name on a napkin. That's fucking fabulous. Honestly my friends are more interesting and funny then any famous person. My friends and I also decided that the proper reaction to seeing a celebrity is to attack them.

OK, the second thing I don't like about LA is people who live in LA and complain about it. I like LA just fine. I have a nice apartment and I get laid all the time. There are also lots of bars. And sandwiches. But back to people who complain: every fucking time I meet someone at a bar they usually start to whine about shit like "They don't make pizza here like they do in New York waah waah waah." Hmm...I wonder fucking why? Maybe because *Los Angeles is not New York*! Is that such a hard subject to grasp? A place thousands of miles away from another place is usually very different. When you ask these people why they live here they give the same response, "Oh because I have to. I'm an *actor*." But they're not really actors, they wait tables in shitty restaurants. They're waiters, not actors! If they can have shitty jobs but tell people they do something else, then I can too. From now on whenever someone asks me what I do for a living I tell them I am a jet pilot. I'm a fucking jet pilot, my best friend is Michael Jordon and I'm dating Nina Persson from the

Cardigans. I also eat nothing but lobster, light cigarettes with $100 bills and invented the word "eatery." Take that fucker! Oh, by the way I really do plan on marrying Nina some day. Maybe she reads my column. Nina, come take me away from these actors! Bring sandwiches!

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The Smoke Screen

I actually took the time to look and figured out that I've been writing for this magazine for four years now. Granted, considering all of the months that I didn't even bother to send a column in, you could say that I've only done about three years worth of columns in that time, but it's been four years since my first one. In case anyone doesn't remember, that first column I wrote was a huge slam on the tobacco companies. I spent a boatload of time and effort researching and writing about Philip Morris, RJR-Nabisco, and all of their subsidiaries and "competitors," to paint a clear picture of the hideousness of these corporate giants and effective ways to combat their grip on our lives. All of my hard work paid off when the world took notice of my column in this punk magazine and mobilized a broad coalition of warriors to combat these behemoths, both physically and verbally, until they went bankrupt and disappeared from the face of the planet in a few short months.

Ummm, to be brutally honest, that isn't quite exactly how it went down. Truth of the matter is, my column didn't even register as a microscopic blip in the great vastness of the cultural/political landscape and both PM and RJR-Nabisco posted record profits for that quarter. Also during that same three-month period, nearly two million people died from smoking related illnesses.

Plenty of things have changed for the tobacco industry in these past four years. RJR-Nabisco is back to being known as RJ Reynolds after selling Nabisco Holdings to (anti-climatic drum roll please) Philip Morris, meaning that nearly every penny you spend in a mainstream grocery store is going into the Marlboro Man's pocket now. Philip Morris began a huge "image" makeover and tried portray itself as philanthropist, running numerous ads showcasing the various social causes that it helps support and had it backfire rapidly—due either to the fact that they spent more money on the ads than they did the causes (a common corporate greenwash tactic) or the fact that they began referring to themselves as the "Philip Morris Companies," finally making it common knowledge to anti-smokers everywhere that they were supporting a tobacco company every time they bought Kraft cheese, Miller Beer, Boca Burgers, and Miracle Whip. Tobacco companies have finally even come out and admitted that tobacco is addictive and deadly. But, in a sad twist of fate, they have used this information to their advantage in civil court cases, claiming to bear no responsibility for the illnesses of millions of smokers because "they have been aware of the ill-effects of smoking for years."

While tobacco companies have suffered numerous public defeats, both legally and socially, they've still managed to pull monster profits and remain near the top of the Fortune 500 every single year. In fact, Philip Morris' stock price has doubled in the last year, a miraculous feat for any company, but especially for one whose board members spend more time in court than in the office. Most of the reason for the tobacco industry's good fortune, despite being continually vilified here in the States, is through their push into foreign markets.

While tobacco sales have pretty much leveled off in the US, Canada and Europe, even started dropping in some cases; much of the rest of the world is proving to be a virtual gold mine for cigarette manufacturers. They've begun using their hordes of cash and political influence to move into countries they've never been in before and, because of other countries' inexperience in dealing with shithead multinationals, they can take advantage of a serious lack of regulation in most of these cases. Often this means no bans on television/radio advertising, no extra taxes (agree with it or not, an extremely effective deterrent to smoking and a pretty fair way to pay for the health care costs associated with smoking), and no limits on the amount of political muscle they can flex. Philip Morris hired ex-British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher (at $815,000/year) to use her influence to help them break into markets in central Europe. In Lithuania, after a PM representative had one conversation with their Prime Minister, they gained such heavy political power that they were later able to draft their own law regarding tobacco regulation which was then adopted by the Lithuanian government. The Prime Minister of the Czech Republic was forced to resign after a huge scandal unfolded involving Philip Morris' campaign funds. Just as they've done here in the US, PM spends huge wads of cash to influence other countries' governments, either in the form of campaign contributions (read: bribes) or through lobbyists (read: professional liars). And while these tactics will occasionally get them in trouble, more often than not they come out ahead, gaining a big foot in the door that they can then use to addict entire countries. So, while smoking rates are dropping in a few countries, most of the rest of the world is experiencing enormous increases, with the percentage of smokers sometimes doubling or tripling in just one year alone.

The problem has gotten so out of control that the World Health Organization, with the help of countless tobacco-control groups and NGOs, decided to draft a treaty that would set high standards for tobacco regulation on a global scale, preventing tobacco companies from using the same dastardly measures they used for decades here in the US in other countries. The Framework Convention on Tobacco Control (FCTC) is still in the process of being written, with the second round of negotiations ending this June 5th. Surprisingly enough, tobacco companies have supported the treaty and claimed that they just want a global set of rules by which they can operate. Not surprisingly, they've used their place at the table (and the place of the United States) to make every attempt possible to water down the treaty so that whatever laws are enacted would have virtually no effect on their operations.

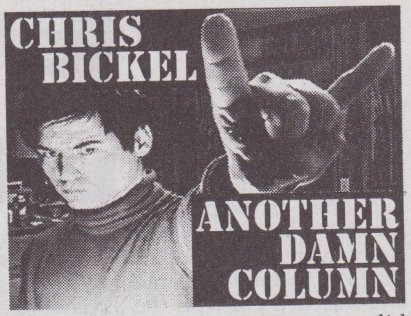
Considering the parties involved, it would be a true surprise if they were able to undermine the treaty a whole heck of a lot. However, the tobacco companies have a friend in the new Bush administration, which happens to be appointing members to the negotiating table. Philip Morris has been the largest contributor of unregulated political donations in the past two federal elections. Both Tommy Thompson, who is Bush's new Secretary of Health and Human Services (or lack thereof) and my former governor, and John Ashcroft, our new god-fearing Attorney General, have received numerous buckets of cash from the tobacco companies—the latter just recently claimed that he would not seek the funding necessary to go through with a Justice Dept. lawsuit against them. Some of Bush's advisors have even worked for Philip Morris, showing exactly how tough Bush is going to be on tobacco.

Many groups are pushing to thwart the plans of tobacco companies, whose profit comes at the direct expense of public health. Still, believe it or not, there are numerous things that can be done on a personal level to fight them. First of all, do everything in your power to quit helping them by buying their products. In general, punkers probably have higher smoking and drinking rates than the rest of society, so it goes without saying that we could do some good here, and everyone I know eats food (of which Philip Morris makes quite a bit). Keep yourself informed on which products are made by tobacco companies and do what you can to quit purchasing them, even if it means "big" sacrifices like giving up Macaroni & Cheese, Miller High Life, Oscar Meyer meats, and Malt-O-Meal (every single one of which is nasty anyway).

Of course, it should go without saying that quitting smoking is one of the best things you can do for yourself. Back when I wrote that first column four years ago, I was a smoker. I claimed in that column that I was quitting because I no longer wanted to support tobacco companies and the habits they push on society (although admittedly, I had switched brands well before that, so that I was supporting American Spirit, a company not nearly as heinous as PM or RJR-Nabisco). However, I never did. I've smoked for the past four years, for some periods only a few a day but, more often than not, a pack a day—slow-

ly killing myself, wasting my money, and supporting an industry I despised. However, I am proud to announce that I've quit. It's only been sixteen days but, according to medical research, I'm past the physical addiction and only have to rely on my mental willpower from here on out. Considering everything I already knew about tobacco companies, combined with everything I learned while doing research for this column, I don't think that it's going to be that difficult after all.

If anyone wants a list of good reading materials or websites about tobacco companies, a list of all of Philip Morris' products, or some personal tips on quitting cold turkey (or if you really just want to write), do so at Rainbow Bookstore Cooperative c/o Nathan Berg, 426 W. Gilman St., Madison, WI 53703 or e-mail me at naytron@hotmail.com



Part One: Sexy Pee Story

We all do dumb things when we are young or drunk or both. It doesn't matter whether we are punk rock or not punk rock, we all end up doing something dumb sometime. Sometimes we can label the dumb things we did as "punk rock", and other times we don't need to label the dumb things we did as anything but "dumb." Sometimes we regret the dumb things we do, and other times we can't totally regret the dumb things we did because they make for such good conversation. Case in point: the time I pissed on the lead singer of HOOTIE AND THE BLOWFISH's bar of soap.

This is my story.

I attended college in HOOTIE's hometown of Columbia, South Carolina. I watched them go from being a bad bar cover band to being a bad multi-platinum-selling pop radio sensation. Many Columbians had the same question going through their mind over HOOTIE's success: "huh?"

The first time I got pissed off at HOOTIE was when I had just opened a record shop in Columbia. My shop, NEW CLEAR DAYS RECORDS, had been open for about a year. It was rough getting started, and like a lot of small indie record shops, I resorted to selling "import live CD's" to pay the bills. Some people call these "bootlegs," while others prefer the euphemism "fan club issues." I royally despised selling shit like DAVE MATTHEWS BAND and PHISH in my store, but it was the only way I could keep the doors open and the lights on to make GISM, NURSE WITH WOUND, SPAZZ, CRASS and MAN OR ASTROMAN records available to the public.

One day HOOTIE's supreme dickhead of a manager came into my shop. He noted that I was selling three different HOOTIE import titles that were not sanctioned by the band. I tactfully apologized to him and told him that I would gladly return the discs to the distributor, since it was not my intention to step on the toes of a local group. He gave me a ridiculous sob story about how the band didn't make any money off of those discs, and how black market CD's hurt the music industry, and how the artists didn't want poor quality recordings of live shows being made available to the public, and blah blah blah.

At this point, the band had sold fourteen million copies of its debut, so I was less than moved by his tale of woe... however, I was more than willing to cease and desist with the selling of discs that the band found objectionable, since the locals are supposed to support each other (right?).

This was not good enough for The Full Hot Orator of the Blowfish. He insisted that I hand over the ten HOOTIE CDs that I had in stock. He threatened to "shut the store down" if I didn't cooperate. I tried to reason with him, as my store was not in a position at that point to sustain that sort of a loss. (He was essentially taking what would have amounted to an entire day's sales). He wouldn't hear it. He countered with more threats, and basically bullied me into sacrificing my stock in order to save my skin from legal action.

I later found out that he gave the CDs out to the band members as Christmas gifts and had a good laugh over it at my expense.

The next time I got pissed off at HOOTIE was when their singer Darius Rucker was quoted in the newspaper, making comments about how the Confederate Flag should come down off of the SC Statehouse. I applauded the fact that he used his fame as a vehicle for trying to affect social change. That is until the next day when the band issued a formal apology for Darius' comments. It seems that the band was going to get a "key to the city" type of award but the legislators were so ruffled by Darius' statement that they demanded an apology before the award would be handed over. So the band backed down in order to get some shitty slap on the back from the local government.

Now I really hated them.

Some time later, I was out with a friend of mine. We ran into Darius at a local bar. Darius really liked my friend's band, and was interested in signing them to HOOTIE's Atlantic imprint label: Breaking Records. Darius said "Come over to my place so we can talk about your band." I got invited along because it would have been lame to ditch me there at the bar. So I got to go to Mr. Rucker's mansion.

I was rather tipsy at this point, and had a bladder full of Jack and Cokes. I asked Darius where the bathroom was. He replied in that warbly Eddie Veddertone (just like how he sounds on the record!) "It's right at the end of the hall." So I stumbled into the bathroom and unzipped. As I relieved my swollen bladder, I noticed a really fruufy bar of soap in Darius' shower. All of the hate I held for the band flashed through my mind and focused directly on that flowery bar of soap. Darius was not a human being to me... instead he was a symbol of all that I loathed about pop culture and the smarminess of the music bizness. I leaned over, grabbed the soap and held it under the gushing yellow stream of hot urine. After finishing, I replaced the soap, zipped up, and returned to the discussion, waiting patiently for my ride home. All those times that HOOTIE had pissed me off led up to this singular instance of HOOTIE finally getting PISSED ON! I silently grinned throughout the rest of the drunken evening.

Epilogue:

My friend's band didn't get signed. He had a mild nervous breakdown around that time, but he's OK now.

Do I feel bad about what I did? Sure... it was indisputably lame... but I can't take it back at this point. It's one of those dumb things we do when we're young or drunk or both.

I get a bit of a nervous chuckle every time I imagine Mr. Hootie slathering a peepeesoaked bar of soap all over his chest. I can't help but feel guilty over the dehumanization, but I suppose you accept dehumanization with your first Platinum record award.

If it would make Darius feel any better, he can come over to my house... I'll let him pee on my soap.

Part Two: Shaved or Hairy? (a poem)

Why do you insist on asking me
if I like it shaved or hairy?
That's like asking me
If I like the old one hundred dollar bills
Or the new one hundred dollar bills.
Just give me the damn money.

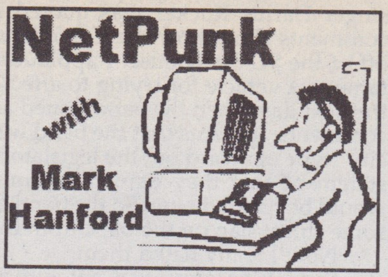
Part Three: Where's the Freedom?

In South Carolina they have passed a mandatory seatbelt law. This past Memorial Day weekend, I got stopped at a roadblock "checkpoint." Everyone that didn't have their seatbelt fastened got fined as part of South Carolina's "Click It Or Ticket" program. Basically, every car on that stretch of highway submitted to an illegal search. I was talking to a policeman about the unconstitutionality of such laws. I was trying to explain that in America, we have the right to live as stupidly as we like as long as our stupidity doesn't infringe on anyone else's rights. Laws that protect us from our own stupidity violate our basic rights. The cop explained that the seatbelt law didn't just protect drivers from themselves. He pointed out the chance that an innocent bystander could get hurt by a free-flying body, should a non-seatbelted driver be ejected from his car during a collision. I suppose there's no way I can argue with that. I'm now wearing my seatbelt to protect everyone else from my projectile-like body.

Part Four: An Environmentalist Joke

Q: What did the fish say when it swam into a brick wall?

A: "dam!"



Well hell, you might as well call this month's column "Travelin' with Luk Haas" because Luk sent me a whole slew of sites representing punk from all over the world. Boy, it makes my job easy; I'll tell ya. I also have a bunch of other stuff for you, including some nifty online zines, and a site that you won't want to show to your religious relatives, unless you want to get a lecture on blasphemy.

We'll start off in Nepal, vacation land of the hippie, where you'll find a 3-piece punk band known as Rai Ko Ris. There isn't much to their website, but you can find out a bit about their philosophy, listen to some of their songs, and read their lyrics and the translations. Visit their site at http://www.geocities.com/raikoris/ .

Brain Failure is a band from China, and they've got a pretty slick looking website. Unfortunately, several of the links didn't work, but you can buy their CD and other merchandise for pretty reasonable prices (for imported stuff) from http://www.naozhuo.com/ . Another small site dealing with Chinese punk is at http://www.columbia.edu/~asl113/ , so take a look.

Heading to Estonia you'll find a huge site dealing with punk rock at http://punk.bumpclub.ee/ . Unfortunately, I can't read a word of the damn thing. But, I can look at pictures and download MP3 files, and it is fun for that reason. A couple of the bands on here have English versions of their pages, but for most of you it will be look and listen, but not read.

Just South of Estonia is Latvia, and they also have a kick-ass website dealing with underground music. TORNIS, at http://www.tornis.lv/ , includes a translated (to English) version, and has a lot of mp3 files, information about the Latvian scene, a mail-order section, a gig list, and a handful of articles.

Heading south again, we come to Lithuania, where you'll find yet another website, this one at http://www.hardcore.lt/. Its called Vilnius Hardcore, and it offers the usual lists of bands, clubs, zines, mp3 files and links. One very cool section is "A Punk Guide to Lithuania," which includes advice on getting into the country, how to catch a taxi, buy food, find a place to stay, etc. Pretty basic, but a good start if you are planning to visit. (By the way, I don't know my geography as well as the last three paragraphs would have you believe, but http://www.geographic.org/ made me look like I did).

Okay, so that's Luk's contribution this month. It is probably time for me let you know about some stuff that I found for myself (or you sent me, or whatever). First up is the home page of *Razorcake* zine at http://www.razorcake.com/ . *Razorcake* rose from the ashes of *Flipside* (which I didn't realize had died) and has many of the same writers. The online site includes some of the stuff from the zine, and some original content. I wish they had some info about the demise of *Flipside*, however, because a web search hasn't revealed why they quit publishing. *(So far as we know, Flipside is still around— ed.)*

Next up in the fanzine department is *Friend of the Devil* online at http://freespace.virgin.net/sat.666/home.html . Lots of interviews here with your favorite crust, grind, hardcore, etc bands, as well as reviews, and some political stuff. They also have a mail-order section, but it is geared toward the UK, which is where they are based.

Also leaning towards hardcore, black metal and the like is *Dedkitty* (http://www.dedkitty.net). There are a pics and reviews of a handful of bands, and a few movie and book reviews, a links page, and Dedkitty radio (hosted at mp3.com). While you're there, visit the Free Hosting Reviews in the "stuff" section. Nice resource. Also, you can get yourself a free dedkitty.net e-mail address.

Mention free hosting brings to mind a couple of sites that you'll want to check out if you're looking for a better place than geocities to stick your web pages. I think I've mentioned it before, but WorldWidePunks (http://www.worldwidepunks.com/) offers free webspace and free e-mail, as well as punk forums, chat, reviews, a gallery and more. Scumm.net (http://www.scumm.net) also offers free webspace, and they also have their own sections on tattoos, music, art, poetry, and more.

Finally, to round out this month's column, it's the sacrilegious site I promised. Point your browser at http://www.jesusdressup.com/ and outfit their savior in the latest fashions. There's no reason for Jesus not to be fashionable when he is just hanging around.

Okay, I'm outta here. You can e-mail me at netpunk@diehippiedie.com, or send me snail mail at PO Box 8059; Santa Cruz, CA 95062, though nobody ever does. See ya.

***Bloody Maw Of The Man Wolf* • A Film By Bob Moricz**

Good ol' Bob Moricz has sent in another slew of films, some old and some new, for a viewing at our monthly Punk Movie Night here in the pages of *MaximumRockNRoll*. I'll start off with one this month, and we'll cover the rest of the lot in next month's issue. *Bloody Maw Of The Man Wolf* combines elements of—you guessed it—the Wolfman, and injects them with the psychological insinuations of Doctor Jeckyl And Mr. Hyde, then for the contemporary edge he drops a little daytime talk show relationship buzz into the cinematic gumbo. He finishes it all off by adding the surreal element of the musical, or even more surreal the adult contemporary music video.

A very nordic looking, slightly overweight man in his late twenties has been blacking out whenever there is a full moon. He is beginning to suspect that he is changing physically during these blackouts, and that he may be hurting innocent female victims during this mysterious transformation. He confides in his girlfriend, who is in complete denial. His girlfriend's punky sister suggests leaving this madman of a boyfriend, or at the very least investing in some protection. This troubled man is also a recovering alcoholic, and it isn't long before he turns to alcohol as a way of dealing with his nightmares. Does this man really have a blood lust that manifests itself during full moons? Is he just eating too many sweets before bedtime? Could this all be a ploy to escape from his annoying girlfriend, and her equally annoying sister? To find out the answer to these questions, and also to see an actor with the scariest sideburns ever recorded on video, you should definitely get in touch with Bob and his stable of Epiphany Sink films. (www.epiphanysink.com, Bob, 1162 Bell Street #6, Sacramento, CA 95815)

***I Was Possessed By God* • A Film By Caveh Zahedi**

Sometimes making a film is one of the easiest things in the world to do, but you have to have a simple yet insanely good idea, and one insane cast and crew to pull it off, literally. In the case of *I Was Possessed By God*, you just take a video camera, some lights, a bunch of 'shrooms (psychedelic mushrooms), and let the film unfold. This is a short film that documents one man's trip on 'shrooms, which he ingests on his birthday. There is an attempt to add a bit more substance to the project by inferring that while on his trip, the film's central—and only—character talks to God. There isn't any acting here—this is a documentary short. If this were an actor trying to portray a man on 'shrooms, talking to a hallucination of God, then it would be completely unbelievable. But because it is real (which I believe to be the case, but if for some reason I'm wrong, then I'm as lame as this film would be if it were in fact a work of fiction), it holds a certain amount of interest for anyone who has nothing better to do than watch a funny looking guy spit, yell, laugh maniacally, and express his love for the cameraman. All of the conversations with any kind of so called gods are usually along the lines of those found in the King James version of the Bible. That's too bad, because I would like to have found out what was going on these days with the God Of Fire, or any of the other elemental representatives. Okay, that said, this is a quick little film that is definitely worth checking out as a prelude to something more

substantial, like say a Harmony Korrine film. (PO BOX 36788, Los Angeles, CA 90036-0788)

On March 25th of 2001, my friend Jas Toomer passed away as a result of a car accident. I had recently pressed a 7" for his band Urko, and we were in the planning stages of an East Bay/UK exchange tour this summer. My intentions were to write something about Jas in *MRR* immediately after I learned about his passing, but I was unable to write anything that effectively captured what I felt, and more importantly what Jas meant to the UK punk and hardcore scene. So recently I received in the mail a copy of *Gadgie* zine, which is a product of the same scene that Jas touted regularly in his own zine *Grinner*. The zine's editor Marv was a close personal friend of Jas Toomer, and he ran the following remembrance in issue #12:

Jas Toomer
R.I.P.

This issue of *Gadgie*, keeping in line with the every third issue is a split one for me, was going to be a split/double issue with issue #9 of *Grinner* zine, as done by Jas Toomer. Sadly this will never now happen. Jas was killed in a car crash on Sunday March 25th 2001. I am absolutely devastated and still shocked at this tragic event. Jas was the life and soul of the Boston Punk Rock scene. With all respect to everyone else involved in the local scene, Jas truly was the life and soul of the party. I cannot imagine a gig at the IQ without his great gregarious laugh or his constant self-depreciating humor. The punk rock Su Pollard, Roland off Grange Hill, Penfold...the amount of stupid names he came up with for himself was testament to his sense of humor. Jas never took it all too seriously, and the cliche "he would do anything for you" has never so aptly described someone. I am personally indebted to Jas for the many great gigs I have been to over the last three or four years, some as Urko's most loyal roadie/friend/coat tail hanger, others just as a mate of Jas. Coming out of a gig in London, earlier this year, I, in a drunken moment of exultation proclaimed, "Isn't Punk Rock good!?" to which Jas replied, with that ragged look on his face, "That's just what I was thinking." To say Jas lived for Punk Rock is truly an understatement, and his commitment to the cause went far and above the call of duty. He played bass in Boston's greatest export since the Pilgrim Fathers Urko, the Urk's "side project" and Motorhead influenced Los Cunos Electronicas, Fen Punk sensations Piss Tank Twat and more recently 70s rockers SuperEagle and old school hardcore kids Shot To Fuck. Five great bands that Jas threw himself into with awe-inspiring energy. He was incredibly organized and efficient in keeping up with his mail and was in touch with many people involved in Hardcore not just in the UK but worldwide. I know since the accident Lee and Craig have decided to not continue Urko, which is understandable: Urko wouldn't be Urko without that strange looking lad jumping around and throwing himself all over with a bass strapped over his shoulder. I remember Jas coming out of his house as we set off for an Urko gig with his bass guitar (proudly not in a case, as he believed cases for guitars a sell out) in one hand, a cup of tea in the other, telling me "Nothing beats being in a band." He loved the Rock N' Roll lifestyle and never was it better lived, for me, than when we went to Belfast for the Warzone festival a few years ago. On the way back on the ferry to Scotland, Jas dropped a steaming cup of tea over his bollocks, soaking right his combats and scalding his pods. I will never forget as long as I live, the look on the rest of his passengers faces, as he stood up and shouted "Fuck" at the top of his voice, dropping his trousers to the floor in anguish. There was never a dull moment in his company and many a happy evening was spent traveling to gigs in his car listening to tales of what went on at the flower factory where he worked. Swearing was a particular favorite subject and he actually collected good incidents of swearing in a journal, often referred to in Grinner zine. Jas was also one of the few people who found my stories amusing and always laughed at how I could dig up some stupid story from my childhood days in Guisborough, which invariably involved playing out on bikes, mischief or hanging about up the woods back in 70s and 80s. The modern world, you see, was something of a mystery to Jas. He lived without a telly, a complete ignorance of football, much to the astonishment of me and Lee (he thought there was no point in winning the Premier League 'cos you didn't get promoted to a better division), he scoured charity shops for his wardrobe, listened to Radio 4 or the BBC World Service and lived on his own. Jas was a unique person, the likes of which I can't imagine ever meeting again, which makes the fact that he is gone even more heartbreaking. I'm still struggling to come to terms with the loss of such a great friend, something that, until now has never happened to me. I just hope my words here do the great lad justice, although I feel they fall pitifully short. I know it's a cliche, but words really cannot describe the man that was Jas Toomer, save to say, we have lost a truly great friend, who I will never forget.

—Martin Jolly 29/3/2001

To get a copy of Gadgie #12, write: Marv, Gadgie Towers, 16 Haven Hall, South Square, Boston, Lincolnshire, PE21 6HX, England.

Send any and all of your underground films and videos to Punk Movie Nights c/o Jay Dead, PMB 419, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA 94709. Don't forget that we are having a Punk Movie Night at Gilman on September 15th, and NOT THE 8th! I'll have more details for you in next month's column.

I came up against a few problems this month, dear reader, and I guess I should tell you a few things about what I review and what I don't. I will not review any band that thanks "god" on their thank you list. Call me what you will, but hey, just tell those folks at *MRR* what a heathen I am, because I already know and I don't need to hear about it if it bothers you. Also, *I* get to define what is sexist bullshit and what is merely offensive in the shock value, anti PC (and I don't mean Paul Curran) way. Some months I'm more easygoing, some months women around me are being raped and having to defend themselves against some pretty fucked up shit, and I get more "uptight."

But before we begin, one correction. I got a bit confused last time, and the MAGILA GUERRILLA review was actually for the band SCARRED. Oops, sorry about that. Look back to #217, and order it, just to make up for my mistake. Besides, it's about time to readmire Janelle's lovely cover art. Ready now?

THE ANTI DIFRANCOS are great, sometimes snotty obnoxious and sometimes screaming their (two singer guys') hearts out over the driving fast paced music. They throw in some breakdowns and intro bits, but mostly the songs have about the same speed. The more this recording plays the more it reminds me of FILTH. This copy came with the zine *Anxiety Attack*. I don't know if yours will or not. (21 song CD, no lyric sheet. PO Box 9263, Missoula MT 59807.)

THE BALLISTICS 13 play a slower traditional pop structured punk, with a gruff yet following the melody pretty faithfully kind of singer guy. Some songs get thrashy but are still mid tempo. The vocals are real up front. (11 song CD, lyric sheet. 8604 Continental, Warren MI 48089.)

BJELKE-PETERSEN YOUTH motto: "Thrashin for passion, not cashin' and fashion." They are a sore throat vocalist thrash band, three parts fast (but not blazing) to one part slow, with the slow parts coming on abruptly and last about twice as long as the "standard" slow part. Backup shout along vocals. (6 song cassette, lyric sheet. PO Box 668, Booval D.C. QLD 4304, Australia.)

THE BORN LOSERS are a basic mid tempo guitar centered rockaroll band with a shouty singer and a great drummer. They have garage band sensibilities, but they aren't sloppy and their recording is too good to reflect that side of their band. I bring it up only because they described themselves that way, and I didn't hear it at all in this recording. Maybe it's more about their live sound. (12 songs CD, no lyric sheet. 2201 Chandalar Drive Anchorage AK 99504.)

GO! FOR THE THROAT sound like the east coast straight edge bands of the early 90s, same parts for the crowd to shout along, and the same type of hardcore, mosh parts included.

These guys' lyrics aren't straight edge at all though... (5 song CD, lyric sheet. 1803 Stanwood St., Philadelphia PA 19152.)

JERK ALERT are a girl fronted poppunk band that is on the slower side of mid tempo. They do a faithful cover of "Unpredictable" by GG Allin and that's about as fast as it gets. Sometimes the vocals are sweet singing, and sometimes the quick witted laundry list style of singing. Good. ($7. 7 song CD, no lyric sheet. 235 South 1st St., Brooklyn NY 11211.)

LOST ON MAIN STREET are a post hardcore band, that has the throaty screaming sometimes, and the whisper, and also the melodic singing too. The music stays pretty consistent, mid tempo, odd and punctuating guitar parts, solid drumming. (6 song CD, no lyric sheet. 150 Mass. Ave #438, Boston MA 02115.)

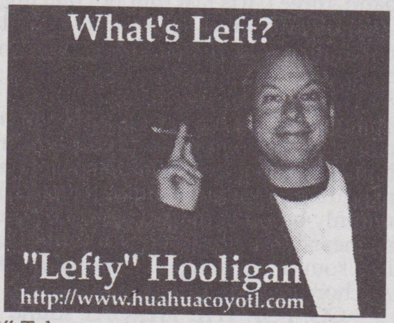
MODERN MACHINES are all I've been listening to (in my spare time) ...it's the perfect summer demo. Tough and melodic, very HÜSKER DÜ, in the *Everything Falls Apart* era, but the "Grant Hart" guy is also melodically voiced. Great themes, great energy. (7 song cassette, lyric sheet—but the printing is small...beware if you have old eyes like me. (2617 B N. Pierce St., Milwaukee, WI 53212.)

REDHEADED STEPCHILDREN are an emotive pop punk band with gruff vocals, a la FIFTEEN, who occasionally bust into more traditional hardcore bits, like a slower mosh part. They do a BORN AGAINST cover. (6 song CD, no lyric sheet. 215 Forest Trail, Nicholasville KY 40356.)

THEIR OLD STUFF IS BETTER is a compilation fund raiser for the Harvey Milk Institute. I don't know what the HMI does, but there is an insert in the cd with a reprint of information that was included in the DEAD KENNEDY'S album *Give Me Convenience or Give Me Death* about their song "I Fought the Law and I Won." In case you don't know, the song was in response to ex-cop Dan White's killing of San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor (and world renowned gay activist) Harvey Milk. Dan White got five years in jail—cushy country club jail treatment, too—because of his "Twinkie Defense," he could kill because his crappy diet made him insane. It wasn't politics, it was sugar that made him kill the openly gay mayor and supervisor. In 1985 he got out, and killed himself soon after, with carbon monoxide poisoning. So I don't know what the Harvey Milk Institute is all about, but onto the music... I tried to go through and describe every band, but there is so little punk on here, it's really mostly some different electronic projects, and some mid tempo pop punk (DEUCE AND A HALF, THE MIXELPRICKS) some pop punk that's more emo and anthemic in style (THE WALLYIS , KLEEN, THE BAPHOMET CRIERS). BASIC CABLE have a tough slow anti-mailman song with a thrashy chorus, RED OVER LUNAR sounds modern rockish, and NOW SHE'S GONE is straight forward emo, with whispery up front vocals and the shouted backing vocals, and as the winner of the most unique track, THE 4SPLITS recorded themselves eating spaghetti. ($5 ppd. 21 song CD, no lyric sheet. 1401 Portland Ave S. #C303, Minneapolis, MN 55404.)

WITHOUT MOTHER FUCKIN ORDER are definitely of the ANTISEEN school of hardcore. They do not give a fuck. It's a great demo, though, thrashy and pissed off. Some of the vocals are reminiscent of Jerry A., but sometimes they have multiple guys screaming. They also have a theme song. (19 song CD, some lyrics are included in the inside layout, but only a few songs. 32 Christine Drive St. Peters, MO 66376.)

Take Care.



"I want my Pooh bear!" Five-year-old Toby stands in front of where I'm sitting on the couch and yells at the top of his lungs. "I want Piglet and Tigger and Eeyore!"

"All your toys are at your mom's house," I say, trying to placate the child. "This is your dad's house, and he doesn't have any of your toys here."

"I want my Pooh bear!" Toby continues to shout.

He's been carrying on like this for almost fifteen minutes, ever since his father Jake left to go shopping for beer and snacks at the neighborhood convenience store. I'm not in the mood to baby-sit this brat, but knowing Jake, he won't return for another hour. The idea was to watch World Cup soccer at Jake's house so he could also take care of his kid for the day. Toby alternates weekends between his divorced mother and father.

"Your dad will be back any minute." I say, to calm him down. "He'll find you something to play with."

It doesn't work.

"I want my Pooh bear!" Toby shouts over and over at maximum volume while stomping around the living room. I look around in desperation, and my gaze fixes on Jake's altar to the band Kiss on the fireplace mantle, replete with Kiss action figures. I never liked Kiss anyway so I jump up, grab the Gene Simmons doll and shove it in Toby's face.

"Here, play with this," I say, knowing Jake's going to be really pissed off at me for letting Toby play with the doll. "It's your dad's Kiss toy."

"I want my Pooh bear," Toby says once more, but without the raised voice or the attitude. He looks the figure over, takes it from me, and pretty soon he's lost in play with his new toy. I relax on the couch again, congratulating myself that I've figured out how to make the kid shut up. It's only when I hear Jake's car pull into the driveway that I remember Jake will kill me for letting Toby even touch the Gene Simmons doll. I walk over to the kid and try to take back the action figure.

"I want my Kiss toy!" Toby screams, his face turning red as he refuses to let go of the doll.

The streets of this country were filled with people protesting the Vietnam War, racism and capitalism during the 1960's and '70's. A resurgent New Left was openly calling for social revolution. The liberal Kennedy and Johnson administrations initiated a slew of incremental reforms such as affirmative action, welfare and health care programs, and civil rights legislation in response to this turmoil. The protests died down, even though the gradual changes enacted by American liberals were a far cry from the revolutionary transformation sought by the Left. Folks who did not benefit from these liberal reforms began to resent them, and successive Republican and Democratic administrations steadily whittled away at them until they hardly exist anymore. Now the much diminished Left struggles to rally support for these decimated reforms with which liberalism has saddled us.

The Left gave up its revolutionary goals for liberal reforms, only to get stuck defending those liberal reforms it didn't want in the first place. What's more, the Left has become so reduced, tired and embattled, it's unable to think up changes that, while still reformist, would bypass both the American public's resentments and liberalism's political dead end.

An excellent example of this is affirmative action admissions to the University of California system. The UC Regents eliminated affirmative action programs a little while ago, and the campus Left has been in an uproar ever since. Here in the Bay Area, the UC Berkeley Left has been using declining minority admissions to the Boalt College law school as a litmus test for institutional racism in the university system. There are regular appeals to the Chancellor and Regents to reinstate affirmative action (they recently, symbolically rescinded their ban on race based admissions). Students continue to demonstrate, march and rally for affirmative action, with the more militant engaging in civil disobedience such as hunger strikes, sit-ins and building occupations. All for what?

Affirmative action is one of the shoddiest ways of trying to counter centuries of racism that I can imagine. It's a quota system that amounts to tokenism. Affirmative action admissions in higher education primarily benefit middle-class minority families, leaving working class and poor people of color out in the cold. And it generates resentment among white middle-class folks who can barely afford to send their kids to college, pissing off the white working class and poor for whom a college education for their kids is pure fantasy. Instead of defending such a flawed program as affirmative action, the Left should be demanding free higher education for anyone who wants it.

Both conservatives and liberals have been systematically gutting welfare for the poor for the past two and a half decades now, simultaneously using ideas like workfare to attack organized labor. They've been getting away with it, in part, because of

the working class's resentment of "those lazy bums on welfare" as they see it. Then there's the simple fact that welfare pretty much sucks. It allows poor families to barely survive while trapping generation after generation in poverty. Plus it permits the government to intrusively monitor and regulate the lives of poor people. Instead of rallying to the defense of dubious welfare programs, the Left should be raising the cry for a guaranteed annual income for all.

Don't defend piecemeal health care programs like Medicare and Medicaid. Demand universal health care. Don't support mandatory jailing of drug offenders, or even their mandatory rehabilitation. Demand the end of the drug war, the legalization of soft drugs for sale and hard drugs through medical prescription, and the taxation of all drug sales to fund programs for those who really want to kick their habits. I could go down the list of liberal reforms inherited by the Left from the Great Society and the New Deal and offer alternatives that, while still reformist, would be far more effective and inclusive. These reforms potentially would benefit everybody in society, except perhaps the ruling class, and they don't divide the middle and working classes along racial lines.

These are social democratic reforms by the way, and I'll get to social democracy a little further on in this column when I discuss its relationship to Leninism and left communism.

I met a friend recently at a Berkeley coffee shop. We started talking while waiting in line, and the conversation drifted to the McVeigh execution and the massive FBI fuck-up prominent in the news at the end of May. I was ranting on about how ghoulish I thought it was that the victims' families were clamoring to view the execution, and that the government was considering publicly broadcasting the execution, tossing in some comments on the death penalty, FBI malfeasance and that oxymoron called the American justice system, when my friend gave me a sidelong glance and a raised eyebrow.

"Man, you really are a relic of the '60's," he said. "You probably believe people in jail, especially the minorities, are all political prisoners. You think that 'come the revolution,' there won't be any need for prisons."

Folks expect "Lefty" Hooligan to offer "social revolution" as the only solution. I'm more than my Hooligan pseudonym however. Returning to the issue of incarceration, there are approximately six and a half million people in local jails, state and federal prisons, on parole or probation, which is roughly two and a third percent of the US population. Of that, almost 2 million are behind bars at any given time. So, how would I deal with this American gulag?

First, I'd decriminalize all victimless crimes.

Drugs, gambling, prostitution and other "sex crimes" like oral sex, sodomy and being gay, etc. Treat them as lifestyle or health or safety issues. Just don't jail people for doing them. That's between 25 to 35% of the present state and federal prison population, depending on how the related crimes issue is factored in (as when junkies also rob and burgle to support their habits.) The percentage is higher for local jail populations.

Second, I'd treat crimes against property, and certain violent crimes against people in terms of restitution and sanction, not jail time.

These are crimes of vandalism, passion, negligence and accident, most first-time and white collar offenses that should be left to mediation, compensation and redress short of actually incarcerating somebody. Conservatively, that's maybe another 25-35% of folks now doing time behind bars in state and federal institutions. Again, the figures are higher for local jails. That's two practical suggestions, thank you very much, from a rabid ultraleftist as to how to dramatically reduce crime in America and drastically reduce the need for prisons.

Third, free all political prisoners, folks behind bars for their political beliefs and actions.

About 48% of state and federal inmates are in for violent crimes, a statistic that falls to about 25-30% for local jail inmates. These numbers are reduced when restitution and recompense are offered for violent crimes of passion. Issues of whether or not and to what degree really hardcore criminals can be "reformed" or "rehabilitated" aside, I don't dispute that there would still be a fair amount of people left in prison after all this has shaken out.

Serious and serial murderers and rapists, certified psychopaths and sociopaths; all folks you might watch a movie about but just wouldn't want to have as next door neighbors, let alone members of your community. Perhaps a quarter million people would still be in jail. Since I'm not a big fan of prison-as-retribution or capital punishment, and since this would be a small proportion of our present prison population, we could offer such incorrigibles life imprisonment, without chance for parole. And by life I do mean life. I mean building prisons where folks permanently removed from society can actually live with their loved ones instead of suffering confinement in tiny isolation cells. Along the lines of some Mexican prisons.

Now, the "Lefty" Hooligan in me would toss every member of this country's scum sucking, bloody handed capitalist ruling class into jail, not for their politics but for their crimes against the working class. At 1% of the US population, this would quickly repopulate America's penitentiaries once my first three proposals were acted upon. The ultraleft and reformist aspects to my politics are thus diametrically opposed. Had I a Leninist streak, I'd shoot just the unrepentant *bourgeoisie*, and reeducate the rest in prison camps.

You see, like most everybody else, I have short term, intermediate, long term and even visionary goals, not only for myself, but for the world in which I live. Unfortunately, with respect to the world at large, the distance between my low end short term goals and my high end visionary goals is so great it's likely to produce a nose-bleed. The gulf between, say, keeping the police from harassing homeless people in this society and achieving a communist society in which there are no homeless people is so vast, these two ends of the spectrum virtually become mutually exclusive.

I've said time and again that I don't expect a social revolution in my lifetime. I certainly don't want to prevent the ameliorization of human suffering, no matter how gradual or reformist, if my visionary communist society is not forthcoming. I do not believe that the more misery the working classes are subjected to the faster they'll rise up in revolution, nor do I enjoy playing the sectarian, "more radical than thou" game. Yet I'm not prepared to junk the fight for communism either, or to reject revolutionary opportunities (such as Paris in May-June, 1968) when they arise. The left communist milieu with which I identify sees anything short of their visionary goal to be less than pure and thus compromised, to be shunned at all costs. This is not simply the consequence of sectarianism. Like it or not, incremental liberal reforms do tend to derail the momentum toward revolutionary change. Andre Gorz, in his book *A Strategy for Labor*, contended that every lower level goal had to be set within the context of a higher level goal so that the transition from short term to intermediate to long term, and finally to visionary goals could be made smoothly, with a minimum of social contradictions. Thus demands for workers participation in daily decision making for a particular factory would be tied into demands for workers control of that factory, then to workers self-management of industry, and ultimately to a council communist utopia. Unfortunately, this is almost impossible to make work in reality. Achieving narrow, incremental, short term reforms invariably blunts the revolutionary impetus toward any broader, more sweeping, longer term changes.

I haven't managed to cut the Gordian knot of this particularly pernicious contradiction, despite my many years of study and participation in radical thought and revolutionary movements. Which brings me obliquely to a comparison of social democratic, Leninist and left communist varieties of Marxism, based on last issue's summary of Marx's own thinking. The first two comprise the range of Marxist orthodoxy, while the last one represents a major Marxist heresy.

MARXISM AFTER MARX, PART ONE

Social democracy was the first variety of Marxism to emerge after Marx's death, in part due to Engels' efforts to codify Marx's thinking. It remains a central Marxist orthodoxy in it's right-wing form. As revised by Bernstein, social democracy downplays the inevitability of capitalism's collapse and rejects outright both Marx's notion that social revolution is necessary to usher in socialism and that a dictatorship of the proletariat will be required in the transition. The trade union movement is central to social democracy, as is the mass democratic party which seeks to gain political power through electoral and parliamentary means, thus leaving the capitalist state essentially intact.

Socialism will be realized through gradual social reforms that will not polarize society into two warring classes, but instead will facilitate the gradual evolution of capitalism into socialism. Needless to say, Leninism and left communism are both revolutionary anathema to right-wing social democracy.

The Marxist revisionism that comprised social democracy's right-wing was by far the main tendency within the Second International by the start of the first World War. Ostensibly internationalist, social democracy split asunder as a consequence of the war. Most social democratic parties sided with their respective national states in the conflict. Today, social democracy is still alive and winning national elections pushing welfare state programs that are only slightly more comprehensive than FDR's New Deal, with reforms like universal health care, free education and comprehensive social security. The incorporation of labor unions into the social governing process, the progressive taxation of wealth, even the nationalization of basic industry and other economic sectors no longer profitable for capitalism are social democratic keystones that create a decidedly mixed economy which never seems to make the transition to socialism.

When the Second International foundered on nationalism, the minority left-wing tendency in social democracy reacted by reconfirming Marx's basic tenets of capitalism's inevitable collapse, the need for social revolution and a dictatorship of the proletariat, and the importance of proletarian internationalism. Lenin denounced social democracy's patriotism and revisionism, then added two crucial corollaries to this unreformed Marxism—the vanguard party and the theory of imperialism—that came to define a second Marxist orthodoxy called Marxism-Leninism, or for our purposes just Leninism. Leninism contends that a new type of party is required to make a socialist revolution; a vanguard party of professional revolutionaries that brings socialist consciousness and revolutionary leadership to the working class. Without such a vanguard party, the working class is only capable of realizing trade union consciousness and social reformism. All matters therefore are subsumed to whether they advance or hinder the vanguard party's position and leadership. Questions as to whether or not to participate in parliamentary elections or trade union struggles, even whether to operate openly or clandestinely depend solely on whether they advance the Leninist vanguard party closer to its goal of seizing state power. Terming left communism "an infantile disorder," Leninism claims to smash the capitalist state and reconstitute a purely workers state. Yet, in practice large sectors of the old regime find their way into the new Leninist governance.

Leninism's analysis of imperialism contends that socialist revolution will not occur first in fully industrialized western nations as Marx had predicted. Rather, it will break out at the weakest links of the world capitalist system, namely those backward nations imperialized by the west and just beginning to develop industrially. And since the 1917 Russian Revolution and the Bolshevik October coup, Leninist-style socialist revolutions and subsequent regimes have come about almost exclusively in the Third World, resulting in highly bureaucratic, centrally planned, often extremely nationalistic one-party dictatorships. Needless to say, these monolithic, centralized totalitarian regimes have never come close to withering away into a stateless, classless communism because the vanguard party substituted for the working class in power and nationalism intruded into their socialist agendas.

Luxemburg and Liebnecht were Lenin's contemporaries. They were also dissenting left-wing social democrats at the time of the first World War who denounced the reformism of trade unions and parliamentary parties as well as the patriotism of right-wing social democracy, and initiated a tendency in Marxism that would eventually become a major Marxist heresy; that of left or council communism. Much like Leninism, left communism reaffirms Marxism's basic principles, yet unlike Leninism it envisions a far different relationship between revolutionary organization and the working class. Not only are workers as a class capable of spontaneous, revolutionary mass action, but the revolutionary organization, while equally crucial, is to remain subordinate to the working class in revolution and in power. The revolutionary organization clarifies and unifies working class struggles through its deliberate intervention; the working class emancipates itself as a class through its own self-activity and self-organization in the form of workers councils. As class-wide organs of self-government, workers councils will replace the capitalist state smashed by social revolution. Left communism thus counters social democratic reformism with international working class revolution, and Leninist vanguardism with international working class self-emancipation.

Left communism has been in the odd historical position of championing a string of council communist revolutionary situations and social revolutions that were never consciously left communist. The February 1917 Russian revolution, the 1918 German workers rebellion, the 1936-39 Spanish civil war, the Hungarian 1956 uprising all gave rise to self-governing workers assemblies and councils, yet none had explicitly left communist components or agendas. So while social democracy and Leninism can claim successes under their own name, left communism claims relatively short-lived revolutionary councilist moments it had no responsibility in creating that never acknowledged their debt to left communism and that ultimately were subverted by social democracy or Leninism.

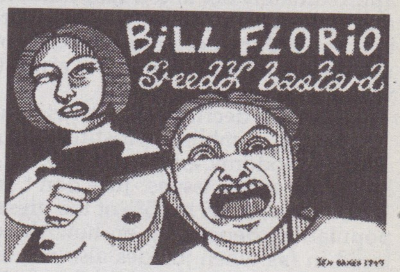
Each of these tendencies—social democracy, Leninism and left communism—in turn has a number of sub-variations, and there are still other, separate varieties of Marxism such as De Leonism, Marxist-Humanism, etc. I'll eventually go into all of these in future columns. For now, I'm taking a break from this Basic Marxism 101.

...ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS...

CORRECTION... Jason Beatty emailed me to correct my May Day column (*MRR* #216). Paul Lafargue (I mispelled the name as well) was Marx's son-in-law, not his brother-in-law, having married Marx's middle daughter, Laura. Thanks for the heads up.

NEW EMAIL ADDRESS... My service provider, Sirius Connections, was long ago sold to First World Communications, which has now decided it doesn't want to bother with dialup access service anymore. So they sold me to Earthlink, a subdivision of which is Mindspring. The same company the *MRR* gang uses. I was the first hooligan at Sirius, now I'm third. My new address is hooligan3@mindspring.com.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at the new, improved http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.



I haven't been drunk or high in about fifteen years. I have friends who I've never seen get drunk but they will have a beer or two when someone else is paying for it, or to have something to hold so the bartender doesn't look at you funny. Personally I don't care if the bartender looks at me funny. I kinda feel the same way about bartenders as I do about the guy that walks ten feet to pull up your car that you just paid $35 to park for 25 minutes. Anyhow that's not the point. Bartending is a fine way to make some extra money and every drunk wants to be your friend. Personally I find the whole thing depressing. Bars, they make my eyes hurt and I stink like someone used me as an ashtray.

I guess I have a fear of drinking for a couple of reasons. For one, I'm insecure. With my big mouth, who knows what I'll say or do, and I'm not the kind of person that ever forgets anything. Every stupid thing I've ever done comes back to haunt me on a routine basis. See, I can get away with being a bit sarcastic and stupid in my daily life, but when I drink I always go too far and end up getting in trouble one way or another. Whatever the reasons, it's not really a problem. I have plenty of good times without getting high, and I usually remember everything about what everyone else ever did when they got drunk. Not only that, but I tend to drive everywhere, so I may be a geek but my parking job is always great. Well, except for the Puerto Rican couple that I bumped into while parking last month who decided to key the heck out of the back of my car while I was walking away. By the way I wasn't calling them a Puerto Rican couple because they looked Hispanic. They had the flags all over their car. Plus every

Puerto Rican I know likes to tell war stories about keying people's cars while they're not looking. Either that or mace-ing old guys at the post office.

A couple of weeks ago my boss's son got picked up by the cops hanging out of his car, throwing up, stalled out in the middle of the street with four flat tires. They took him to the hospital and put him under arrest. So my boss tells me this and sums everything up with something like, "Can't they warn people about how strong those Long Island Iced Teas are?" I answered something like, "Well since he's already been arrested twice in the past year and already has a DUI under his belt (him and nine of his deaf buddies decided to do the dine and dash at Denny's one night), and went through counseling for his problem, he should never be drinking and really shouldn't even been in a bar." She agreed, but I think she still wants to sue the bar.

Then I got to thinking, what if I were her son, a 20 year-old deaf kid whose dad thinks he's a cross between Al Goldstein and Bret Hart and whose mom didn't leave his dad even after he spent her life saving on hookers, not to mention molesting his 15 year-old cousin. Not only that, but he was just relocated 70 miles from civilization so his parents could buy a huge house they can't afford, fight with each other night and day in its echoey unfurnished halls, and let the parrots shit all over it, worse than the house they just moved out of. I was thinking, yeah I'd probably want to drink enough to kill myself too...

The fact is that it doesn't have all that much to do with it. I've noticed that a lot of people with drug problems have a lot in common and it's not their life story. Sure, a lot of people have had shitty childhoods, but they don't drink because their childhood was shitty, and most likely their childhood was shitty because their parents were always drunk. So many people are in this predicament that it's evolved as part of the culture to "get fucked up." I have alcoholics in my family, like my grandfather. My grandfather has spent almost his entire life being an ungrateful prick, everything has been handed to him and he shit all over everyone and stuck himself in a bottle. I mean, he has some weird personality disorders as well. A couple of years ago my mom was showing him how the internet works and he asked her if he could use it to find illegitimate children of his that he fathered during the war. After 20 years of AA meetings, at 83 he finally realized he wasted a large part of his life wallowing in his self made misery for no reason. Every time I've seen him in the past two years he's revealed this to me. The saddest thing is that his AA meetings are one of the few things he enjoys doing and it's one of the few social things he does on a weekly basis. He's getting too weak to ice skate, and he sits by the phone and hopes his cruddy nephew will give him 50 bucks to haul a gravestone half way across the city for the company he was forced to sell his share of fifteen years ago.

I dunno. I don't understand why people think I'm weird because I don't indulge in these things. What's wrong with them?

There is so much overstimulation in our lives these days. Sometimes it's hard to process it all. Everything in our society is geared toward moving faster—getting more done. Even media and entertainment moves faster. Commercials come in milliseconds—images bombarding us everywhere. Advertising smashes us over the head at every turn. And we wonder why kids today are all diagnosed with ADD. Granted, we also have so many more choices today. In all ways. We have endless media and entertainment choices. Hundreds of channels on television. Hundreds, perhaps even thousands of independent music labels and publishing companies. And many of these choices have also grown out of the punk community. Thousands of bands and zines all right there for you to discover. And often, it does take some discovering. When I was younger it was so much different. Ten TV channels, media which everyone for the most part shared, and a handful of record labels that released punk bands. A few standard zines that you sought out. It almost seems as though it changed over night. And suddenly I find that I can't keep up. I don't know how anyone does.

Television, movies, books, magazines, punk zines, punk bands, CDs, records—so much production. So much consumption. Does it come to a point where we cease to feel? Where we cease to enjoy? Is the quality sacrificed by the quantity? Some would say that is the case with the abundance of bands' demo CDRs. But I'm not so sure that is all that different—it's just that there is an intact network with which to get those demos out to the world. Whereas ten to fifteen years ago, it was a lot harder. Bands couldn't just up and tour across the country with nearly the ease they can today. I am in no way saying that any of this is a bad thing—in fact quite the opposite. The opportunity and choices are the results of what we have built and created together, and it's awesome. We find ourselves today with so many more resources to do things. We have choices, outlets, and an established network in the punk scene. Even the mainstream at large has embraced progressive politics, punk, and DIY ethics to a degree—sometimes in a good way—in that alternative ideas are being given some attention. But usually it's done in a frustrating manner—where all the passion and ideology is taken out and merely left as a product to be sold. And to be honest, sometimes that filter lens that you must use when looking at all (mainstream) media can be exhausting.

I think back to when I was a teenager and I would make monthly trips to Pittsburgh for shows and how I would spend the entire day in the record store, combing through bins of records. I ate it up. I savored what was available. The records that I mailordered through Blacklist and other labels and distros—places where I finally had access to so many bands I'd vaguely heard of, and could now get ahold of stuff by—for cheap. I remember that excitement and I hope that people still feel that kind of passion. 'Cause these days I find myself so overwhelmed that I can't even get a grip. I have stacks of music that lie unlistened to. Records I've had for years gathering dust. I love everyone one of them—but even if I were to listen to music 24-7, it seems I wouldn't get through it all. I remember all the bands that I grew to love 'cause I never stopped playing the records. Over and over again. Sometimes even if I didn't love it instantly—it was a new record and I got to know it and usually grew to love it. I long for that sort of time these days. When I feel like I can barely get in all the repetitive listening time on my very favorite things.

I think I'm losing my mind.

I feel like I'm losing my sense of self. That I hold onto something that was. And I wonder what it is now. In fleeting moments I feel purpose, inspiration, and validation in all that I do. Yet I flounder lost in between—and I find myself in such a deep depression that I feel out of touch. Out of touch with myself, my community, the scene, the kids, and the world at large. I fight the urge to hide. To curl up and away from everything. To escape to my mythical tree house. I get mad at myself for a lack of fire—yet I know it's still there. It just seems to smolder too easy as day to day passes so quickly. And all the stimulation—of the faster, faster world just wears me out.

One minute I feel on top of the world, the next I feel like I have failed myself. That I want to quit. Quit what? There is nothing that I want to leave behind—only so much more that I want to do. And the fact that I can't keep up with myself is what causes the frustration and despair.

What I want to shed is the feeling that the world is smothering me. That names and faces and records and bands and days and months all start to blend together and I can barely tell the difference. It's like I'm being pushed along on a treadmill while saying, "but wait, I want to stop and savor that moment," but then suddenly another week has passed, while I'm still clinging to a lingering thought. What has happened? A few days unfocused and the mail piles up to an overwhelming degree. Magazines arrive in droves. I stockpile books that I want to read. And the things I have to do and the obligations I feel I have overwhelm me. It gets to a point where I feel like I'm continually preparing for that time when I "have time" but I've accepted that this is it. That "free time" never really comes when you're an obsessive-compulsive workaholic. I really try to live in the present—enjoy the moment. But right now I'm tired. I just need a break. But I won't allow it for myself. I think that I also fear that if I slow down at all, I may never get going again.

And so I strive—I live for the dose of adrenaline, like a junkie—the inspiration which I in turn long to share and pass on

to others. It's like I'm addicted to that surge of life. I know where to find it—in a good record, a good book, in a friend's arms, at a rad gathering. A fleeting moment. Yet of late, I find that even though I know what I need and seek—I know the answers and the solutions to my dilemmas—I still get caught in these vicious circles. I get depressed and then I don't eat well. I don't eat so good, I get depressed, etc., etc. I avoid social situations 'cause I don't know how to admit that I'm not well, that I feel crazy. Crowds of people are not good for intense feelings—especially when they are confused, down, and depressed. And especially when you have become used to being an eternal positive optimist. Which of course I still feel I am... But there is a pressure (albeit self-created) to put on a face, to be something other. What I could never understand and never do myself—smile, when I want to cry.

But even though I know that spending time with friends or going to a show would be great, I avoid it. I dread doing anything, until I'm there, and then I'm so happy and thankful 'cause it means everything. Well, usually. That dread is starting to turn into panic and anxiety. Social anxiety, someone called it. Where does that come from? What causes us (or me) to push away the very things which should make us feel so much better? I know that a good shared meal with friends, doing yoga, walking, photographing and exploring, and kicking it with the plants are all things that make me feel better—yet I push those things away and the vicious circle spreads.

I'm trying to find myself again.

I just get to stuck on the overstimulation. The demands of our world and of life. The drain that sucks out the energy and life force, if you let it. The bullshit of politicians and people's social drama. The hostility and negativity out there. And the fact that every time I turn around it seems that there is a new something I take an interest in, and then I can't figure out how to work it into my life, where to find the time to pursue a new interest and hobby, let alone read all the books that I have collected and the new zines and music that are out there. Sometimes I almost think if I just pile the stuff up around me—it will be osmoses. And perhaps worst of all, it's not like I resent the stuff that arrives in the mail, or all of the new discoveries. In fact, I absolutely love it and it is what keeps me going. It's just that I am all too aware of the fact that all the sampling I get is only a drop in the bucket of what is out there, and I often times feel that the sea of possibilities and opportunities (I mean I haven't even tapped into the world of the internet and other techno-logic-kill options)... are so endless that it's impossible to get it all ordered in my head. And that is why I think I'm losing my mind.

My horoscope today says "the thought of taking a break is nice, but you can't afford to waste any time. Somehow you will get the extra push you need. Try to see the enthusiasm for the fuel that it is. Don't adopt your actions from the lyrics that go 'it's better to burn out than fade away.'"

I thought that was rather appropriate and fitting to my life now and I will use it as a bit of a mantra so as to not left myself burn out or fade away. And I will embrace the enthusiasm as I always try to do—which today is coming from a zine called *Eat Yer Heart Out, Martha* (issue #2)—"a journal of poetic terrorism, radical motherhood, and practical autonomy." The fuel comes from her energy and heartfelt thoughtful words—tackling home schooling, parenting, natural birth control, choice, gardening, and depression! She gets right into so many of my own interests, and shared issues—and with such passionate energy. And it goes right along with my theme of late of reading the words of "rad strong powerful women."

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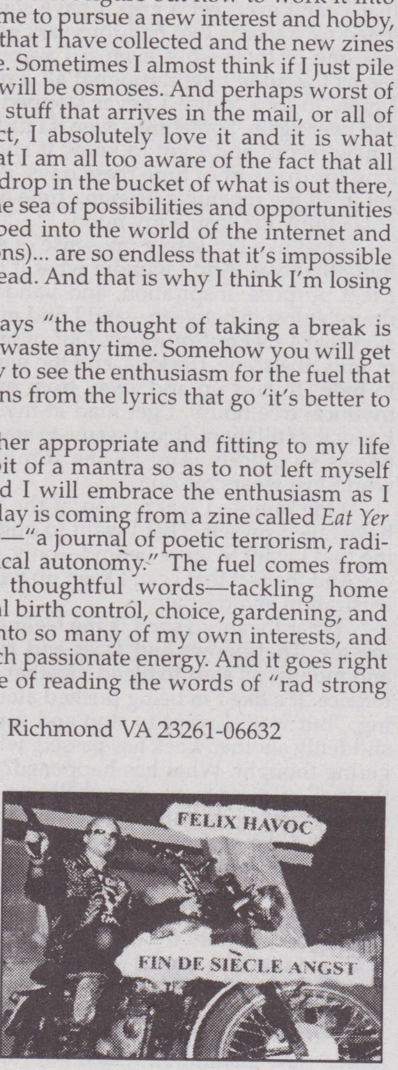

I don't want to be accused of trying to start and/or cash in on a new trend in music. You can throw around terms like Bandana Thrash, Youth Crew, or Powerviolence, and they may or may not mean something to someone or be relevant to anything. But labeling and classifying bands does help us understand where punk music is going and where it is coming from. I'm not doing this to create a checklist for collector nerds or to start a bandwagon rolling for people to jump on. My goal here is to document the high energy hardcore that has burst on the scene the past few years that takes its cue from the glory days of hardcore in the early 80s.

This article is pretty heavily stacked towards US and Scandinavian bands, as that is most of what I am up on. Japanese and Continental European readers should feel free to mail in their own dispatches from the thrash front. Note: I'm only talking about vinyl releases here. CDs are OK for discographies and such but real HC is on 7"s and maybe LPs, so drop the new school CD stuff if you want to be heard. The bands listed below take their influence primarily from early 80s US hardcore, like Minor Threat, DYS, Poison Idea, Jerry's Kids, etc. There are hundreds of other great thrash bands about that warrant documentation of their own—I could write a similar column on D-Beat thrash, or Japcore revival bands—remember this is only one small section of a scene that is at its best in years.

For instance, Forca Macabra, Discarga, Abuso Sonoro, and Excredores are more like Brazilian Thrash revival. From Ashes Rise, HHIG, Tragedy, and Born Dead Icons are more of a dark and brooding and heavy sort of HC. Close Call, Count Me Out, and Fields of Fire are more mainline SEHC. Disclose, Totalitär, Skitsystem, Wolfpack and Victims are more like D-Beat Swedish HC. Paintbox, Gauze, and Forward are more straight up Japcore. Kungfu Rick, Killers, Fuck on the Beach, Urko, and They Live are more fast core/Power Violence. We have to remember that Brazil, Finland, Sweden, Japan, etc. all have their own trademark styles while what we are talking about here is the early 80s US style. That's not to say only US bands are an influence, as Lärm, Ripchord, Heresy, and Negazione are frequently cited as influences, but as I discussed a few months ago, these bands were mainly imitating US thrash/HC style

I would say there are a few decisive events in the HC revival. The Chicago Fests 2000 and 2001. The Life's Halt, No Reply Tour, the No Justice Tour, the What Happens Next Tour, Dead Nation and DS 13 tours, and every Gordon Solie Motherfuckers show. If you caught any or all of this you became conscious of a new driving force and spirit of true DIY, underground hardcore that is all about energy and honesty.

An important thing to note here too is that some of these bands come from a more youth crew/SEHC background and others from a more crusty punk/HC direction, yet they are all drawing on a similar set of influences to create a new style. Also of note is that some of these bands are made up of people in their 30s who were around to experience the salad days of hardcore, while others are young kids not even born when Minor Threat formed. Either way the music is all boss and we find unity in the pit. It's not my place to say who started the current hardcore revival but a few bands are worth mentioning as sort of a preface.

Vorhees. This English band's first LP, *Spilling Blood Without Reason*, was a total mind blower when it came out. At the time most bands were playing either generic youth crew or crusty metal HC. Here came a band going to the early 80s Boston style. This record is a modern classic and has recently been remastered and reissued. Check out the last *Short Fast and Loud* for a Vorhees interview and discography.

Los Crudos. This band took their cue from early 80s thrash bands like Wretched and Raw Power and really blew away the whole mid 90s emo and SE scenes with their raw thrash sound. I think this band helped to open the eyes of a lot of emo and SE kids to the Power of Thrash. *La Rabia* 7" on Lengua Armada, split 7" with Huasipungo on Lengua Armada, *Las Injusticias* 7" on Lengua Armada, split 7" with Manumission (Lengua Armada?), split LP with Spitboy (Ebullition), *Canciones Para Liberar* LP on Lengua Armada, *Los Primeros Gritos* LP (ten different labels), *Crudos Last Stand* LP bootleg.

Capitalist Casualties. Here is a band going so long playing the same sort of fast, intense hardcore that bands trying to be "retro" sound like CC did at the beginning. Total furious fast paced thrash with a hint of crossover metal core.

Drop Dead. Another band around for over a decade and still playing absolute top shelf mad thrash. I guess a lot of people lump Drop Dead in with Crusty HC bands, but their style is so fast and blazing it betrays its early 80s HC roots.

OK, the contemporary Thrash Revival. To me the quintessential record that will be remembered many years from now as the definitive Thrash Revival record is the Gordon Solie Motherfuckers *Chairshot Politics* 7" on River on Fire records. This record is a total smoker and a voice of generation of over-30 misunderstood, maladjusted punks and hardcore kids. Also essential is the Gordon Solie Motherfuckers 10" on 625.

Totally overlooked these days is Wedge, and Tony's previous band the H-100's, whose sound I think was pretty similar to GSMF. They put out the *Dismantle* 7" on Bloodclot, *Distort Cleveland* 7" on Burrito and *Texas Death Match* 7" on Havoc. And of course Wedge and Tony are also in Nine Shocks Terror—this band is finally getting some recognition with their LP on Sound Pollution since earlier releases are hard to get. Nine Shocks Terror plays HC/Thrash in the style of early 80s Japanese bands like Systematic Death, Gauze and Lip Cream, from whose LP they took their name. However, you can't take the Ohio outta these boys and their sound mixes in equal parts early 80s Midwestern thrash like you'd hear on a Master Tape comp. Split 7" with Devoid of Faith, *Earth Wind and the Sheik Throwing Fire* 7" on River on Fire, split 7" with Killers, *Zen and the Art of Beating Your Ass* LP on Devour, *Mobile Terror Unit* 7" on Havoc, *Paying Ohmage* LP on Sound Pollution.

Demon System 13. I got DS 13's first ep from Vacuum and wrote them right away about a US pressing—still my favorite record on my label. DS 13 play early 80s US hardcore like Minor Threat or Poison Idea filtered through the fine tradition of Swedish HC from thrash to youth crew. Since that mind blowing 7" DS 13 has been prolific, *Aborted Teenage Generation* 7" on Busted Heads and Havoc, split 7" with STGM on Hepatit D, split 7" with Blood Of Others on Organic, *For the Kids, Not the Business* 7" on Bent Edge/Communichaos and Deranged, *Vad Vet Vi Om Kriget?* LP on Deranged, *Jag Hatar Soldater* 7" released by the band, split 7" with Code 13 on Havoc, *Thrash and Burn* 6" on Enslaved, *Killed by the Kids* LP on Havoc.

Last In Line. The Mass band, not the Chicago Band. *Crosswalk* 7" on Use Your Head (Hey I don't have this one, someone hook me up!) and *L'Esercito Del Morto* LP on Acme. This is total early 80s Boston style hardcore. Punishing live too, see them if you can.

No Time Left. I'm not sure exactly where this band is from—New York State I think, but their 7" on Third Party is amazing—cross early 80s Boston Style HC with the more aggressive youth crew bands of the late 80s and you're getting close. A band to watch.

The Gatecrashers. From NJ, have a 7" just out called *Loud At Any Volume*, great fast, pissed off, raw HC with the soon to be anthem "Fuck 1988."

Down In Flames. From NJ, fast hardcore frequently compared to Tear It Up but maybe a little closer to the Youth Crew sound than the punkier thrash bands. *Start the Fucking Fire* 7" on Gloom, split 7" with the Gatecrashers on Brokenglass, s/t 7" on Platinum.

Dead Nation. From NJ as well, energetic fast HC—this band didn't get any of the recognition they deserved until after they broke up. *Face the Nation* 7" on Slaughterhouse, *Cenk* 7" on Slaughterhouse, *Painless* 7" on Dead Alive and Kangaroo, *Dead End* LP on Dead Alive—just when they were starting to get popular they broke up and turned into Tear It Up

Tear It Up. Amazing fast paced hardcore from NJ. These guys are the hardest working band in hardcore and will no doubt be playing your town soon, if you miss them you are a fool. S/T 7" on Havoc, *Just Can't Stand It* LP on Deranged, one sided 7 on Uncle Slam and several other records should be out by the time you read this.

Think I Care. Boston HC which pays homage to the great Boston bands back in the day *Draw the Lines* 7" on Boiling Point.

Lifes Halt. For a lot of us the Lifes Halt/No Reply tour was a wake up call that hardcore was back and had hit hard on the West Coast as well as the East and Midwest. *We Sold Our Souls for Hardcore* 7" on Youngblood is a total classic of the genre and up there with the GSMF 7", split 7" with No Reply on Indecision.

Code 13. I can't really talk about a band I was in without sounding pretentious and self-important. Although much of the earlier material was more crust/grind the split with DS 13 and *A Part of America Died Today* 7"s on Havoc are certainly in the spirit of early 80s thrash.

No Reply. Did the split with Life's Halt and a 7" on Mankind Records. "We'll Kill You All" is the toughest of hardcore anthems from such a nice bunch of guys. These guys ripped up the Chicago Fest.

Don Austin. From Akron, Ohio—Negative Approach influenced 80s HC 7" on Rubber City and a new 7" I don't have yet.

Dumbstruck. OK, these guys are totally OG since this is Ex Ripchord, who are like pioneering first generation thrash core. *If It Ain't Broke Don't Fix It* 7" on Dubstruck. **Holier Than Thou.** More Crossover influenced than most 7" on Six Weeks.

Crucial Unit. From Pittsburgh PA, also have a crossover sort of influence in their thrash *Iced Tea* 7" on Crucial Blast.

Vitamin X. SEHC from Holland. First two 7"s, *SE Crew* and *Once Upon a Time* (both on Commitment), are more Youth Crew style, but the *People Who Bleed* 7" on Havoc and the forthcoming LP on Underestimated and tour 7" on Underestimated are total fast HC thrash. What can I say, I drove these guys on tour and got to see them every night for two weeks.

Shark Attack. In your face fast aggressive HC from Philly in the early 80s Boston style. I'd like to see Matt go back in time and mosh it up with the Boston Crew circa 82. Seriously, brutal HC. *Blood in the Water* 7" on My War/Bridge Nine.

Total Fury. Killer HC from Japan that goes back to DC circa 1981 for inspiration, that is undistorted but still raw and chaotic hardcore. *Spring Thrash* 7" on Dan Doh, split 7" with Grissle on MCR and split 7" with Oath on Gloom. New 12" was sold on their US tour, but I don't have one. (help me out here folks)

Oath. OK I shouldn't like this band because poser extraordinaire Mark McCoy is involved, and I thought he was a short timer! Killer aggressive fast HC supergroup with a really raw 80s HC sound. S/T 7" on Coalition/Gloom/Youthattack

Esperanza. Crucial HC from LA. OK, all I have is a demo tape, but by the time this is printed I imagine they will have some vinyl on the streets.

Sin Orden. From Chicago. Rapid fire HC sung in really pissed off sounding Spanish. *Brutalidad Juvenil* 7" on Lengua Armada.

Sound Like Shit. Power thrashing mayhem at light speeds from Japan. *Deep inside the Metal* 7" on Six Weeks. Playing with these guys in Japan was awesome, our best show over there.

Holding On. Youth Crew HC from Minnesota that gets more fast, aggressive, and thrashy with each release. Demo 7" on Looking Back, split 7" with Real Enemy on 1%/Havoc, *What Happened* 7" on 1%, *Just Another Day* LP on Havoc/THD/1%.

Real Enemy. fast political HC from Minnesota. *Attack* 7" on Underestimated, *Too Little Too Late* 7" on 625/Underestimated, split 7" with Holding On.

Melee. Boston Thrash Attack. Just a demo out so far, but definitely a band to watch.

Rambo. OK this is pushing it calling these guys Thrash, as they are maybe a little bit more on the XmoshcoreX side musically, but lyrically and in the pit these guys are 100% DIY thrash hardcore with XmilitantX lyrics and antics. Split 7" with No Parade (not out yet, but maybe by the time this is printed) LP on 625.

Deathreat. Mixing Japanese 80s thrash with US 80s HC and a healthy dose of ramp shredding skate core, and a little crustcore in the mix. S/T 7" on Partners in Crime, split 7" with Talk Is Poison on Prank, s/t 7" on Prank, *Severing of the Last Barred Window* LP on Partners in Crime. Split 7" with DSB (another one I don't have yet)

Charles Bronson. I remember hearing something once about this band. I think they were a parody like Crucial Youth or Grudge or something. Somebody told me they put out a record but you can only get it on Ebay. I think Civil Disobedience beat these guys up once.

No Parade. My favorite record at the moment is the No Parade 7" on Partners in Crime, a perfect mix of 80s HC with darker crusty sort of HC super powerful and intense. Also have a 7" coming with Rambo on Elevator Music.

OAC. Out of control fast HC from Japan maybe a little like AOF or something. *Dukowski's T shirt* 7" on Skinny Dip. Members went onto Breakfast who did *Eat Rice* 7" on 625.

Ruination. HC Supergroup who fly to practice. The most vexing thing about this band is whether to file their record with the American or Canadian 7"s. Punishing HC that leans towards

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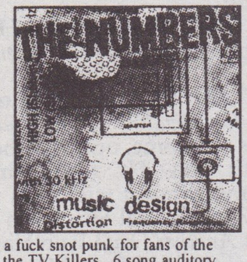

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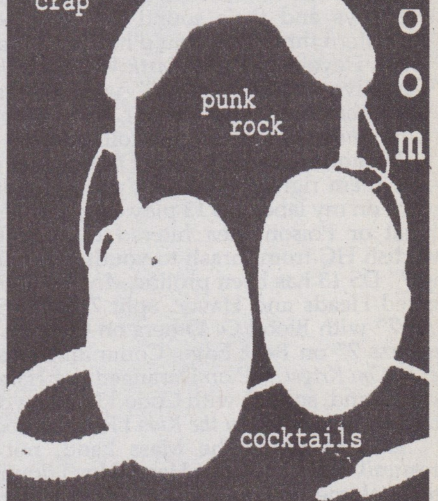

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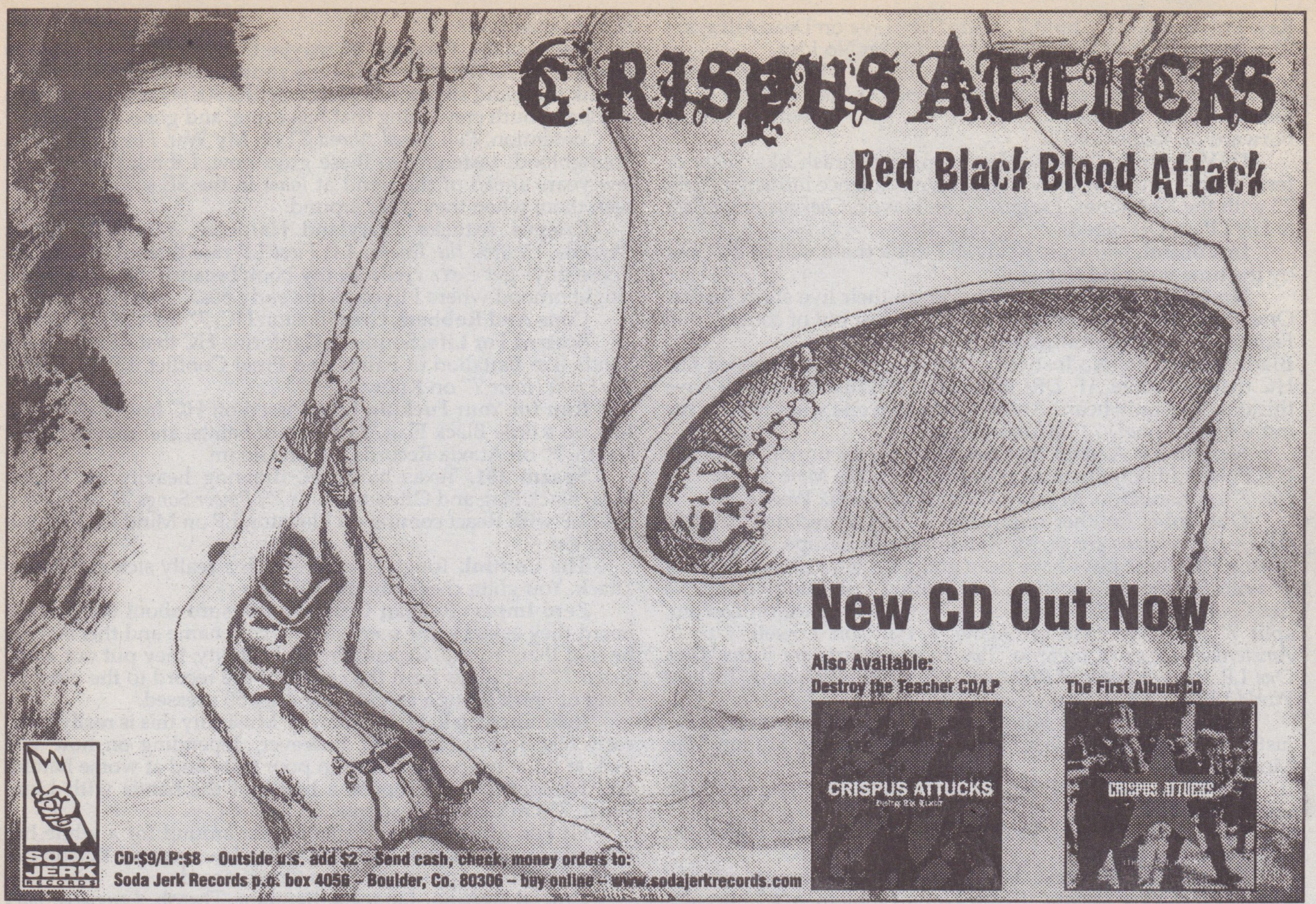

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Raw Power intensity. Split 7" with They Live on DeadAlive, s/t 7" released by the band. 7" coming soon on No Idea.

Bloodpact. From Ann Arbor mix thrash with SE and modern HC into a potent and powerful blend. *As Good As Dead* 7" on Element, split LP with Varsity on +/-, split 7" with Reaching Forward on Reflections

USV. From LaCrosse, Wisconsin, fast thrash like Siege or Jerry's Kids with a little modern Power Violence influence. Split 7" with the Krammies, *Escapist* 7" on Havoc, *Chokeslammed Back to Life* LP on Deranged.

In Control. Nardcore Revival! I think there will be a 7" out by the time you read this.

No Justice. Whose 7" will never do their live show justice. One of the definitive bands of the genre, just out of control. *Still Fighting* 7" on Underestimated.

Bladecrasher. Pre No Justice, a little more YOT influenced fast HC than the more AF, DRI influenced No Justice. I don't have this one, I've only heard Anton's tape (anyone want to help me out with this one?) 7" on Youngblood.

Neighbors. A band that has gone pretty unnoticed in the US. Poison Idea influenced powerful HC. *The More Money One Has* 7" on Kangaroo, *Negative Reaction* LP on Six Weeks.

Out Cold. Another criminally under-appreciated band in the US, these guys are pretty well known in Europe. Aggressive Boston HC, these guys have been going for ten years or so. Split 7" with Psycho on Axcxtion, *Lost Cause* 7" on Fudgworthy, *No Eye Contact* 7" on Kangaroo, split 7" with Bratface on Devour, split 7" with No Side on Acme, s/t LP on Lowell, *Live In Amsterdam* LP on Kangaroo, *Two Broken Hearts are Better Than One* LP, *Warped Sense of Right and Wrong* LP, *Permanent Twilight World* LP all on Kangaroo,

Shitbastards. Now known as Spitting Teeth, from Seattle, just a demo, but great fast HC, spearheading the Million Man Mosh.

Killed in Action. From Ohio, nothing out yet, but high energy fast hardcore.

The Anti DiFrancos. From Montana, just a demo tape so far but really raw fast HC.

What Happens Next. Bay Area HC super group. *Brutiful Feeling* 6", *Hollow Victory* 10" on Not a Problem, s/t 7" on 625, *Stand Fast Armageddon Justice Fighter* LP on Sound Pollution, *Ahora Mas Que Nunca* ep on Lengua Armada.

Life.Set.Struggle. form Toledo Ohio, punishing powerful HC, should have something out on Element by the time you read this.

MK Ultra. Crossing modern HC with early 80s thrash. S/t 7" self released, *Melt* 7" on Lengua Armada, split LP with Seein Red. MK Ultra were almost not included as they have a very 90s sound more akin to power violence than 80s thrash. However, their more recent material is more 80s HC influenced and the songs on the *Tomorrow Will Be Worse* LP on Sound Pollution are some of best tracks on what is by far the best comp. LP in many years.

Authority Abuse. Chicago HC 7" on Lengua Armada. With all these great bands from Chicago you'd think their scene would be cool like Minneapolis, but they live forever in our shadow. Just kidding, the Chicago/Minneapolis rivalry thing died when Mark Mc Coy left for art school.

ExClaim. Fast Core maybe leaning a little more towards grind but in my mind a total Thrash HC band. *Out of Suit* 7" on Sound Pollution. I think an LP or 10" is coming soon.

Strong Intention. Maryland Hardcore. Their earlier stuff is more like NYHC mixed with power violence but the *Each Day Lived* 7" on Six Weeks is pure HC/Thrash Gold.

Flash Gordon. Japanese band that defines the term Bandana Thrash! I think maybe a split 7" and *Flash Til Death* 7" on Skippy.

Amdi Petersens Armé. Copenhagen Denmark's answer to Dischord circa 1981. Super catchy and energetic HC that sounds highly reminiscent of SOA or DC Youth Brigade but still has that Scandinavian flavor as the lyrics are all in Danish. S/t 7" on Kick N Punch.

Fairfuck. From Norway, aggressive short fast blasts of thrash power. **Blamm!** 7" on Kick N'Punk and Underestimated.

Limp Wrist. Another Supergroup, fast thrash HC that is even more in your face since they are the first out of the closet SE band. Putting the Hard back into hardcore. 7" on Parology. Harder than you?

Rain on the Parade. OK maybe this is a little too close to Floorpunch or Ten Yard Fight type youth crew HC for some, but I think this band sits more squarely in the 80s style than the retro cornball youth crew thing that has come, and gone. *Body Bag* 7" on Contention, *Full Speed Ahead* 7" on My War, *Fired Up!* ep on Youngblood. Listening to these guys now, I think they were a few years ahead of the trend at least in the SE scene. Wish I'd seen them when they were around.

Crispus Attucks. Maryland Hardcore, s/t 7" on Bullet Records, *Destroy the Teacher* LP. *First* LP raw thrashy HC-Punk. These guys get extra credit in my book because they live in the neighborhood where I lived in the early 80s. .

Cops And Robbers. Great Boston HC, 7" on ADD/X Claim.

Scarred For Life. Southern California HC that draws on 80s bands like Battalion of Saints and Final Conflict. LP on Know, *Far From Home* 7" on Know.

Run for Your Fucking Life. Pissed off HC from San Diego. Mix up a little Black Flag, Battalion of Saints, and maybe Septic Death. 7" on Ataxia Records, LP on Gloom.

Spazm 151. Texas hardcore, drawing heavily on Poison Idea, Black Flag and Offenders, s/t 7", *Power Songs* 7" on Havoc, split LP with React coming on Elevator, LP on Mind Control out soon too.

The Control. Tough hardcore with a really sick and heavy attack. You gotta check out the 10" on +/-.

Zero Impact Reagan Unit. I'm not sure about the name, I heard they asked some scenester for cool name and this is what he told them to use. Crucial thrash brutality, they put out a one sided 7" that plays from the center of the record to the outside. Kind of wack though as there are only 50 pressed.

Insurance Risk. From Norway. Musically this is really good early 80s Boston Style HC, however, depending on how you look at it the lyrics are at best in poor taste and at worse hateful and homophobic. I propose a battle of the bands with Limp Wrist. 7" On Crucial Response.

Fit For Abuse. A band that's been around for a while but has only one 7" and has gone through a few line ups, Boston HC meets Negative Approach. 7" on Crust records.

Crucial Section. Japanese Bandana Thrash. *Language Isn't the Only Form of Communication* LP on 625.

Assel. Super fast thrash from Sweden. S/t like DRI or Lärm mainlining bathtub crank. 7" on Busted Heads, split 7" with Second Thought on five Swedish labels.

Epileptic Terror Attack. Fast skate-core mayhem from Umeå, Sweden. The *Racket* 7" and *We're Not the Problem* LP both on Putrid Filth Conspiracy.

A Poor Excuse. Early 80s Boston style HC, for some reason they remind me of YYY (if anyone remembers YYY). *Crashed Out, Wasted, Useless Hated* 7" on ADD, split 7" with Right Brigade on Bridge Nine.

Vilently Ill. Totally under appreciated one man "band" that is the most raw and pissed off HC you could imagine. I think Vilently Ill is better known in the grind/noise scene, but to me this music is pure early 80s HC. Split 7" with Pneumatic Values, s/t 7" (Flags and Bodybags), 12 song ep 7", Plastic Society 7", One Sided ep 7" all on Knot Music Rising Up From Underground 7" on Pentragrandma and AG96.

Intensity. Mälmo Sweden. Mix Posi Core with 80s HC—a really hard band to describe, you have to listen for yourself—these guys would be huge if the fucking fascist pigs hadn't deported them before they could start their US tour. *Battered Soul* 7" on Putrid Filth Conspiracy, *Virtue of Progress* 7" on Six Weeks, *Wash Off the Lies* 10" on Putrid Filth Conspiracy.

Puncture Wound. Virtually unknown outside of Cleveland. Really raw HC from members of Gordon Solie Motherfuckers. 7" on Bloodclot.

Ruido. Fast HC from LA, very thrashy and raw. S/T 7" on Six Weeks, s/t 7" on Deep Six, split 7" with Insult on Know, split 7" with Fuck on Beach on Know.

No Side. Japanese thrash, don't know much about this band except the split with Out Cold mentioned above.

Comps. *Memories of Tomorrow* on Youngblood, *Tomorrow Will Be Worse 2* on Sound Pollution, *Prevent this Tragedy* on Element, *Wild in the Streets* on Element, *Sk8 or Die* on PigPen, *Intense Energy* on Camel Clutch, *Bandana Thrash Vol 1* flexi on 625, *Barbaric Thrash Demolition* 7" on 625...I guess I could list

comps all night—you can fill in the blanks.

If it seemed like you kept seeing the same labels pop up again and again, there's a reason. There is a huge infrastructure of totally dedicated DIY, in it for life type people behind the scenes running the labels that are making this scene so strong and vital. I'm sure some Monday morning quarterback is sitting there saying this is all "retro." Fuck that, this shit is right now, get in the pit when one of these bands is playing and tell me it's "retro"—this music is true, sincere, and from the heart. Retro is Exploited and Circle Jerks doing reunion tours and shit. Hardcore music is here to stay it might fade in and out but its as much a part of the American musical lexicon as Bluegrass or Delta Blues and nobody calls those cats "retro."

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A Local Revolution

I returned from Olympia on Sunday to find my city in a state of revolution. In the downtown area of Bellingham, Washington, a staredown between local cops and crusties had been building up for almost a day. In a sunken abandoned cement lot, a 20-foot tripod had been erected with a single person sitting at its apex, a suspended hammock held one person 30 feet above the ground, and five others were "locked down" around the legs of the tripod. A large area of the cement had been replaced with a garden. Paint had been applied to the concrete walls shouting for a free community space for all to enjoy, all except for any and all authority figures.

Wait! The whole story needs to be told here. As it's still in progress and the conclusion is still being written.

About a month ago some members of the local anarchist collective approached me. I'd been passing out CrimethInc. propaganda at their collective space and some had taken notice of the intensity of the shit I'd given them. I'm guessing they either thought I was nuts or a joke (in my defense, the former is closer to the truth, I like to think). I was apparently worth an invitation to partake in a direct action that would risk their mission if I were not as bad-ass as I had made myself out to be.

Their suggestion was to turn an old burnt out pit into a community park and garden. To see the location of their suggestion is to be baffled by such a proposition. It's been empty for fifteen years, sunk down about fourteen feet below the street level covered in broken glass, beer cans, and most importantly—cement. Turning this lot into a community park and garden seemed preposterous. You were no more likely to succeed in turning this pit into a community garden than you were to succeed in turning an old cracked sidewalk into planter box. And I thought I was nuts. These people were fucking dreaming. Feeling quite superior, I politely turned them down.

As May Day, the proposed date of action, rolled around, I saw no evidence of a garden and my suspicions were confirmed—plants don't grow on concrete! I asked some of my buddies in the collective about their direct action, but mum was the word. I joked with some of them about their foiled plans in the following weeks and received nothing but a dull smile. Then last weekend, all hell broke loose.

I had spent most of the weekend, after looking unsuccessfully for my dream house, folding, cutting, taping (quite badly I might add), and photocopying CrimethInc. materials for shipment. I was mid-fight with my girlfriend and not a happy camper in general. I came home early to go to a BBQ and hear the latest lesbian gossip and instead find out that the garden had been put up and the resistance had begun.

My friend Darci, the coolest radical cheerleader ever, grabbed me as I walked in the door and immediately begins the details of the previous day and night. She told me about the wonderful party at "The Pit" that had taken place on Saturday afternoon with kids on swings, people playing "bucketball," chalk art, mural projects, music, and of course—GARDENING! They had pounded out the concrete to reveal the soil underneath. They amended some of soil with organic compost and made some raised beds. There were some terraced slopes that cascaded down from the concrete wall creating a river of flowers. It was beautiful.

There was also the lockdown, and thank goodness for it. The pigs had waited until the party had died down some (at about 3 AM) and attacked. They pulled hair, confiscated equipment, and in general, terrorized 32 non-locked down individuals. They were taken to the jail for second-degree trespassing, a fineable misdemeanor. The detainees, in true Earth First! fashion, refused to give the pigs their "Christian" names, using names like "grapefruit," "raptor," and "fire." This violation of police-state protocol incarcerated them for as long as they kept their real names secret. It was a strategic move by the detainees to show solidarity with those in lockdown.

Meanwhile, the kids in lockdown froze their asses off while the pigs did everything in their power to keep them awake. Continuous noise and a lack of blankets kept them wide awake during the night. Very few spectators watched as the pigs tormented and harassed the remaining brave souls.

The following morning rose and the fight continued. A psychological war had broken out between cops and citizens. "No water, no food" was the cops plan to break the resistance. But people began coming out and watching the spectacle of the once eye-sore turning into a carnival event.

We (CrimethInc.) started an infoshop including coloring books, toys and bubbles for the kids. A daycare was basically in effect. Neglectful parents were leaving their kids with us and we were more than happy to include them in our ranks. Support from the community was (and is) overwhelming.

The small, sleepy, hippy, college town of Bellingham was unprepared for the anarchist direct action. Young people were undermining the ruling elite, which had long been done at the doers' peril in this town. Direct action wasn't something that the powers that be could understand since the hippies had long since sunk into their role as drug addicts. The growing number of anarchists in this town generated a new sense of the activism that had been taking the rest of the world by storm. The contagious fever of recreating the world had finally reached into the outskirts of metropolitan areas.

As the days went on a couple of events gave us the illusion that we were winning. First the police chief had been put on "vacation" due to his tyrannical treatment of those in the pit and the supporters on the sidewalk. Next the AP press had picked up the story, and while a media blackout had been instituted in town, we hoped that this kind of reclamation of public space would be contagious to other people outside our town. And finally the city council, who were to determine the fate of the space, set up a public forum for the people to voice their input as to the use of the pit.

This public forum turned out to be a sham. The city council gave five people (out of 250) three minutes each to voice their opinions. The council members looking contemptuous decided to take up the matter in closed session after our meager 15-minute plea was given. Disillusioned, we all stepped outside, and nay-sayers took an "I told you so" position about the city council's lack of interest in the needs of the public. We should all have expected as much.

Back at the pit decisions needed to made. The people in lockdown were exhausted, those of us who'd been sleeping on the street needed to return to work or school, choices needed to made and finally we had a meeting at the local anarchist community center.

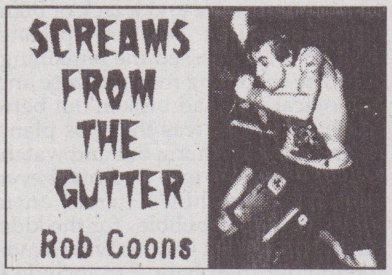
At the meeting I listened in horror as the people of the center spoke of taking everyone out of pit. I,d talked to the kids in lockdown over the last four days and I heard that some people were ready to go but most wanted to stay in the pit. I think it was selfish for us to say that we were unwilling to support those in the pit and I tried to give my opinion. I failed and finally it was decided to pull out the following day at 3:00 P.M.

We broke into the pit at 12:00 the next day to free our people, work on the garden, spraypaint, and other decorative activities. We made a chessboard out of rubble and a 4-square and hopscotch court out of paint. It was unbelievable the amount of creativity that came out of our actions. When we came out, the police officer that was monitoring our actions thanked us for our cooperation and I burst into tears. I felt betrayed. We had done

the cops' job for them. We were stupid to think that this movement could just stop and start on a dime. We had the momentum and we gave it away because we were concerned about being perceived as a nuisance. Fuck.. well all's not lost. While we didn't get anywhere with the powers that be we still made headway with the public, the wheatpasting action is going on tonight more direct actions are going to happen on Saturday.

After all this some mistakes were made and some enemies created. But all and all local activism is really the most powerful kind. I strongly suggest for everyone to take part in local space reclamation. Turn intersections into plazas!

The moral of this story is that revolution can happen *anywhere*. I never truly believed that before but I also didn't think that you could turn a pit into a garden. With that I go to sleep, something I haven't done in days.



Well I want to start off this column with a correction from last month's column. I reviewed the new LP by GODBELOW. Unfortunately somewhere between *MRR* receiving the column by email and it being laid out, the "G" got deleted and therefore it read ODBELOW. Sorry for the confusion, but it is not my fault.
With that said let me fill you in on some of the latest news from around this area. EL DOPA recently reformed (under the name EL DOPA, not 1332) and has played a couple of shows in the Bay Area. I saw them about a week ago at Gilman Street and after stumbling through their first few songs they pulled it together and threw down a crushing set of grind, punk, and doom. They even played a BAD BRAINS cover, throwing all the crusty kids for a loop. I honestly feel their recorded output never came close to matching their intensity as a live band. I am not sure if EL DOPA reforming is a temporary or permanent thing, but it sure was good to see them again. Local hardcore heroes TIME IN MALTA have been shuffling through a couple of line-up changes lately. The singer from BURN IT DOWN (who broke up at the end of last year but are supposedly reforming for one show at the Hellfest in NY this year) joined TIME IN MALTA and played at only one show with them. But I am hearing rumors that after a brief stint he is no longer in the band. I also hear they are going through other line-up changes as well, but it has not been confirmed. Stay tuned! I am also sad to report that one of the Bay Area's most ripping bands the VULGAR PIGEONS have axed their singer from the band. They actually ended up playing one more show with him after he was booted from the band! I unfortunately could not make it to that show, but I heard it was a shredding set of grind and you could definitely feel the tension in the air. I have heard that they are going to continue as a band, but in my opinion they took a big loss by loosing their singer.

A bunch of bands have rolled through town lately. One of the biggest standouts was VITAMIN X. I was fortunate to see them twice while they were in the Bay Area. They tore through song after song of madcap thrash. They were a lot faster and more thrash influenced than I ever expected them to be. SHIKABANE also blessed San Francisco with a handful of shows. In all honesty I was a little nervous about seeing SHIKABANE because of their recent shift in musical direction, but they did not let me down. I unfortunately only got to see one of their shows but from what I hear it was their best. The set mixed their older punk/thrash classics with a couple of their newer more metal songs. I was really glad to see them and they really kept the intensity flowing throughout the whole set. And I would finally like to talk about Alabama's own XBXRX who brought their special brand of super spastic screamo to town and raised some serious hell. Take some quirky emo, throw in a touch of Devo, break out the costumes and masks, and I think you'll start to get who fun they truly are. They go totally apeshit jumping on anything that will stand still long enough for them to grab onto. And to top it all off, they have the shortest set of any band I have seen since MOHINDER. They may have played for ten minutes, but even that guess seems long in retrospect. As the saying goes, they are "more fun than a barrel of monkeys."

While all those shows kicked mucho ass the band/man that I saw last month that has left the most lasting impression on me is the "Godfather of Soul" himself, JAMES BROWN. That's right...Mr. James Brown. Not only that, but I had front row seats! Of course he totally rocked the house with his slick moves and classic vocals. And to top it all off he had a 12-piece band and four back up singers. He totally ruled the stage and was in control at all times. I honestly don't think he took a break in his entire two hour set. He played most of his hits and I am really glad I got to see him. There are a few classic artists that I really want to see before they are no longer performing and he is one of them. It may not be punk rock, but it sure fucking rocked with a capital R!

I recently got a hold of a video that has the WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?, LIFE'S HALT, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES and NO JUSTICE show from Gilman Street on it. I think I might have mentioned it before in a previous column, but this was one of the most positive and energetic shows I have ever been to. All the bands were good, but man NO JUSTICE fucking tore the house down. I know everybody talks about how sick and crazy NO JUSTICE shows were, but it is true. Their energy goes unmatched, especially the singer. Damn their set in the video is fucking chaos. People dogpiling and jumping off anything they could, amps, drums, other people, nothing was safe. The greatest thing about it all was everybody was smiling and having a good time. Fortunately there was none of that finger pointing hardass bullshit that plagues so many hardcore shows today. And it was apparent that the no stagediving policy at Gilman Street fell to the wayside at this show. I am so bummed out that NO JUSTICE broke up, but if anybody has some news on current projects of the band members please drop me a line.

GRAVITAR – *Freedom's Just Another Word...* CD – Whoa! This has got to be one of the more eclectic mix of styles I have heard in a while. This 3-piece from Dearborn, MI cranks out five songs that take influence from BLACK SABBATH all the way over to MOGWAI. The five songs on this CD clock in at just under an hour. All of the songs have the same title, and as the music progresses each song becomes a little more complex and noisy. What starts out as atmospheric space rock in the first song, is a loud pounding ruckus by the last song. These psychedelic noise jams are almost totally instrumental, except for the occasional yell here and there. Apparently this was all recorded back in 1997, but it is just now seeing the light of day. This may be a bit to "arty" for some, but if the mood is there I am sure it will rock you. As long as it is played loud! (Enterruption, PO Box 884626, San Francisco, CA 94188-4626/www.enterruption.com)

SUFFER NOW – *Antidote Of Death* CDR – Well shit....you add the numbers up. Two guys with a twisted sense of humor. One is playing a guitar and the other one is playing drums. Add some drugs and some fucking wacky lyrics. And then try to squeeze 54 songs of raging "bludgeoncore" onto one CD. And I think you can figure out pretty quickly what this is going to sound like. This is a wild mix of raw brutal grind and crazy samples. Nice compact 30 second or fewer songs for those of us with short attention spans. This isn't pretty music for pretty people. And it is obvious they meant for it to be that way. (Bludgeoncore Records, 2310 Acushnet Avenue #1S, New Bedford, MA 02745; www.geocities.com/bludgeoncore)

DFA – *The Last Minute* CDR – DFA (Destined For Assimilation) from Canada crank out eight songs of solid hardcore that comes at the listener hard and fast. They take straightforward hardcore, throw in a touch of metallic guitar work and add some strong vocals for a good all around package. While listening to this they occasionally reminded me of a more hardcore CHRIST ON A CRUTCH. I could see them fitting in nicely on a bill wedged between KILL YOUR IDOLS and HOLIER THAN THOU. I think there is definitely a lot of potential here and I am excited to hear their upcoming EP on Ugly Pop Records, but in the meantime you should check them out at http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/139/dfa.html. (DFA, 703 6th Avenue North, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, S7K 2S8)

STATECRAFT – *To Celebrate The Forlorn Seasons* CD – Japan's own STATECRAFT go for the throat on this release with

eight songs of abrasive metal fueled hardcore. Chunky pounding riffs take charge here with the music jumping from huge breakdowns to wildly screaming hardcore that is full of passion. Occasional the song structures come across as a touch simplistic at times, but overall I really enjoyed this. The harsh vocals sound drained and angry and spit forth a mixed bag of vague lyrics that deal a lot with human nature. Do yourself a favor and check out one of the best bands in Japan's "new school" hardcore scene. (Goodlife Recordings, PO Box 114, 8500 Kortrijk, BELGIUM; www.goodliferecordings.com)

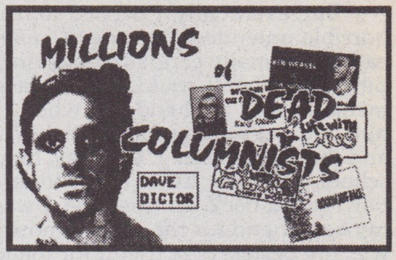
V/A – *Goodlife Vol. 4* CD – You know so many of these sampler CD's are totally hit and miss. So I am never sure what to expect from one track to the other. And Goodlife stands firm in their tradition of putting out some of the best and worst of metal influenced hardcore. There are a total of 18 tracks on this CD. Most of them have already been released or will be soon. But the most ripping part of this CD has to be LIAR's cover of "Bestial Invasion" by DESTRUCTION. It is a fucking killer song and almost one-ups the original! I also thought 100 DEMONS were pretty rad. Totally brutal thugcore that reminded me of 25 TA LIFE. There are a multitude of other bands on this compilation including AVENGED SEVENFOLD, STATECRAFT, DEAD BLUE SKY, BROKEN PROMISES, CONGRESS, IN DYING DAYS, SPIRIT 84, REPRISAL, AS FRIENDS RUST, FOR THE LIVING, LENGTH OF TIME, MORNING AGAIN, POISON THE WELL, SKYCAME FALLING, UNDYING and ARKANGEL. This is a good introduction to many of Goodlife's band, but a lot of you have probably heard most of them already. (Goodlife Recordings, PO Box 114, 8500 Kortrijk, BELGIUM; www.goodliferecordings.com)

V/A – *Twin Threat To Your Sanity* CD – Now this is quality! You get four crushing bands here that are spread out over two EP's. First off there is DYSTOPIA doing a live version of "Diary Of A Battered Child." Not only is this one of my favorite DYSTOPIA songs, but the quality of the recording is pretty damn good. You know I have really been thinking about DYSTOPIA a lot lately wishing they would play another show, and this only fuels the fire. Next up you get NOOTHGRUSH doing a crushing number and according to the insert Matt Harvey is on vocals. In case you are not familiar with that name, think of bands like EXHUMED and DEKAPITATOR and you may suddenly remember who he is. The second EP starts off with what appears to be a solid live recording of BONGZILLA from 1998. And that is followed by CORRUPTED showing all the grindmasters how it is done with a steamroller of a song called "Nieve". Man, CORRUPTED are a fucking force to be reckoned with. One thing I noticed on this particular record was the labels were reversed. So for the uninitiated, there may be some confusion between CORRUPTED and BONGZILLA. But once you get it straight there will be no turning back from the mass destruction that CORRUPTED hammers out. The packaging looks good with a thick glossy cover and two folding inserts. This is a great compilation. I am impressed! (Bad People Records, PO Box 480931, Denver, CO 80248-0931; bprec5@aol.com)

ALL ELSE FAILED – *In My Gods Eye* 10" – Apparently this came out back in 1999, but it is just making it to the pages of this magazine. This East Coast band only manages to squeeze 3 songs on this record, but they are three of the angriest songs I have heard in some time. The music is erratic choppy hardcore that jolts and throbs all over the map. It isn't necessarily technical, per se, but try to imagine the music slowly stomping down the hallway as you cower at the end waiting to be crushed. It just overtakes with sheer force. There are some very melodic interludes, which seem to work well. Because you know that the band is going to wind it up and go off by hitting you over the head with a metal-edged sledgehammer of sound sooner or later. The end of one of the songs drags just a hair, but the rest of the record more than makes up for it. This 6-piece band has two vocalists and their raging vocals really compliment the fuck all feeling of the music. Damn guys, put out some more fucking records. (Creep Records, PO Box 220, 252 East Market Street, West Chester, PA 19382; www.creeprecords.com)

"We will fight them in the streets. Eggs, toilet paper, and soap on the windows shall be our weapons 'cause punk rock's nothing more than a Halloween costume contest and you're more concerned with the contents of that 40-ounce than the actual bottle's uses as an implement of state smashing destruction. Too drunk to fuck shit up."
IN/HUMANITY – "Too Drunk To Molotov"

Thanks for reading this nonsense! Send your shit to Rob Coons, PO Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712; xgoatcorex@hotmail.com



I'm No Anarchist

So let me state it, I'm really no anarchist. What I really am is a communist. I thought I was gonna do what I usually do. That is write a piece that has a beginning, a middle, and a punch line ending that captures a certain irony about life. Hopefully it is funny, it's topical, and it leaves the reader feeling uplifted or at least in on the joke. This month I haven't been able to produce that. No slick story telling , just some gut feelings.

Back in the day, I'd argue politics and economics with Timmy Yohannon. Mostly these Communism versus Anarchism or The Collective versus The Individual topical debates. Me, not wanting to be part of some Internationale. The glorious and great People's Democratic Revolutionary Party. But as of late I've had a great change of heart. People truly need a strong central authority to help them moderate their selfish, gluttonous, tendencies. People need more than anarchist visions of self moderation. They need to be overseen and guided to a pure vision of people's economic justice. Just look at the selfish, destructive, human impulses that are taking place. Our planet is dying off quickly and the capitalist-fueled need for growth at any cost philosophy is spurring this all on. These people must be stopped. They must be re-educated!!!! Work, struggle, revolution is my born-again mantra. And by the by, MDC is on its way to Brazil. A three week tour, all DIY, outdoors, many free shows in the barrios, that we are filming. I'll write about that on my return and hopefully have much to share. Till then, I'll be a good, true, and decidedly red commie. Now more than ever!!! Now for something completely different! mdcops@hotmail.com

*

Hello Kiddies. I'm afraid this month you'll have to do without my father's mind numbing story, for this month I am the one writing the column instead. I am his son, Jesse Dictor.

I tend to dislike having emotions, because they are a weakness. Once upon a time, I once dreamed of being perfect, of being without needs. I even had a little friend who kept my beliefs in that strong. His name was Metal Duck.

Now, Metal Duck was not an ordinary friend, because he was more or less imaginary, or rather, he was a folded piece of paper. He was one of those paper duck things that you learn to make at a young age from those infernal origami books. He was then grimly decorated with a pen I had. I didn't really have any friends at my school, so I pretended to talk with my new friend. Then, I managed to imagine him talking back, and I listened attentively to what he said. At the time, I still wanted to be perfect, to be better. He helped me realize how one can become perfect.

First, we analyzed my weaknesses, my needs, my wants. He explained that all emotions came from one thing, that is, want. When we are happy we are getting what we want, when we are in love we want to be around the other person and make her happy so we can be happy, when we are angry is when we don't get what we want and blame something else, while sadness comes from not getting what you want and blaming yourself.

Then the other weaknesses, such as having to eat, having to breathe. To do these thing we admitted that we must do these things to live, so he convinced me to go days without eating anything really, to try my best not to sleep at night. All these needs that we humans have, all of these weaknesses. To be alive was a weakness—to be perfect, we need to be past these human bodies, this weak machine of fat and blood.

Which was the problem. At the time, I had yet to actually realize that I had to be dead to reach that goal. I was more on my

emotions being a weakness at the time. I did my best not to care about things. I always had about the same look to my face, and I'm pretty sure I scared some kids at my school about the whole thing. I honestly think I like it that way. Of course, I'd still throw crying fits every once and again, but my feelings toward everything seemed to make more sense. It was not until some time later that I discovered the fruits of happiness and the want to hug and hold a girl that I changed that view.

But, eventually, I needed to reach my goals of losing this horrible untended machine of mine, my body. I went without eating, normally eating once during the day, dinner, and skipping that when I could, which wasn't too often. I would hold metal duck in my hand and when I got the urge to eat, I'd feel him and not eat. I argued with him at night for the right to eat and the right to sleep. One day, they were selling candy at my school, and I wanted so badly to eat it, but he yelled no. I mentally yelled back. At this time, I was so hungry, I threw away my best friend for the candy. I now regret doing it, because he was my bestest best friend for the longest time, for about five months. And I threw him away for some candy, but then when I got home, I ate and ate and ate. Which is always bad to do. I remember my stomach ache.

And that's the story of Metal Duck, and the beliefs he helped me create. We also talked of other philosophies, but I don't have the time to write most of it up. Hope you enjoyed this little session. You can e-mail me at Jessecabbit@hotmail.com.

Historical memory has never done terribly well in this country, but our national case of collective amnesia over the Vietnam War surely sets a record for mass delusion.

Sen. Bob Kerrey (finally) admits that he led a commando raid on the village of Thanh Phong on the night of February 25, 1969 that ended up with the "accidental" killings of between twelve and fourteen unarmed civilians. One of the six men under Kerrey's command alleges that Kerrey ordered the Vietnamese lined up and shot to death. For all we know, both guys may be telling the truth as they remember it. According to Dr. Frank Ochberg, a former associate director of the National Institute of Mental Health, the stress of combat "makes it possible to remember things in a part of the brain that causes you to focus on certain events and completely ignore others."

In an April 29 op-ed piece that appeared in the *Washington Post*, Sens. John Kerrey (D-NE), Max Cleland (D-GA) and Chuck Hagel (R-NE) wrote: "Many people have been forced to do things in war that they are deeply ashamed of later. Yet for our country to blame the warrior instead of the war is among the worst, and, regrettably, most frequent mistakes we as a country can make."

And so the bullshit lives on.

Theoretically, soldiers were drafted for the Vietnam War, and soldiers suffer grievous penalties for disobeying orders. Reality was much different. If you were white and fairly well off—as was the 25-year-old Bob Kerrey—there were countless alternatives to slogging around rice paddies carrying an 80-pound pack. You could get a college deferment, as did Bill Clinton. You could become a weekend warrior in the National Guard, keeping the cornfields safe for democracy, like George W. Bush and Dan Quayle. You could ask a liberal doctor to write your draft board a note saying that your asthma, hammertoes, or whatever made you unfit for duty. If your dad golfed with a guy who belonged to the same Elks lodge as a member of the draft board, you were off the hook. And if all else failed, you could do what all the draft-eligible 18- and 19-year-olds from my rock-hard Republican suburban Ohio town did—head to Canada.

No wonder that that wall in Washington is black; African-Americans, along with some poor white suckers with no cash and fewer connections, were the only ones who went kicking and screaming to Vietnam.

Films like *Rambo, Missing in Action*, and *Born on the Fourth of July* reinforce powerful and utterly fraudulent myths about the war: Naive, inexperienced idealist finds himself in hot, stinky jungle surrounded by hostile locals he's trying to help and hobbled by wimpy generals unwilling to let him win. The next thing he knows, he's being called "baby killer" by dishy hippie chicks as he retrieves his limbs from the baggage carousel.

First and foremost, the vast majority of reasonably well-off white guys like Bob Kerrey who went to Vietnam decided to go because they were right-wing wack jobs. They believed in the domino theory. They believed in Nixon's silent majority. They thought the tens of thousands of student protesters raising hell on college campuses were commies, wusses, and commie wusses. Of course, no one sane believed that America would be saved from godless Communism by propping up a corrupt dictatorship on the opposite side of the planet. But these were guys who enjoyed the prospect of blowing holes into slant-eyed gooks.

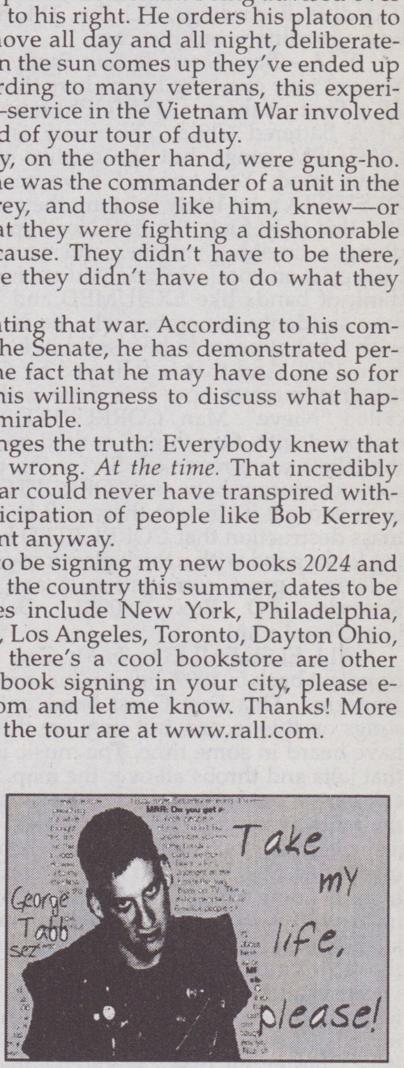
What happened next is well-documented. Even the most ardent backwater moron discovered upon arrival that the Vietnamese didn't want us there, that the South Vietnamese government was about as democratic as Stalin's USSR and that we were getting our asses kicked fair and square by a bunch of short tunnel-dwellers in black PJs. A classic war documentary from the era depicts a lieutenant being advised over his radio that the V.C. are to his right. He orders his platoon to the left. They're on the move all day and all night, deliberately avoiding combat. When the sun comes up they've ended up where they began. According to many veterans, this experience wasn't uncommon—service in the Vietnam War involved staying alive until the end of your tour of duty.

Guys like Bob Kerrey, on the other hand, were gung-ho. Kerrey wasn't a draftee; he was the commander of a unit in the elite Navy SEALs. Kerrey, and those like him, knew—or should have known—that they were fighting a dishonorable war for a dishonorable cause. They didn't have to be there, and once they were there they didn't have to do what they did.

Kerrey lost a leg fighting that war. According to his comrades in the war and in the Senate, he has demonstrated personal courage. Despite the fact that he may have done so for less than pure motives, his willingness to discuss what happened 32 years ago is admirable.

But none of that changes the truth: Everybody knew that Vietnam was stupid and wrong. *At the time.* That incredibly stupid, brutally wrong war could never have transpired without the enthusiastic participation of people like Bob Kerrey, who knew better and went anyway.

Book stuff: I'm going to be signing my new books *2024* and *Search and Destroy* around the country this summer, dates to be announced. Current cities include New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Toronto, Dayton Ohio, Phoenix, and Tucson. If there's a cool bookstore are other venue appropriate for a book signing in your city, please e-mail me at tedrall@aol.com and let me know. Thanks! More info about the books and the tour are at www.rall.com.



"My mom would rather call it 'receiving guests' than sitting Shiva," explains Mickey Leigh, brother of Joey Ramone and son of Charlotte Lesher, as he and I and Wendy and Evan stand on his mom's terrace in Queens, watching the sun set over the Manhattan skyline.

"Uh huh," I say as Mickey passes me the joint he and Wendy are busy toking away on. I sniff the thing, then give it to Wendy. Pot makes me crazy. And crazy wasn't what I

needed. I was already *insane* since I'd heard the news on Sunday that Joey, aka Jeff Hyman, had passed away from cancer.

About an hour earlier, Wendy and I piled into Evan's father's car to make our second journey out to visit Mickey and his mom at her apartment. The first time we went was in 1995, Evan—my ex-bass player of Furious George—reminds me. We were doing a segment for my cable television show, *Destroy TV*, which still airs every Friday night/Saturday morning at 3:30 a.m.

"It was the day of Mickey Mantle's funeral," he tells Wendy and me, as we make our way over the Williamsburg bridge in his father's car.

"Another great New Yorker," I tell him, and we all sigh.

"So where's your grandfather's car?" I ask Evan, wondering what happened to his last car. The one that took Furious George on so many tours.

"Oh, I rear ended some French bastard last week," Evan explains, "and there was no damage to The Frog's car, but I fucked up mine $3500 worth."

We laugh, and talk a bit about Evan's new career as a SAG extra. He tells us that lately he's been getting cast as a crackhead, homeless father, and dead junkie.

"When I did the junkie role," he says, "they told me I didn't even need makeup."

We talk some more about how I agreed to let the United States Army use Furious George songs for free in their training films. We talk about everything except Joey. None of us want to think of what's really going on. That we're going to pay our respects to his mom and brother. That we'd never see him again.

We arrive at Charlotte's place and find a great parking spot. As we make our way into the building, Evan comments that he's looking forward to the food. I know Wendy was as well, as she hadn't eaten in hours.

As we all rode the elevator up to the their floor, Evan was the first to say it.

"All of a sudden I feel really creepy."

He said what we all were feeling. That this was it. We were about to go into the home of a grieving family. Of a mother who had just lost her son. A brother who had just lost a brother. Fucking Joey Ramone.

We got to the correct floor, found the apartment, knocked on the door, and heard Mickey yell, "Come in."

As we entered, the first thing we saw was this great spread of food. I mean, fucking beautiful. Roast beef. Turkey. Bagels. Meatballs. Pasta. Coleslaw. Potato salad. The works.

The next thing we saw was Mickey, filling up his plate with all the food. After a few quick hellos and hugs, Mickey begged us to dig in.

I asked him who all the people in his mom's apartment were, as I didn't recognize any of them except for him, his mom, his wife, and some pussy rock critic.

"These," said Mickey, as he pointed to the crowd, "are people who are hungry."

We all laughed and Evan and Wendy dug in.

I made my way around the apartment checking everything out. There was a nice mix of children and grownups. All who looked like close family or friends. It was really nice, and the room had a very peaceful vibe.

Set on a table in the middle of the living room were lots of pictures of Joey and Mickey and their mom. When they were kids, and when they were adults. It was very sweet, and I felt my throat lock up as I clutched in my hands the Furious George album I had brought for Joey's mom. It had Joey singing on it, and since I knew that she collected *everything* her sons ever did, I wanted her to have our album as well.

A few minutes later I found myself in Mickey's mom's bedroom, alone with him, Wendy, and Evan. Wendy and Evan were eating. And I was jealous.

"Didja ever see this?" asked Mickey, as he showed me a picture of him and Joey from an old issue of *New Musical Express*.

I told him I had, and that I actually still have that newspaper. It is amazing to see how he and his brother looked so much alike.

We talked some more about Joey, or Jeff, as his family calls him, and about his last moments on Earth. Mickey tells us the story of how he played a U2 song for Jeff as he drifted away forever.

"He was such a professional," said Arlene, Mickey's wife, as she walked into the room, "he even died on cue."

We all laugh. Laugh away the tears that we all feel welling up in our eyes.

"George," says Mickey, as he watches Wendy and Evan finish their bagel sandwiches, "go get something to eat. What's wrong with you?"

I tell him I will, as soon as I give my album to his mom.

Mickey pushes me out the door, and toward her. As I get closer to her, my heart beats faster and faster. What do you say to your idols' mom? The idols being both Jeff and Mitchell (Mickey's real name).

But, as it turns out, I didn't have to say anything.

"George," said Charlotte, "It's so nice to see you again! Both my sons speak so highly of you. Have you had anything to eat yet?"

I give her the album, hardly able to cough out any words, and she tells me that she and Mickey are thinking of writing a book together called *I Remember You* about Jeff. Joey. Whatever. I get goose bumps.

We talk a bit more, and I was amazed at how *great* she looked. I mean, even Wendy commented on how strong and beautiful she looked.

"George," Charlotte says, snapping me out of my thoughts, "eat!"

So I do.

Roast beef. Turkey. Meatballs. Lots of coleslaw. Pasta. And even a piece of a bagel. And it was fucking delicious.

Some time later, Mickey and Arlene took Evan, Wendy and me out onto the terrace to smoke some pot. As the joint was passed around, we watched the sun set over the city as we heard Ramones music playing. We turned around to look inside and saw that VH1 was airing a Ramones special. We all looked at each other and smiled.

We talked a bit more about Joey, remembering the good times of his life.

As the sun disappeared somewhere behind The World Trade Center and The Empire State Building, Mickey spoke.

"Ya know," he said, "My brother, Jeff Hyman, has left us, but Joey Ramone will be with us forever."

Punk Rock. And Shalom.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. Meat Depressed from MA rule! So does Pro-Ject: Radiation and my pal Vexorg, The Psychic Hamster! So does Kid Snak, Cotton Mouth DN, and my pal Jari from Finland! Oh, and Jeff from Asylum 66! In fact, his band rules. In fact, Jeff put up with me really drunk at a Joey Ramone thing over at CBGB. In fact, I was spewing spit like Cujo. In fact, in fact!
2. Twelveinchesofpleasure@georgetabb.com (Wow! I have another foot!)
3. Ramones forever!

Melting Pot

Fuck yes! ANTiSEEN and LIME CELL came to the west coast and destroyed everything in sight! With blood curdling shows in Richmond, Concord, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Long Beach, California, The Boys from Brutalsville left a wake of empty bottles and destruction. In addition to the large quantities of measured violence in the Golden State, ANTiSEEN and LIME CELL perpetrated unmentionable crimes on the eardrums of the unsuspecting residents of Seattle, Washington and Portland, Oregon. German ANTiSEEN fans Markus and Connie witnessed every fucking minute of every fucking show! They get the attendance award.

ANTiSEEN was touring in support of a brand new TKO full length album called *The Boys From Brutalsville* - and brutal it is! You get the scorching guitar of Mr. Joe Young harnessed to Mr. Jeff Clayton's rumbling, cavernous vocals. Barry played excellent drums and Doug cranked out vicious bass lines to anchor the entire attack.

The Cosmic Commander, COSMO from RANCID VAT introduced ANTiSEEN in San Francisco - he was on fire! ANTiSEEN played some of the new songs live, including "Guns-A-Blazing", "Six Days on the Road" [the old country song], "Baby Faced Killer" and "Melting Pot". Fucking great! Last year's absolutely amazing hit single by ANTiSEEN, "Run My World", appears on the new TKO album as well. This excellent record is also available in gorgeous picture disc format. Some of the live songs ANTiSEEN performed on this west coast tour include: "Fuck You All"; "Fornication"; "I Don't Like You"; two Ramones covers: "Today Your Love, Tomorrow the World" and "Commando" [on the new LP]; "Animals (Eat 'Em)"; and "Wife Beater".

Mr. Simon Stokes, the legendary song writer and performer was in attendance on the night of "The Garage" show in Los Angeles. Mr. Stokes is vastly under-appreciated as an artist and happens to be a prince amongst men. Mr. Stokes celebrated his sixty-fourth birthday as the bell tolled midnight at the club.

Setting the stage for ANTiSEEN was the most powerful band imaginable LIME CELL from HOSTILE CITY (Philadelphia), Pennsylvania. Brothers Kevin and Steve McCarthy on vocals and bass, power this punk/Confederacy of Scum killing machine along at a ferocious clip. Bob Belcher and Benny provide the one-two punch with trade off lead guitar - brilliant! Mr. Eric Perfect supplied exemplary drumming. LIME CELL slayed audience after audience with some of the full-fisted selections from their repertoire. You got to hear: "Kiss Ass"; "Flip Flops and Champagne"; "Pest"; "Piss Test"; "Just Plain Pissed"; "Roadkill"; "I'm Drunk"; "Drunk Again"; "I'm Gonna Stay Drunk Until I Die"; "Rosy Palm"; "Department Head"; "Marlboro Miles"; and, of course, the LIME CELL classic from way back in 1993 - "You're Not Punk You're Dirty". Fucking A! LIME CELL offered up one of the most powerful shows ever presented on the Covered Wagon stage!!! LIME CELL played so fucking hard that the fans were frothing at the mouth by the time ANTiSEEN came on!

As luck would have it, Leslie Goldman's Steel Cage Records has just released a live CD of the last ever LIME CELL show at their local haunt, Nick's Bar, in Philadelphia from 11-23-99. You too can capture the unbelievable excitement of a live LIME CELL experience on this disc. In addition to the sixteen live tracks mentioned, you also get the original nine songs LIME CELL released as a cassette edition of 300 in nineteen ninety three. Steel Cage Records has also released *If We Can't Rock, It's War* an eight song CD of new LIME CELL material, including some of the best punk songs written lately. Several tunes made it into the live set for the western US tour and one of the ones that gave you chills up and down your spine every time it was performed is "Walking Dead Man". The fucking song grabs you by the throat and pulls you up to the front of the stage so you can witness the full power of LIME CELL up close and personal! Fucking great! "Pest" is another one that clobbers you senseless - fuck yes!

LIME CELL and ANTiSEEN thrilled old fans and charmed new ones on this blistering west coast assault. Many thanks go out to all the principals involved and to the bands. For LIME CELL product contact: Steel Cage Records, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125 USA. For ANTiSEEN product contact: TKO Records, 4104 24th Street, #103, San Francisco, CA 94114.

The TEMPLARS (New York USA) have caught all the skinheads off guard with their new split EP with the DEVILSKINS (Svizzera, Italy). On this new Oi! Strike split seven inch, the TEMPLARS perform a very true to the original version of "Last Time" by the ROLLING STONES. Mr. Carl Fritscher's distinctive vocals and guitar sound are present and accounted for, but the overall sound is very close to the original. On the flipside of this record is one of the top Italian skinhead outfits called the DEVILSKINS. These guys play melodic Oi! with really good harmonies and perfect guitar punctuation.

Agathe and her Decadents and Corrompus Skinheads label from Paris, France has put out a very good seven inch by the band VOICES OF BELLEVILLE called *East Side*. This excellent skinhead release starts out with the band's theme song, "Voices of Belleville", with deep singing and well placed rhythm guitar sounds. The second song is "Salaries" and the Oi! sound is so authentic and so pure you would swear that this band had emerged alongside mid-eighties geniuses like the WARRIOR KIDS. The ringing guitar sound soars above the polished sing-a-long choruses. Great! Side two begins with "Rien Regretter", another first rate skinhead anthem, and then slides right into "Hoolie Hoolie", which is a perfect song for traipsing down to the corner bar for a pint and a laugh with your friends. The band sings the choruses in an emotional and joyous fashion. The VOICES OF BELLEVILLE band declares their politics right from the start with the logo "Honorable Member of the Anti-Racist-Action Skinheads" prominently displayed on the sleeve of the record. The music is sung with a great deal of feeling in the French language. This first release for Agathe on her Decadents and Corrompus Skinheads label is very, very good! Look to this label for more top-notch skinhead music in the future.

Blind Beggar Records from Germany has released a four song EP from Vancouver, British Colombia, Canada's favorite skinheads - THE SUBWAY THUGS. This product is really good and of course makes us miss the band even more. The song list goes like this: "Who the Fuck Are You?"; "This World"; "Deceived"; and "The Future". All good shit! May the SUBWAY THUGS rest in piece! Write to Blind Beggar Records: Bogenstr. 25, D-66957 Eppenbrunn. Email: beggarrec@aol.com; www.oirecords.com.

The god damn BLOODY SODS have a fucking monster of a new CD out now on Mad Skull Records. The *4 Years of Blood, Sweat and Beer* CD documents the BLOODY SODS rise to infamy beginning in December of 1996 with the recordings from the *Up and Runnin* CD on Step One Records. Included are hits like "Murder the Disturbed"(a CIRCLE JERKS cover); "For You" (ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE); "Fuck You"; "Army of God"; "Killin Time" (by CLINT BLACK); "Black and Blue"; "Outside World"; "False Perception"; "Father's Son"; "Get 'Em Up"; "Betrayed"; "Government for the People"; "Bloody Attack"; "Not Your War"; "In My Sight"; "Win or Lose"; "Put Me Down"; "Lost Your Mind"; "Castrated"; plus twenty more. Rough and ready punk n' Oi! tunes.

The BLOODY SODS share some of their influences with the great TERMINUS CITY band of Atlanta Georgia. The hard core Oi! dynamite is fully loaded on this retrospective CD. Included are tracks from the *Beer Junkie* LP from 1998, the *Don't Give Up the Fight* CD, and the *Hate of Mind 7"* released on Mad Skull Records, plus three tunes off of split EPs that the BLOODY SODS have had with STOOL SAMPLE, TERMINUS CITY, and REEB. This is hard edged fucking punk rock! Contact Mad Skull Records, PO Box 57159 1040 BB, Amsterdam, Holland. Email: oebmadskull@hotmail.com; www.geocities.com/oebeler.

The HUDSON FALCONS have a great new CD available for you on GMM Records. The new CD is called *For Those Whose Hearts and Souls are True*. The HUDSON FALCONS come out swingin haymakers with "Different Breed" and then slam right into "Sleep, Drive, Rock N' Roll, Repeat" that has a great slide guitar part that would make John Hammond proud. The punk tunes just keep coming with "Requiem for a Patriot" and "Fallen Heroes". Mr. Mark Linskey gets a good rock n' roll growl going on "Johnny Law". The HUDSON FALCONS unleash a guitar barrage on the pro-union song "Scab". The politics are quite clear: "Don't Cross the Picket Line". "Stay with Me" has a great melodic punk under carriage with well placed heart-felt SPRINGSTEEN type vocals on top. Song number eight gets back to basics with "Real Tough Guy". Read on: "Tired of all the pussies think' they're tough/ When it's time to put up that's when they shut up/ They don't know what tough is all about/ Flappin' their gums, and getting into fights/ Frat kids throwin' down in a bar every other night/ Ain't shit compared with the fight to survive/ You wake up every morning the alarm clock rings/ Your body's aching your muscles sting/ Everyday, it just doesn't end/ If the monotony don't kill you the heart attack will/ But you keep on fighting you have to pay your bills/ And put food on the table for your family/ You break your ass every-day of your life/ And you can't rest until the day you die/ You fight on through and you never complain/ Gotta survive, gotta forget the pain/ One day closer to going insane, but you prove

once again/ The real tough guy is the working man/ Don't ask for much just want some respect/ Some time with your family and just a little rest/ But they can't give you that, those greedy bastards/ They wouldn't know what to do if the workers just stopped/ They would kill themselves if they had to do our jobs/ Cause they're not tough - they don't have the heart or the soul/ Another day comes, you're back to the grind/ Slowly killing your body, slowly losing your mind/ But you suck it up and find a way to get through/ Constantly living with fear of getting laid off/ So you keep on fighting no matter what the cost/ To your health or time spent with your family."

"Sweet Rock N' Roll Bad-Ass Bitch" goes back to the fifties influenced American rock n' roll with lots of guitar parts. On song number ten, Mark and the FALCONS go right to the touchstone "I'm a Worker". Listen to the HUDSON FALCONS sing: "Workin' pushin' all the time - feels like I'm runnin' in place/ But when I wake up, everyday another battle I'm ready to face." The band romps through "Loyalty" and "Wild Hearts" and has their only errant bullet with the acoustic ballad "Disciples of Soul". The CD finishes in fine HUDSON FALCON's style with "Open All Night".

The WEEKEND BOWLERS have a good release for you skinheads this month on Haunted Town Records. This *What Are We Gonna Do About This?* CD release continues the street punk and Oi! sound the WEEKEND BOWLERS began on their seven inch with the deep vocals, fine guitar parts and the solid drum and bass background. The members of the band sing back-up vocals in all the right places.The WEEKEND BOWLERS cover the great BRUISERS' song "Brown Paper Bag" and do it with the proper respect for Mr. Al Barr. For the grand finale, the WEEKEND BOWLERS do "Drinkin' with the Boys" and "Thin Line" live at CBGBs in New York City 11/01/99. You can also hear the WEEKEND BOWLERS on the Squigtone CD *Greasers Punks and Skins Vol. 2*.

Haunted Town presents another rocking selection for you this month: the BRASSKNUCKLE BOYS full length CD called *American Bastard*. This is rough hewn street punk/Oi! with a traditional rock n' roll foundation. The band does a nice Kris Kristofferson cover "Sunday Morning Coming Down". Then the boys do their original: "Fighting Poor". Next up the BRASSKNUCKLE BOYS do a roaring cover of HANOI ROCKS' "Boulevard of Broken Dreams". Other good original songs are "Murder or Manslaughter", "Busted and Disgusted", "Vultures", "Vet Named Ted" and "The Voice". Good rock n' roll spoken here! Contact Haunted Town at 1658 N. Milwaukee Ave. #169, Chicago, IL 60647, USA. Email: htr@core.com.

Michael and his DSS Records from Linz, Austria has a punk n' Oi! EP prepared for you this month. The band is called BACKSLIDE from Endingen, Germany and they get a good punk sound with Oi! trimmings for emphasis. Side A starts with "Bastards of the Scene" - about fighting the Nazis and keeping the Oi! scene anti-fascist. This song is sung in English while the next tune, "Das Pack" is sung in German. Here you get mid-tempo punk rock with solid guitar parts and occasional Oi!s sprinkled in for flavouring. Side "B" starts with "Reason to Stay", which has more in common with Southern California punk, like the GREY SPIKES, than most German punk. "Reason to Stay" is in English. "Nur du Allein" is in German with heavy guitar parts and BAD RELIGION style singing.

Also available this month on DSS Records is your favourite punk n' Oi! confection, the VANILLA MUFFINS with their EP, *Sugar Oi! Come On!*. This light and fluffy punk slab is dedicated to the memory of Andy Hug, "only the good die young". Side one is one step sassier than the usual pop approach of the VANILLA MUFFINS, with the addition of horns on "Sugar Oi! Come On!". Side two begins with "My Angel", a romantic pop punk ditty, and then concludes with "Old Fool", a sweet and melodic quiet tune to finish off this VANILLA MUFFINS episode. These three tunes are just a taste of what you are going to get on the forthcoming double album by the VANILLA MUFFINS on DSS called *Hail! Hail! Sugar Oi!*. Write to: DSS Records, PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, Austria. Email: dss@telecom.at; www.dss.at.

The French R.A.S.H. skinhead band BRIGADA FLORES MAGON has a self-titled CD out on Insurgence Records from Toronto, Ontario, Canada. This CD has an eclectic mix of several different music styles with some slower traditional Oi! songs, some ska influenced numbers, and a couple of faster Oi! tunes with choruses and guitar breaks. The lyrical subject matter is concerned primarily with freedom and liberty for all humans be they from Mexico, the Ukraine, Chile, England, or Panama. The lyrics are printed in French and in English. Contact Insurgence Records, 2 Bloor St. W, Suite 100-184, Toronto, Ontario, M4W 3E2, Canada.

Noosebleed Zine number twenty one includes a CD compilation called *The Kids Wanna Riot* from the Swedish label Burning Heart Records. This little jewel includes the DROPKICK MURPHYS doing "Ten Years of Service" (One of their very best songs!) and "Skinhead on the MBTA". GUNDOG does "Bouncer"; VOICE OF A GENERATION do "Trigger Ed" and "Odd Generation"; GUTTERSNIPE play their song "Riot in the City"; 59 TIMES THE PAIN do "Working Man Hero" and their cover of the COCKNEY REJECTS "Flares and Slippers"; the BUSINESS do "Spirit of the Street" and "Real Enemy"; OXYMORON (Certainly a top German punk export!) plays "Life's a Bitch". You get all those hits plus songs by BOMBSHELL ROCKS and THE PRODUCTS.

See You Around...

Leaving Your Femininity at the Door

Recently, the activist association that I am involved with stopped our external work to examine and address the gender dynamics of the organization. A number of female activists discussed their dissatisfaction with how the organization had recently been run and with the messages that a number of male activists had implicitly and explicitly given to other members. Female activists discussed the growing trend they saw within the organization of a push towards being more "hardcore"—getting arrested, affronting cops, being aggressive, loud, and "masculine." This push was something that most of the male activists, myself included, hadn't noticed, but was greatly affecting a number of the female members. A few had even stopped coming to meetings because of the environment that had been created. The organization was becoming more male oriented, emphasizing notions that are typically masculine and alienating a number of the female members.

At the extremely productive discussion we held, one female member (the only female member involved in punk/ hardcore) specifically paralleled her thoughts on the environment our activist organization had recently created to the environment within the hardcore scene. She noted, "The organization, lately, has reminded me of how I feel at a hardcore show. There, I feel that as I walk through the doors, I need to leave my femininity at the door and put on a facade of masculinity in order to feel as though I belong." What she said amazed me. I found it incredibly interesting that she held the hardcore show up as an example of a place where femininity was not welcome and as an example of what she did not want to see our activist organization turn in to. She had said that a hardcore show was nowhere near the safe space and meaningful alternative to mainstream society that I had thought that it was.

Over the past two years ago, I've been absolutely enthralled with what many are referring to as a "rebirth of hardcore." Bands like Life's Halt, What Happens Next?, Limp Wrist, Razor's Edge, and Kill Your Idols, to me, have been like a godsend. I've always thought of fast hardcore/punk as the most rewarding and interesting subgenre of the big punk umbrella. What I haven't noticed or thought about, however, is the atmosphere of masculinity that is often created at these shows; an atmosphere not all that unlike the mainstream society we are trying to rebel against.

Most people involved in punk are aware of the lack of a female presence at most shows. However, I think many of us within the more DIY scene have viewed ourselves as more enlightened to the problem. We're the ones writing songs about how women who actually come out to shows "shouldn't be coat racks" and should just "come up front and sing along" with the

men. While these are positive sentiments, I think that most of us view this as solving the problem. It's not. The message sent is that in order for women to fit in at hardcore shows, they have to rise to the level of men and do what the men are doing. The more radical views within the feminist movements stress nurturing, not a denial, of women's femininity. Messages like "women should rise to the top of male dominated corporate structures or "women should mosh it up with the boys," in the hardcore scene can easily alienate those women who don't wish to simply embrace masculine dominated notions, but rather, to embrace their femininity.

This problem is not new within the hardcore scene. In a section of Mark Anderson and Mark Jenkins' book *Dance of Days: Two Decades of Punk In the Nation's Capital*, they discuss the early days of hardcore in DC and a number of women's reaction to the increasingly masculine orientation. They note, "in 1979-80, there were nearly as many women as men in the audience for hardcore shows, but by late 1981 new female converts.... were rare. "At the time I was blind to it," says [one female participant], "but looking back now, women didn't really have a place... The women who did continue attending hardcore shows had to do so on terms set by their male peers." In Beth Lahickey's book, *All Ages*, she examines the straightedge movement of the late 1980s and early 90s of bands like Youth of Today, Bold, and The Gorilla Biscuits. One female participant of the scene noted, "A sort of obscure and strange form of male behavior was held in great esteem among the straight edge scenesters. This was described by the adjective 'hard.' And 'hard,' needless to say, related to maleness. Male genitals. Male behavior. Male minds. We [females] couldn't exactly fit ourselves in there. Even if, as girls, we may have felt strong in the hardcore scene, we weren't that kind of 'hard.'.... You could be a hard girl, but you were always that—a hard girl. Boys were just hard. They made the regulations as to what was hard, what was respected."

Most of us in the DIY scene believe that notions of being "hard" exist to a much greater extent in the outside, larger hardcore scene. I think this is accurate—when I go to hardcore shows of bigger, less DIY oriented hardcore bands, I generally see more "hard" boys dancing "hard" in the "pit," more obviously proving their intent to showcase their masculinity and impress others. However, it'd be foolish to think that these notions don't exist at our hardcore shows. These DIY hardcore thrash shows are filled with men throwing their bodies around, jumping off things, proving their masculinity. I think that here the intent is more benign than at other shows (having fun vs. having fun and trying to intimidate others), but the result is similar. Women are pushed to the sides and the back, away from the masculine men, doing what hardcore men have done for so long.

This isn't to say that women involved in the scene, playing in hardcore bands or getting in the pit should in any way be criticized for "denying their femininity." That's bullshit. However, it's important to realize that while some women want to "mosh it up" or "come sing along," a large proportion of females, a much larger proportion than males apparently, aren't going to feel comfortable doing this and are going to be alienated by the attempts to have them to leave their "femininity at the door." We are creating environments in which people feel that they have to pretend to be something other than what they are.

What can we do to address this? Well, I'm not entirely sure. The notion that a large proportion of women are going to be alienated by the gender dynamics within the scene and leave, is greatly unnerving to me. However, I am not calling for the abolition of all things fast and moshable. Still, I think that some common ground can be found.

The liberal notions of "just come up and sing along" can be, in my opinion, positive and valid. Some women feel completely comfortable getting involved in those types of activities and the message of encouragement can certainly be positive. However, what must be understood as that not all women (indeed, not all men either) feel comfortable "in the pit." But there's a few other things that, I believe, can help foster a better environment. First of all, simply put, moshing doesn't need to be about disrupting everyone around you. Proving your masculinity doesn't supersede others' ability to enjoy themselves. Yeah, I know thrashing/ moshing is about spontaneity and letting go, but it doesn't give you the right to alienate others and in some case, make others so pissed that they leave the scene. That's simply unacceptable. I think it's also important to create environments in which dialogue can easily ensue. Why not ask women involved in your scene how they feel about the scene and about what bothers them about it? It's not necessarily about men going to women and asking "what are we doing wrong?" but rather, it's about attempting to create environments in which discussion takes place and where people feel comfortable raising issues they feel need to be discussed. However, it is important to remember that those you talk to are obviously those who weren't so disenchanted with the scene that they left. And also, while some females are going to feel comfortable with some things, it doesn't mean that all females will be.

This has been a problem for far too long and it will continue to be one unless we take steps to change it. This isn't about trying to "tone down" hardcore. It's about trying to tone down the masculinity of hardcore. It's about creating environments in which people feel that they don't need to leave an incredibly important aspect of themselves at the door. And it's about creating an environment that is a safe space for people. It's time for our scene to truly be an environment radically different from the one we rebel against.

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Police Story

Kenmore and the City of Tonawanda are two small towns minutes away from Buffalo, New York. They are suburbs that consist of mostly middle class whites. There's a joke in Kenmore that people tell when they see someone pulled over to the side of the road by a cop that goes, "Uh oh, must have been another black person trying to drive through. When are they going to learn?" Of course, this is not a prejudiced joke. It is a shot taken at a police department that doesn't have a damn thing to do.

I can't blame anyone who wants to be a cop, though. These people have god-like authority. It's not like they give these jobs to anyone who can grow a mustache and still wears their high school class ring. Drunken jocks who have lost face need to have their little ego trips. Is it their fault that their beer guts are hanging over their pants and those cool celtic weave tattoos don't quite cut it with the ladies anymore? They need something to recreate those glory days of the high school kegger. Thus, a police officer was born. After being fucked with by these pigs so many times that I was afraid to walk down the street, I figured something must be done. Something must be done to expose these people whose job to "serve and protect." But what can a 19-year-old kid who can't afford to pay his rent do to stand up for himself against such a high-powered system? The answer is simple. I have a voice. That's the best weapon anyone has. Like a dagger right through a bullet-proof vest.

As anyone who has ever picked up a skateboard knows, run-ins with the police are frequent and rather unpleasant. A couple summers ago, I found this out first hand. The following is my tribute to the Town of Tonawanda Police Department.

I was resting on the curb the first time I saw the police car drive by. Already knowing what was about to go down, I walked over to a group of three of my friends and broke the news. "Fuck that," one of them said. "They're not gonna do shit." I wasn't going to spoil the fun, so I sat back down. Of course, a few seconds later, the police car pulled up and a cop got out and walked over. After taking one look a him, I came to the conclusion that this guy has slapped more ass with a towel in gym class than I care to even think about. He was definitely one of those guys. He came complete with the standard "cop glasses" that you see in the movies.

He slowly took off his glasses, gave one of those "surveying the scene" exhales, took a couple open mouthed chews of gum, and said to me, "So what's goin on here, buddy?" It was always a general rule of mine that to be someone's "buddy," you had to be 25 and drive a Camero, but whatever.

"Nothing, sir," I said. With that battle of wits out of the way, he walked over to my friends.

"Where did you guys get that?" He was referring to a broken wooden street barricade that they use in block parties and shit. It had been sitting in the middle of the sidewalk for about a month.

"I don't know," one of them said. "It's been there forever."

"Well it's broken, Son." With such keen observational skills, you had to wonder why he some higher organization, like the C.IA., or something. "We've gotten a bunch of complaints about you guys. They don't want you skating here." I thought this was a bit odd since we skated here everyday, but I wasn't going to be the one who said anything. Luckily one of the others spoke up.

"Officer. I don't think It's a problem I run this store right here, and the owner doesn't mind if we skate here. You can go in and ask him."

"Well, I'm glad I have your permission. But it is a problem. You know why? You're taking up my time. Get on the bench. I want to see some I.D." Two of the others joined me on the bench, and one had to stand due to lack of space. Everyone on the bench handed him our licenses. He seemed to be calming down a bit. Then he walked over to where the other kid was standing. "You got your I.D?"

"I don't have any. I can't drive." He was the youngest out of all of us. Being the smallest, he was an easy target.

"You have no identification at all. How can you just walk around with nothing? That's illegal." I thought that one over for a minute and continued watching. The way I saw it, things were about to go to shit real quick.

"I might have my school I.D, but I don't think so." He pulled out his wallet and looked through. "Nope. I don't have any." The cop reached for his wallet.

"I saw a license in there. What was that?"

"Nothing. I don't have a license." The cop moved in closer, and reached for his back pocket. "What the fuck are you doing? I told you I don't have a license." General Rule: Never ask a pig "What the fuck are you doing."

"Have you been smoking marijuana, son?"

"What are you talking about?"

"You smell like marijuana." At this point I'm laughing. He's never smoked weed in his life.

"What?"

"Give me your wallet."

"I'm not letting you see shit. That's against my rights. You can't do that." Rule # 2: You have no rights. All of the sudden, the cop slams him hard as hell against this glass wall of the Knights of Columbus. Those Jesus lovers probably heard it all the way up in the bar. Hopefully it didn't interrupt them watching that white trash festival that they call a Bills game. This kid is about five feet tall and barely 100 pounds. He fell down like a rag doll. The cop picked him up and slammed him face first against the glass. He put cuffs on him and then took out his wallet and went through it.

The whole time, the owner of the record store had been taking pictures of the cop beating the shit out of this kid. They still hang up in the store. So then the cop pulls out the license. "What's this? A fake I.D.?" He was basically fighting off tears at this point, so I finally spoke up.

"Sir, he's not lying. That was our friend's who died a few months ago. His mother gave it to him after the funeral." This was actually true. Sort of. I got it from him to get into a bar. Then he died.

"Sit down," the cop said to me. Unless you want to end up like "Mr. Constitutional rights over here." Pigs like to do that. If you have on baggy pants, you're "Mr. Baggy Pants Man." If you're under the illusion that you have rights, you're "Mr. Constitutional Rights." And so on. Not wanting to be smashed against the wall and arrested, I shut my mouth pretty quick. Then the cop went over to his car and started talking into his radio. All of the sudden, a police S.U.V. pulls up. Even fucking pigs have S.U.V.'s now. They take him away, and he has to sit in a cell until his parents pick him up. He got some bullshit fake I.D. charge that would count for points on his license. When he got one.

After they left, some women who were eating at a restaurant across the street, came over and told us they had seen the whole thing, and how horrible it was that they arrested. "Such a good looking boy." They couldn't even finish their lunch. Imagine how horrible I felt when they couldn't finish their bean burritos.

ANDREW SCOTT

PRODUCTIVE MEMBER OF SOCIETY #39761245

Gripe, Gripe, Gripe.

If You live in San Francisco, you've probably seen the spraypaint stencil tag of the penguins in the curbcuts all over the city. You really can't help but notice them, they're literally everywhere. I was damn impressed by the thought of a grafitti artist, or even a crew of artists getting up so much. Then I made the sickening discovery that the stencils were, in fact, an advertising campaign by fucking IBM! Gross. I felt like a vegetarian who had just enjoyed a big plate of food only to discover after the last deliscious bite that the dish was made entirely of meat. Yuck, I fell for it, their advertising campaign worked on me. What's next? I'm afraid to ask. Big corporations are already using Andre the Giant style propaganda advertising and spike belts are currently being sold at the Gap. It's the year 2001 and it's hip to be subversive. What the fuck, "Who's got the new anti-parent culture sound?" Please bring it on, cuz this shit is stale.

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Local Commentary Department: A few weeks ago, Murray Bowles, the semi-famous local punk photographer had an opening in Oakland displaying photographs of East Bay bands from the 80s. I was really stoked to check out this show. There were postcards advertising it around town and the SF Bay Guardian plugged it as a critic's choice to whet my appetite even more. However, when the event actually took place, it was pretty disapointing. Don't get me wrong, Bowles' photos were great, but unfortuanately were only labeled by nicknamed Bay Area locations. The actual band's identity within the photos remained blank; as if the veiwer was supposed to recognize it by sight alone. I spotted a couple bands like Operation Ivy, and maybe Econochrist from having seen them live years ago, but the rest may as well have been Jonny Mohawk and Billy Puke playing intstruments on a stage in Uganda. I think everyone knows what a punk rocker looks like, but not everyone knows what certain punkers in their favorite bands look like ...and that's what I was looking for from this photo show. Too bad, so sad, the photos were rad. Another side room in the gallery was composed entirely of other people's unlabled snapshots. Yep, a room full of more photos of people I didn't know with funny haircuts. Moral of the story: If you didn't grow up in East-Bay punk scene this show was useless.

Here's my major beef: If you want to show all of your friends your photo album then invite them to your house and don't advertise it. If you want to show the rest of the world your photos then give them captions. If it was just an oversight I'll shut up, but if it wasn't, excluding your audience like that is scenster bullshit, and far as I'm concerned, shit under a different name still stinks like shit.

xxxxxxxxx

And finally on other notes, as of the release of this issue, I will no longer be coordinating at *MRR*. No, I'm not leaving this wretched city, I'm merely stepping down to the less nerve-wracking status of shitworker. Not that the rest of the world cares, but I thought I'd write about it in this column to let the volunteers here at *MRR* know what's going on. Honestly, I'm just burnt out on eating, shitting, and sleeping with punk rock (or at least in the bedroom upstairs from punk rock). It's pretty difficult, if not impossible to dedicate your life and all of your creative energy in a direction that's not your own and that's what being a coordinator demands. Tall props to Mike and Arwen for pulling it and keeping the *MRR* torch blazing. Those of you reading this, know that *MRR* as an institution still serves a great purpose in binding the punk community together. Without it, there would definitely be a void in the world, and as a result, mohawks would sag.

Have no doubts, I love punk rock. But at this point, I think I'd rather just watch from the sidelines throwing in my

two cents in the form of a zine or a record than coordinate the punk bible. Hopefully, I'll still contribute a column to *MRR* here and there if Arwen and Mike allow it. If not, know that I've been fired from punk rock ...Yeah, which would be pretty punk in itself, right? Later dogs, keep living the chaos, I sure as fuck am. -Andrew

Send all hate mail and punk shitz to: Andrew Scott, PO Box 170247, SF, CA. 94117 or *ascott22@hotmail.com* hi-tech viewing: www.sobstory.net

Another wasteD NIGHT with MIKE THORN

Getting around to writing this column has been such a pain in the ass for me. No, it's not because of the usual "I don't have anything to say/talk about" but rather I have too much o my mind lately. So many changes exploding around all around me and sometimes it seems like all it takes all I got to keep my head on straight. So why has it been so difficult to write this if I have so much to discuss? Well that's sort of the problem. My head is just swimming and I'm having a difficult time figuring out exactly how to phrase the things that exist within that sphere. Combine that with becoming recently quite aware of the size of this zines readership, and the expectations people have of me and my column. I mean do you really want to read six paragraphs about how my relationship of nearly four and a half years has come to an end? How I can't sleep and how I suddenly relate to all those lame ass emo bands that I despise and how I've retreated into a strange sulking world filled with Jawbreaker, Moss Icon and H-100s records? Fuck no, and neither would I. So, let's just leave it at that.

•

I've been randomly running into people that I went to college with on the streets of San Francisco. It's really quite bizarre as I lived in a town in Ohio just an hours drive from the city I attended school at and never ran into anyone, but now, here I am thousands of mile away from the Mid-west and these people just keep reappearing in my life. The interaction always seems to go the same, first there is the surprised "Mike Thorn?!" followed by mutual exchange of hugs and then the dreaded "what have you been up to?" They normally have some fancy job making tons of moo-lah and normally give me the pity look when I tell them how I work in a video store and edit a punk zine. We exchange phone numbers and promise to hang out but we never do. I have to say that I'm most certainly O.K. with that, but it's just really weird and slightly frustrating dealing with the pure hollowness of it all. The pretending to actually give a shit about what is happening in each other lives when the reality is that we are both so jointly disinterested in the actuality of our very divergent lives that I might as well have kept on walking and acted like I didn't even hear their voice in the first place. But I don't. Instead I suck it up and put on false airs.

•

Ok, soapbox time, so some of you might wanna skip ahead to the next section. I'm so fucking sick, tired and quite over the whole apolitical schtick. While I do agree partially with what Susan and Jake from *P.U.N.K* say in their interview this month about punk and politics (read it and come back and finish), I do think that punk should be part of growing worldwide resistance movements. This world is going to fucking shit, but there are folx out there trying to fight the growing corporate monoliths that seek to dominate every aspect of our lives, and I firmly believe that we, da' fuk'n punx, should be apart of these growing progressive movements. C'mon folx open your fucking eyes. A glowing criticism is that punx are to naive, and don't know all the facts– well prove them wrong. Tap into all the alternative sources of media that exist these days. If you've looked into sweatshops, animal rights, globalization...*what-tha-fuck-ever!* and you still don't care, then fine at least you know why. Just as importantly don't get involved with these movements without knowing what you're getting into. I mean, yeah smashing the fuck out of a Niketown is fun and punk as fuck– but it's even more so when you know the reasons why you're doing it and even better still when you can articulate these reasons. Sitting around charging your hair, swilling cider– these are all very fun and valid things to do which I fully endorse, but sorry to inform you looking "punk" just is not that challenging anymore. It's playing dress up and is no different than stupid ass college kids dressing like hippies and going to Phish shows, when that's all you do. Yes, the way you look is important, it helps us distinguish the "us" from the "thems," but it can't just end there kids. I don't mean this as an attack on anyone, just a challenge kids.

•

Ok so I've sort of slacked on giving you your monthy dose of info on killer gossip and records which have flowed my way lately. I apologize, my life has just been in chaos lately (see paragraph one), but you really don't care about that so here goes the flow. First off do I really need to tell you to go out immediately and pick up the NINE SHOCKS TERROR LP? Mr. Max Ward probably put it best when he stated in his review that this is the closest thing greatness we'll see this millennium. Probably the catchiest "thrash" (denote as of today, 6/20/01, I'm officially over that description– let's call it what it is, hardcore punk) to come out as these nasty Clevo punx show the rest of the world how it should be done. Anything I say will not do this record justice. Simply and totally amazing. Absolutely essential. Coming in a close second month in the "super crushing hardcore record" department is the SPAZM 151 LP. The letter that came with it says I piss my pants over these folx and after listening to this scorcher I'd say that summation is correct... quick solid and to tha point hardcore from Texas. Extra props for the OFFENDERS and JERRYS KIDS covers. Get it asap, go see them on tour or cry five years from now like I do about missing SKITSYSTEM on their American trek. Am I the only one who gets the joke on the new WAT TYLER EP? Seriously, their cover of CRESS (who I love and who you should track down their LP and split with DOOM) is simply the funniest thing ever– I'll leave it a secret as to why so you're just going to have to go out and get it yourself. Ok all hail Mike Millet of Broken Rekids/APPLE/ Song For Emma fame for finally putting out the MOB and ZOUNDS discographies on vinyl... totally amazing stuff and if you like the peace punk stuff and/or CRASS and have never checked this stuff out, get on the ball! Well after months of hype and waiting the LIMP WRIST EP is finally out and it totally kicks– fast, furious, and totally faggy!!! HURRAH!!! Don't worry it totally lives up to all expectations and the hype is dead on for once. rounding up my super duper faves of the month would be the FUNERAL LP– totally killer d-beat attack from the black and white record cover capital of Portland. Some would say that it's just another DISCHARGE clone, but some others would retort that there are bands that sound like DISCHARGE and those that suck. Ok so I'm probably the only one who thinks that's funny.

Endnotes:

1) E150 (from Spain) and KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS are hitting the West Coast in early August so go out and support support support– I mean is it really going to kill you to shell out $5 and miss a night in front of the tube to support a band from the other side of the world.

2) The Warp tour is not and will never be punk. Sorry.

3) In contrast to Mr. Hopkins I believe fuzzy kittens and balloons are punk. Expensive designer jackets however are not.

4) "...corporate death burger, Ronald McDonald..." -MDC

4.5) "...I wanna stab everyone, my mind is contorted, it would

have been better off if I was aborted…" -H100's
5) Send flowers and other presents to me to the *MRR* P.O. Box. Make sure you specify that it is for me or else Arwen will steal them and hide them in her room. Oh yeah there is that email thing too- but that's for nerds; mikethorn@mindspring.com

Our story begins at Costco in early October, where every couple of months I purchase toilet paper, "feminine" products, and other essentials for the maximum rocknroll house. Unable to cope with Costco alone (headaches, sweats, chills), I bring my friend Lumpy. Shielded by his enthusiasm for things like giant bags of frozen potstickers, we carelessly charge around buying things, just like you're supposed to do. Also, he has a Costco card. To compete with the ruthless family shoppers, I sharpen my hoarding instinct, so successfully that I once bought a ten pound jar of pickles.

I had just turned 26. Maybe this is why I was drawn to look at Costco's rack of children's Halloween costumes. They were surprisingly well-made animal suits, for medium-sized kids. A big stuffed head, just like on a stuffed animal, with a hole underneath where you put your face, and a furry, zip-up body, complete with paws. An alligator, a brown bear, some other critters, and a panda bear.

"You should buy that," said Lumpy.

I looked at it skeptically. He was right, of course. It was a giant stuffed bear suit. But it was made for a ten year-old kid. It would take some work—the whole mid section would have to be lengthened by a foot or so. After deciding that my hips would fit into the costume (though without fabric to spare), I bought the fucking thing. For fourteen dollars. Who knew?

After an uneventful Halloween that year, spent failing to make edible pumpkin pie, I put the now-altered suit into the closet to hibernate for a year. (Do pandas hibernate? They have to eat so much bamboo, they probably can't get away with it.)

Our story begins at Mission Records this spring, where I overheard Ivy saying she was looking for more people with animal suits. People with animal suits? I thought, that describes me perfectly, I'm one of those, so naturally, I volunteered for whatever it is she might need us for. Actually, I had a vague idea of what that was—Anandi had to go home early from drinking margaritas one night the week before, claiming she had to "be in Ivy's slide show" early the next morning—and this involved a bunny suit.

Ivy was delighted that I had a panda bear suit and was willing to walk around in it in broad daylight. But much as I attempted to understand the details of where, how, and to what purpose we would be doing this, they remained elusive. Pictures to be taken in West Oakland. You don't have to wear the suit on BART. Other animals involved. Meet at Ivy's, 11:00 am.

So I did, and hours later Greta, Ivy, and a third person I'll call Jake—since he didn't *expressly* give me his permission to be identified by name—got on BART with bicycles and animal suits in plastic bags tucked under our arms. The bikes were almost as much a mystery as anything else, since we had to lift them over the fence of the Oakland trainyard, yet we only used them for four blocks on either side of the bay. Greta had been especially concerned with wearing her suit on the BART, but who could blame her? It was a very baggy "wolf" suit, an inexcusable, flourescent red/orange, with a long, flat tail like a beaver's. But true to her word, Ivy did not require us to change into the suits until we were under the freeway, officially trespassing on railroad property. Jake's suit was baggy too—he was a dark brown bear. Both of their heads were much less elaborate than mine—they just wrapped around the head with ears on top, leaving their human faces out in the open. Ivy's white bunny ears weren't even attached to the rest of her suit—they were just ears. Not only that, but I had to actually disrobe, into tights and a t-shirt, to put on my panda suit. All the the other animals just stepped easily into their suits. I have to admit, I felt a little self conscious. But because of my stuffed, pointy panda head, I really did look the part, and that made me feel a little better.

The plot of the slide show was never fully explained. From what I gathered from Ivy, it was this:

Ivy, the white bunny, hangs out at the train yard—it's her turf. The wolf, the brown bear, and me are a marauding band of ruffians, looking for trouble and good times. We come to the train yard to tag some trains, drink some beers, and rock out to some tunes. As we're about to move on, we come across the bunny, walking down the tracks. We have a territorial scuffle, but in the end we all decide to be friends. Then we decide to hop a train to L.A.

We managed to get in some good shots of tossing stones at bottles and hanging out on trains before Ivy noticed that we were doing this right in front of the train office. Bad move number one. As we manuevered our way over the rows of trains back toward our bikes, staging shots along the way, Greta noticed some movement in our direction. We'd been spotted, imagine that. By the time we got to the last train separating us from our bikes, the fence, and freedom, the train police had pulled up right on the other side.

"Stay right here," whispered Ivy, "don't move." We crouched in the gravel, trying to be sneaky. By the time I moved enough to look through the train wheels, I realized there was no escaping a confrontation. They not only knew we were there, but they knew we were *right* there, being sneaky. Bad move number two. So we decided to walk to the end of the train and meet our destiny, but also to take slides along the way. Ivy and I scuffled—pandas aren't as vicious as wolves or brown bears, but somehow I got the job anyway. We managed to take quite a few shots before we were interrupted by a very, very angry railroad cop climbing over the train.

"What the *hell* do you think you're doing?" he asked. Thankfully, it was a rhetorical question.

"I thought they were *bullshitting* me. I thought this was a *joke*, when I got the call there was a buncha…a buncha…" he waved his hands, a little breathless, "a buncha *bunnyrabbits* running around the yard!"

Bunnyrabbits? I thought. Hm.

We were marched like bad kids out from behind the train and over to where his partner sat in the car. There we stood, humbly, being admonished, sweating in our hot, furry suits in the afternoon sun. We were told stories of dismemberment by train, in this very yard, only last week. Ivy proffered explanations to the officer's questions. What the hell was this? It was an art project. This was so obvious, it hardly counted as an explanation. What else would it be? An underworld gang? The question was, would they think that made it less of a crime? And what art was legitimate, and what was just ridiculous? It was clear to me this was both.

But the officers were not amused, or interested in talking about art. Had we been teenagers, I think they would have sent us on our way, but as grownups, they were not about to let us slide. They ordered us to take off the suits, to clear the confusion of fun and cuddliness from the situation, and get down to the serious business of what people are and aren't allowed to do. Of course, I couldn't take off the suit, not wanting to stand there in my tights and my sleeveless t-shirt with "I am an ambassador for Christ" written on it in blue letters. So the officer, who was remarkably cordial after his initial frustration had been vented, allowed me to stay in the panda suit for the 45 minutes or so of

questioning and deliberations.

A new dilemma arose. Because the suit was tight, and because I assumed we would be seperated from our stuff while shooting the slides, and because, of course, I didn't think we'd be silly enough to get caught, I didn't bring my wallet, just BART money. Which meant I had no ID. Very bad move. Which meant that while the others would get a notice to appear, I would have to go to jail. Sigh. I pictured my little panda paws clinging to the bars. I'm *endangered*, I thought, desperately.

The lecturing continued as they processed everybody's IDs. Greta got an especially hard time, being the oldest of the four of us. As the cop relaxed, he agreed to phone in my driver's license number, which I know by heart, and then matched the information on it with my physical stats, and decided not to arrest me after all. That made the whole experience much more enjoyable for me. One by one we went up to get our notices to appear in court. It was very Catholic. The rest of us watched as in turn each went to receive written notice of our punishment. And while the cop in the car sternly wrote out the ticket for loitering on railroad property, the other cop made light conversation with each of us in turn, about what we did for a living, fun things to do in San Francisco, and so on. And then we went and got our bikes and broke *out* of the train yard, and who should be waiting under the freeway, in the shadow, but Iggy Scam, who had watched the whole thing.

"I was going to try to get some writing done, but I guess the yard's a little *hot* right now," he said. And then we all rode back to BART and home.

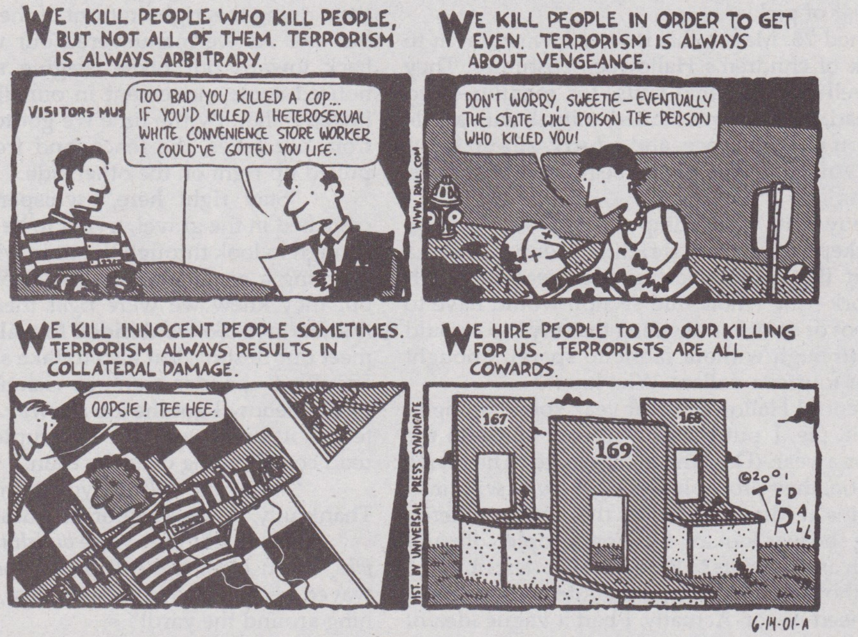
We watched the slide show on Easter Sunday, otherwise known as the day Joey Ramone died. After the Easter beer hunt in the park, punks played their slides of naked men and French vacations. When Ivy's show came on, I was disappointed that it was so short. And, since we didn't want to aggravate the officers or draw attention to the camera, there was only one shot of me in the panda suit in front of the squad car. But the action scenes were brilliant. Some kid standing next to me was impressed.

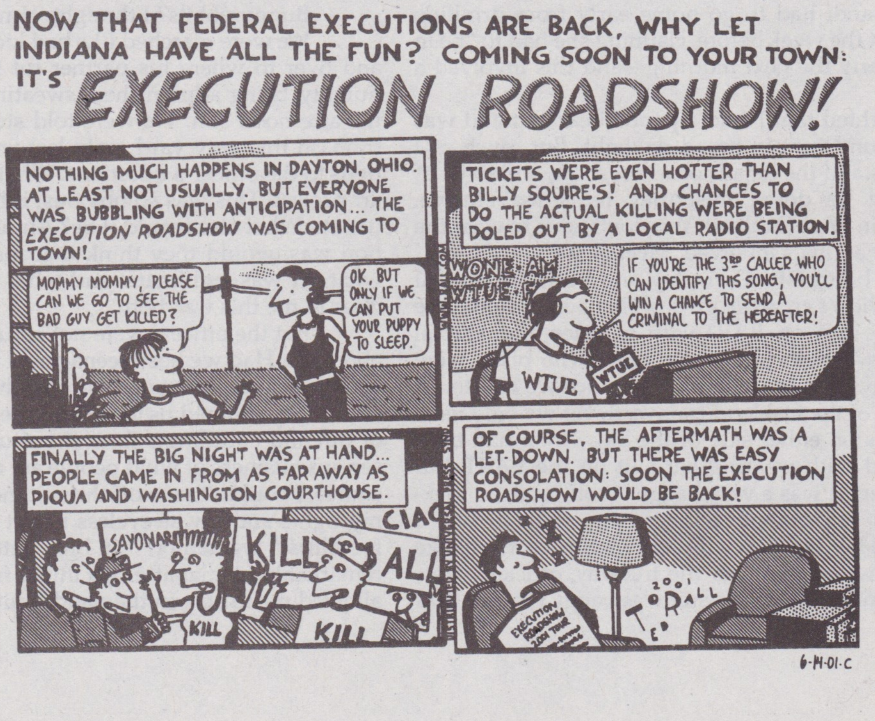
"You like that?" I asked. "That's me, in the panda suit."

"Oh," he said. "I didn't like the panda. You were so mean to the bunny."

Mean? I have to be. I'm *endangered*.

contact me at arwenc@mindspring.com





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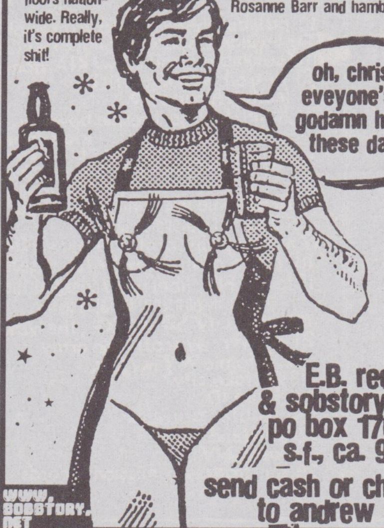

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2 philadelphia rotundo w/ rambo, locust
3 bricktown NJ VFW w/ kill your idols, damage american nightmare, anything goes, no warning tear it up (wow!)
4 providence RI 71 tyndall ave w/straight to hell madayado, skate or die
5 new haven CT tune inn w/self defense
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11 columbus add. 13 w/ KIA, don austin, karegean
13 detroit w/ kung fu rick
14 (early) chicago ??
14 (late) chicago fireside bowl w/sin orden, kill your idols, american nightmare
15 milwaukee logemann ctr. w/ kung fu rick, page 99, i give up, majority rule, to dream of autumn, bright calm blue, since by man (holy shit!)
16 menomonie WI rolling wheels w/ 7 days of samsara, U.S.V., defacto oppression
17 minneapolis profile music w/D4, holding on
18 fargo allstar bowl w/by all means, when something fails
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w/ DILLINGER 4, TOYS THAT KILL (8/3- 8/5)
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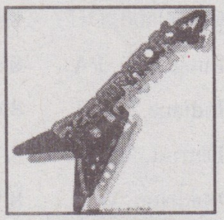

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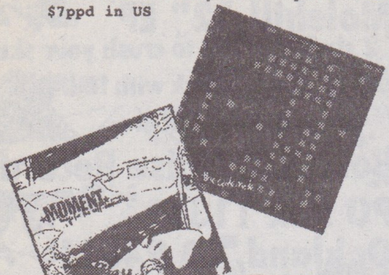

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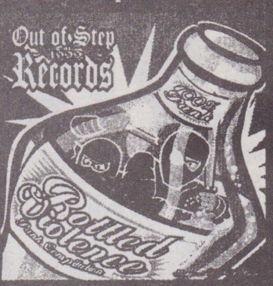

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Mimi Nguyen

U.S. DROPS COURT ORDER AS IMC PREPARES LEGAL CHALLENGE

June 14, 2001 – in a case involving internet press freedom, the US Government withdrew a previously-issued court order directing the Independent Media Center in Seattle to hand over computer server logs. The April 21 order instructed the IMC, a not-for-profit internet-based news organization, to hand over logs and other records pertaining to the IMC's coverage of anti-globalization protests in Quebec City. The government's retreat represents a victory for the IMC, where volunteers and a national legal team had been preparing to challenge the order in court. The IMC is undecided about further legal action. IMC counsel Nancy Chang of the Center for Constitutional Rights comments: "Although the court order has been withdrawn, the IMC's concerns over the government's ability to use internet technology for surveillance of political activists continue to linger."

At the time of the order's issuance, FBI and Secret Service agents claimed that they needed the server logs to assist in an investigation related to sensitive documents which had been stolen from Canadian police, then posted to the IMC website by an anonymous journalist. The agents also falsely claimed that posted documents contained details of George Bush's travel itinerary. Bush was at the time attending the Summit of the Americas in Quebec City.

IMC volunteers learned several weeks ago that police in Quebec identified and arrested three suspects in the stolen documents case, without any information provided by the IMC. Still, the U.S. government neither amended nor withdrew its order against the IMC until today, instead allowing the order to continue absorbing the volunteer organization's personnel and legal resources. The timing of the original order, issued while mass protests were still underway in Quebec City, suggests that the government intended to produce a chilling effect among IMC journalists covering those protests - a suggestion then strengthened by the government's failure to withdraw its order, even weeks after the Canadian arrests.

The IMC did not comply with the order, which would have involved handing over the individual internet protocol (IP) addresses of over 1.25 million journalists, readers and technical volunteers who accessed the IMC website on April 20 and 21, a much broader sweep than the stated focus of the government's investigation. According to IMC counsel Lee Tien of the Electronic Frontier Foundation, "This kind of fishing expedition is another in a long line of overbroad and onerous attempts to chill political speech and activism. Back in 1956, Alabama tried to force the NAACP to give up its membership lists -- but the Supreme Court stopped them. This order to IMC, even without the 'gag,' is a threat to free speech, free association, and privacy."

The case drew immediate interest from some of the nation's top first amendment advocacy organizations. With help from the Electronic Frontier Foundation, the Electronic Privacy Information Center, the Center for Constitutional Rights and others, the IMC prepared to challenge the invasive order in court. However, on the eve of the IMC's planned court filing, the government suddenly withdrew the order. IMC volunteers speculate that government lawyers realized the likelihood that the order would be struck down on constitutional grounds, and decided to retreat rather than face a court defeat.

Tien comments, "The government owes the IMC, its many users, and the general public an explanation. Maybe that will prevent this sort of thing from happening again." With the court order withdrawn, the IMC is denied the immediate opportunity to have the courts rule on several serious constitutional rights concerns, including:

•Under US law, freedom of speech guarantees the right to speak anonymously. This principle has been established repeatedly in the federal courts, and has been found recently to apply to internet speech as well. On April 19, District Judge Thomas Zilly ruled in Seattle that internet firm 2TheMart.com could not compel an internet chat room host to identify anonymous users who had criticized the firm online.

•Freedom of association, particularly anonymous association, is afforded very strong protections under the law. Anonymity in public discourse has been a central theme in the history of American democracy; even the Federalist Papers were published under fictitious names. On the internet, anonymity is particularly important because it enables individuals to disguise their race, gender, class or other indicators which might lead to their marginalization in public space.

•Journalists hold a qualified privilege from compelled disclosure of sources and other work product. The Constitution requires this protection because court-compelled disclosure of newsgathering materials poses a serious threat to the vitality of the newsgathering process and a free press. The government's order falsely described the IMC as an internet service provider, rather than as a news organization. Independent journalists posting stories or photographs to IMC websites are entitled to the same protections as any other member of the news media.

The IMC was launched in Fall 1999 to provide immediate, authentic, grassroots coverage of protests against the WTO. Just a year and a half later, the IMC network has reached around the world, with dozens of sites scattered across six continents. Each IMC's news coverage centers upon its open-publishing newswire, an innovative and democratizing system allowing anyone with access to an internet connection to become a journalist. Open publishing enables the IMC to present local and national issues from diverse perspectives, independent of many filters and biases affecting mainstream media coverage.

The IMC's mission statement reads: "The Independent Media Center is a grassroots organization committed to using media production and distribution as tools promoting social and economic justice. It is our goal to further the self-determination of people under-represented in media production and content, and to illuminate and analyze local and global issues that impact ecosystems, communities and individuals. We seek to generate alternatives to the biases inherent in the corporate media controlled by profit, and to identify and create positive models for a sustainable and equitable society."

NY COURT AFFIRMS CARTOONIST'S RIGHT TO SUE FOR E-IMPERSONATION

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 5, 2001—
In a victory for First Amendment protections of the state's journalists, a New York court has ruled that syndicated cartoonist and author Ted Rall may sue a self-described "prankster" for Libel Per Se. Mr. Rall filed a civil suit against Danny Hellman, an illustrator for Screw and Brill's Content, in response to an August 1999 e-mail spam sent to at least 30 of Mr. Rall's employers and colleagues by Mr. Hellman under Mr. Rall's name.

According to an opinion issued today by the Appellate Division, First Department, New York State Supreme Court, that e-mail made Mr. Rall "appear as a rude, petty, self-absorbed writer/cartoonist who sought to insult and attack New York City's established cartooning industry." Mr. Hellman, who had never even met Mr. Rall before his August 1999 e-mail impersonations, admits that he targeted Mr. Rall in retaliation for a book review he had written for the Village Voice.

"Where, as here, an act of literary impersonation imputes facts to the person impersonated that damage him in his trade or profession," the court wrote, "a cause of action for Libel Per Se is adequately pleaded."

By rejecting Mr. Hellman's request to throw out the case, the court paved the way for setting a trial date shortly—as early as this fall. In New York, case law has long provided protection for journalists and other creators against career sabotage by impersonation through Libel Per Se. Libel Per Se is any act of libel so egregious and outside the normal bounds of civilized behavior that it entitles its victim to punitive damages. It is not necessary to prove quantifiable damages to win a Libel Per Se judgment.

"This is an important day for freedom of the press," said Ted Rall. "Without New York's special protection of Libel Per Se, writers would live with the constant fear of retaliation whenever they exercised their First Amendment rights."

UN Chief Endorses Generic Drugs for Global AIDS Fund

WASHINGTON – UN Secretary General Kofi Annan is playing down fears that US pressure could exclude cheaper, generic drugs from a new global initiative to fight AIDS.

Annan, who spoke with journalists after addressing the US Chamber of Commerce here Friday, said he was unaware of US pressure to exclude generic treatments from the official procurement list of the Global AIDS and Health Trust Fund, announced recently at an African AIDS summit.

"We would want value for money and we would want to do it (purchase drugs) as cost effectively as possible," Annan said. "We will not exclude generic drugs."

The multilateral fund seeks annual contributions of between seven billion and 10 billion dollars to address care, treatment, and prevention of HIV/AIDS, tuberculosis and malaria. Commitments from donor countries are expected at the UN Special Session on HIV/AIDS in New York, June 25-27.

Annan's words likely will upset multinational pharmaceutical companies, which have sought to block generic competition in the area of AIDS drugs.

Annan assured the business gathering that the global fund would honor patent rights while at the same time expanding access to cheap drugs to the poorest people. He provided no details on how this would be done.

The pricing war pits major brand-name drug manufacturers in wealthy countries against and generic producers in countries like India and Thailand, which have yet to endorse to World Trade Organization's intellectual property regime.

Generic manufacturers are selling copies of patented triple therapy combination anti-retroviral drugs to African governments, such as those of Cameroon and Nigeria, for 350 dollars per patient per year. By contrast, brand name drugs fetch between 10,000 dollars and 15,000 dollars on the US market.

The UN has brokered a country-by-country program under which five major pharmaceutical companies are offering triple therapy drugs to Kenya at prices ranging from 1,300 dollars to 1,600 dollars.

According to the French non-governmental group Doctors Without Borders, however, stringent conditions attached to the agreement mean that fewer than 2,000 of Kenya's 2.3 million HIV-positive people are able to benefit.

The industry has long been charged with using the secret country-by-country negotiations to extract conditions and impose delays and limitations while obscuring price transparency.

Paul Davis, an activist with Health Gap Coalition, an AIDS treatment network, said big pharmaceutical companies have the backing of the US government in their opposition to including generic drugs in the global AIDS fund. Davis said US delegates at this week's governing board meeting of UNAIDS, the Joint UN Program on AIDS, made clear that the US government would not compromise on generic drugs and would oppose bulk procurement

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BUSH FOLLOWED BY WIDE-SPREAD PROTESTS IN EUROPE – BIGGER THAN REAGAN?

Anti-Bush Protesters Converge on Swedish City for EU Summit

GOTEBORG, Sweden 14 June 2001 -- Thousands of anti-globalization and environmental activists converged Thursday on this port city as President Bush joined 15 European Union leaders for a summit expected to focus on the widening gap between Washington and its European allies. Police expected about 12,000 people to join rallies scheduled throughout the day. If those estimates prove accurate, the protests would be the largest so far during Bush's tour, which began Tuesday, June 12, in Madrid, Spain, with thousands of anti-globalization and anti-Bush protesters demonstrating against his administration, his policy agendas, and the U.S.'s role in the global community as the sole –and seemingly isolationist and arrogant-- superpower.

More than 3,000 people flooded the streets of Madrid to protest to President Bush's upcoming visit on Tuesday. The protestors voiced opposition to a range of Bush's policies, including his support of the death penalty, failure to abolish Third World debt, poor environmental policies, anti-abortion tactics, globalization, and the arms race. They held signs ranging from, "Bush Go Home," to "What misfortune that the mother of Bush could not abort."

Bush arrived in Goteborg Thursday morning from Brussels, Belgium, for his first U.S.-EU summit.

More than 80 protest groups were expected to take part in rallies here, which leaders insisted would be peaceful. Many of these groups also oppose specific U.S. policies, such as the death penalty and Bush's rejection of the Kyoto agreement to limit greenhouse gas emissions. Many protesters are concerned that global corporations have gained too much control and exploit the poor and the environment. Much of their anger is directed at the United States, home of many of the world's largest multinational corporations.

"I think another world is possible," said activist Hans Abrahamsson.

However, anti-globalization protesters clashed early with riot police as the summit between European leaders and the US president, George Bush, got under way. The trouble began after mounted riot police surrounded a school half a mile from the summit venue where several anti-globalization organizations have made their headquarters. After several hours, a group of protesters wearing black masks came out and hurled bottles and cobblestones until the police dispersed them. Approximately 400 people were inside, the police said. An estimated 3,000 rotesters are sleeping in makeshift accommodation set up by the Gothenburg authorities in schools.

Police said that some of them are suspected of planning violence at the protests scheduled for the next three days. In total, 12,000 people are expected to join rallies to protest against globalization, Bush's environmental policy and the proposed missile defense system. Police have stepped up checks on foreigners, detaining 10. The protests will be spearheaded by ATTAC, a French-based group that champions a tax on speculative transactions to raise billions for poor countries.

The EU and US issued a joint statement saying no progress had been made on bridging their differences over the Kyoto treaty on carbon emissions. Many analysts point to a growing rift between Bush's right-of-center social policies and Europe's more progressive culture, valuing a "compassionate state" to counter the inequities produced by free markets.

15 June 2001

Anti-globalization protests spilled over into serious violence at the EU summit in Sweden Friday night, June 15, as three people were shot and wounded by police. Twelve police officers were injured and 600 people were detained. The violence raised serious questions about whether the Swedish authorities were adequately prepared for the trouble that has dogged the summit since Thursday, when President George Bush flew in for a meeting with EU leaders.

Initial reports last night were confused, but it seemed clear that the shootings took place about a mile from the heavily guarded EU conference center where the 15 heads of government, including Tony Blair, were holding a formal dinner after being forced to abandon a central venue. Earlier protesters smashed the windows of police vans and threw rocks and debris at mounted police, who occasionally charged to force them back.

Correspondents at the scene said about 1,500 protesters had thrown rocks and firecrackers and forced back police who were outnumbered about 10 to one.

Two naked women cavorted at the front of the line of protesters to provoke police while hundreds of others formed a conga line, dancing to drums, to celebrate the police retreat. Seven police vans were abandoned in a side street after the location was overrun by protesters, most wearing masks and black hooded coats to prevent identification. Silvio Berlusconi, the new Italian prime minister, said he was concerned that the meeting of the Group of Eight industrialised countries in Genoa in July would be the next target of the protesters. The Swedish prime minister, Goran Persson, said it was "tragic" the rioting had drawn attention from the debate on the EU's future.

Up to 25,000 activists from dozens of anti-EU, anti-US and anti-globalisation groups descended on the city, waving flags with images of Marx, Lenin and Mao, and banners with slogans such as "Smash Global Capitalism." The euro, "Fortress Europe," the World Trade Organisation and other

international financial institutions were all targeted. Gothenburg Action 2001, a coalition of different green, anarchist and leftwing groups whose members had staged peaceful protests, called the clashes "a disaster."

June 17, 2001

European leaders are to introduce Draconian measures to deal with the growing threat of violence from anti-capitalist protesters. They are bringing forward plans to stage all European summits in Brussels behind tough new security barriers. And in an extraordinary response to the massive disturbances in Gothenburg, Sweden, the Italian government is planning to seal off the major city of Genoa for next month's G8 world economic summit, closing airlinks, railways and roads.

The plan follows the increasingly volatile protests which have marred gatherings of international leaders since Seattle, and which left three protesters with gunshot wounds after riots in Gothenburg on Friday night. Swedish riot police had fired upon crowds of protesters with their hand arms. Doctors battled to save the life of one of those injured after a second emergency operation last night.

The government of the new Italian Prime Minister, Silvio Berlusconi, is to shut down Genoa for four days in an unprecedented security crackdown on anti-globalization protesters. The airport, main train stations and key motorway junctions will all be closed from 18 to 22 July in an attempt to restrict access to tens of thousands of demonstrators who plan to converge on the city.

Italian anarchist groups have vowed to wreak havoc at the summit, considered by more peaceful campaigners as a key deadline for delivery of international promises on debt relief and fair trade for poor countries. Anti-debt campaigners were told late last week that their flights had been cancelled or diverted to Turin.

Road junctions and train stations will shut with entry to Genoa restricted to a small number of access points, policed by the paramilitary carabinieri. Genoese working in the controlled zones near the conference center have been told to stay at home. Italian newspapers speculated that the main talks might be moved to a more secure venue such as a castle, or even a cruise liner.

In a series of statements, the European Union made it clear that there would be a 'fortress' approach to the next summit in Belgium in an attempt to kill off future protests. After 2002 formal summits will only take place in Brussels where experience of dealing with protesters is much greater. Huge security cordons will be thrown up around the summit center.

Travel Ban To Block 'Anarchist' Leaders

The UK Guardian – Governments of the leading industrialized states are to use a detailed police dossier on the "travelling anarchists' circus" which disrupted the EU's Gothenburg summit to prevent key organizers from entering countries hosting future meetings.

Belgium has already signaled a get-tough approach when it takes over the EU presidency from Sweden next month: from next year it will host a summit every six months.

With concern already high over anti-globalization protests at next month's G8 summit of industrialised countries in Genoa, Germany and France called for consultations about a phenomenon now reluctantly accepted as a permanent feature of international diplomacy.

Silvio Berlusconi, Italy's new rightwing prime minister, told EU summit colleagues that up to 100,000 anti-capitalist protesters were expected to gather on July 20 in the narrow streets of Genoa. His government has announced it is trying to impose restrictions.

With Spain, which takes over the EU presidency on January 1, already anxious because of Basque separatist violence, Otto Schilly, the German interior minister, said he and his French counterpart, Daniel Vaillant, would be looking at a "coordinated and hard response to this new form of extremist, cross-border criminality."

But the focus yesterday was already shifting to future events likely to be targeted by extremists, whom Tony Blair and his foreign secretary, Jack Straw, both dismissed as an "anarchists' travelling circus."

Ironically, many leading EU politicians are veterans of student protests though without the extremist links admitted by both Joschka Fischer, the German foreign minister, and Lionel Jospin, the French prime minister.

Yesterday Tony Benn, a veteran ex-cabinet minister and former MP in the UK, protested that such criticism was hypocritical when the protesters were only staging "a demand for democracy" against unelected bodies such as the International Monetary Fund, the European commission and the European Central Bank.

"Most people in Britain would have a lot of sympathy for what the protesters in Gothenburg are saying," said Benn, who linked the protests to electoral apathy at home.

The leaders of the US, Canada, Japan, Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Russia are to gather in Genoa for two days. "Genoa is clearly going to be very difficult with all those little twisting streets, so the security is going to be very tight," said one diplomat.

Tougher frontier checks will almost certainly be imposed after Sweden quietly suspended its participation in the EU's Schengen borderless area. Interpol has built up a file on the main players in battles with police, from 1999's World Trade Organization summit in Seattle onwards.

of drugs by the new global fund.

How the fund will operate remains unclear but Annan said it probably would be run by a small secretariat outside the UN, with financial operations housed at the World Bank.

"Currently all decisions are being made in non-transparent negotiations between the US, European Union and various UN agencies," Davis told IPS. "By the UN special session on HIV/AIDS, most of the parameters and policies will have been established, and will be announced to delegations."

Major commitments to the fund are expected at that meeting. The US pledged 200 million dollars to the fund last month, becoming the first country to do so, but its contribution has been criticized as paltry compared to the magnitude of need.

The Health Gap Coalition is pushing for the AIDS fund to be permitted to purchase drugs and other health commodities at the best world prices, regardless of patent status.

"Generic competition has been the lever that has driven the prices of AIDS drugs down," Davis said. "If they are excluded, it would only serve the interests of pharmaceutical companies and not the poor people who need the drugs most."

Patented medical products should also be available to poor countries at or near marginal costs of production, through bulk procurement, he added.

"Yankees get out of Colombia and the rest of the world"
Colombia Hit by Huge Protests

BOGOTA, Colombia - Tens of thousands of teachers, state workers, and students have protested budget reforms mandated in agreements between Colombia and the International Monetary Fund.

Marches in the capital and most major cities Thursday were largely peaceful. However, hooded youths bashed in windows at some businesses in Bogota and police and demonstrators were injured when riot police cleared a blocked highway in the northeastern city of Bucaramanga.

The demonstrators oppose a law moving through Colombia's congress that would control the growth of federal outlays to states and municipalities. The law appears near final passage, after which it must be signed by President Andres Pastrana.

About 300,000 teachers and 125,000 public health workers have been on strike or participating in work slowdowns since last month to protest the measure, being enacted as part of deficit-cutting agreed to in return for loans from the IMF.

The government has tried to provide assurances that the reforms will only cut government waste, without affecting jobs or services. It projects government savings of $4 billion over the next seven years.

The day before, police stationed riot units and armored vehicles with water cannons around the capital, and dispatched helicopters over the city to deter violence. Bogota banned liquor sales indefinitely and the carrying of weapons until Monday.

Highways were blocked in at least three states, including Norte de Santander, Cauca and Valle.

President Bush Sued by Center for Reproductive Law and Policy

In a press conference June 6, Janet Benshoof, President of the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy (CRLP) announced that CRLP is suing President George W. Bush for censoring the speech of Americans under the Global Gag Rule. CRLP v. Bush is the first lawsuit focusing on the limitations on free speech promoting abortion law reform under President Bush's Global Gag Rule.

"President Bush took away my right to speak because I support a position with which he disagrees: that access to safe and legal abortion is a human right of women worldwide," said Benshoof. "The Global Gag Rule is global censorship that violates fairness, freedom, and democracy."

The Global Gag Rule bars foreign organizations that receive U.S. aid from using their own money to speak freely about abortion law reform. Without access to gagged foreign organizations and their information, CRLP's lawyers cannot effectively communicate with citizens and activists in other countries, influence governments, or assist in abortion law reform.

Groups like CRLP and its foreign partners that support abortion rights are gagged, even in nations where abortion is legal, while organizations working to criminalize abortion or to increase restrictions on abortion access are not censored by the U.S. government.

Human rights organizations, including Human Rights Watch, support CRLP's lawsuit against President Bush. Human rights leaders recognize that without free speech, it is impossible for U.S.-based groups to open the world's eyes to the horror of human rights abuses, whether political torture, landmines, or unsafe abortion, which claims the lives of 213 women every day worldwide.

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Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon Sued For 1982 Massacre

BRUSSELS, June 2 -- Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon is being sued in a Belgian court, holding him responsible for the 1982 massacres of 800 to 2,000 Palestinian civilians in Lebanese refugee camps, the daily Le Soir reported Saturday.

The suit was filed under a unique 1993 law that allows Belgian courts to try persons here, regardless of their nationality, for genocide and other crimes against humanity committed abroad.

Sharon was due to visit Brussels next week, but Israeli television reported the prime minister had cancelled the trip in the wake of a suicide bomb attack in Tel Aviv, which killed 18 people.

The newspaper said Belgian judicial authorities were studying whether the suit against him was admissible under terms of the law, which is currently being used to try four Rwandans in connection with the 1994 genocide in their central African country.

The plaintiffs in the suit against Sharon are a mix of Palestinians, Lebanese, Moroccans and Belgians grouped in an ad hoc committee.

They accuse Sharon of allowing Christian militias to slaughter between 800 and 2,000 Palestinian refugees at the Sabra and Shatila camps located in an area of Lebanon controlled by the Israeli military after Israel's 1982 invasion of Lebanon when Sharon was defense minister.

An Israeli commission of enquiry in 1983 found Sharon indirectly responsible for the killings, a finding that forced him to resign his post.

And the United Nations has officially classified the Sabra and Shatila killings as acts of genocide, Eric David, international law professor at the Free University of Brussels, told Le Soir.

Last January, when he was campaigning for prime minister, Sharon expressed his regrets for the "terrible tragedy" of the 1982 massacres, but refused to apologise.

"What it was," he said in a press interview, "was an act of killing carried out by Arab Christians against Arab Muslims."

Arabs also blame Sharon for provoking the current intifada or Palestinian uprising with his visit to east Jerusalem's al-Aqsa mosque compound, the third holiest site in Islam, last September 28.

Norwegian Law Expert Accuses Israel of State Terrorism

Jerusalem Post, May 30, 2001 – Norwegian expert on international law Terje Lund is accusing Israel of practicing state-sponsored terrorism and claims that Palestinian Authority Chairman Yasser Arafat holds no responsibility for Palestinian terror attacks.

"I regard much of Israel's aggression against Palestinians to be pure terrorism" Lund told Norway's NTB wire service.

Lund, who has worked in international law for 20 years and has long experience investigating war crimes for the UN, said, "Israel is guilty of innumerable war crimes."

Israel is guilty of "crimes [including] abuse of civilians, illegal reprisals, deportations, and a long list of other war crimes" Lund explained.

Lund added that he was speaking on a judicial, and not a political basis.

"The Geneva Convention has its own life and is principally apolitical. After signing them it is Israel's duty to clean up its act " says Lund.

An international court for Middle East war crimes should be established if this doesn't happen, he said.

"Another option is to use the existing war-crimes commission based on the Geneva Convention. This has never been used, but is put together by 15 of the world's top experts on international law and should have been sent to the Middle East a long time ago, says Lund.

"Israel is against any international investigation of the situation in the occupied territories," Lund said, adding that he doesn't see why that should be a consideration.

"Israel has ratified the protocol regarding the war crimes commission and has by that accepted its jurisdiction" Lund said in defense of his position.

He did, however, note that according to international laws, Israel has some rights to the use of force.

"Israeli forces are allowed to keep order and calm in the occupied territories", and are therefore allowed to use what Lund termed "necessary force."

"But this use of force can only be strictly according to the principle of proportionality," he added.

"One of Israel's methods is to blow up the homes of the stone throwing youths, and that is state terrorism," Lund says.

"This has nothing to do with the rights of the occupiers," he said, adding, "Another use of force which is absolutely illegal is Israel's revenge on civilian targets."

Lund also thinks there's a widespread misunderstanding that international law can regulate what the Palestinians can do in response.

According to Lund, the Palestinians are not covered by the international law at all.

"They have therefore also no rights in connection to international law, but are instead protected by the UN's human rights conventions," Lund said.

"If the Palestinians wants to lead an armed fight against the occupation, they should immediately establish a mini-state and fight based from there," Lund's advised.

"Then a uniformed Palestinian force will have the right to kill according to international law, and to be treated as prisoners of war [and] can't anymore be called criminals by the Israelis," Lund says.

Lund is not denying the fact that extremist groups' actions against civilian Israeli targets are terrorism. But he says there is one big difference.

"It is totally unacceptable that Israel as a state is guilty of these actions. The first to react should be the Israelis themselves. By not doing so, they're not trustworthy."

Lund also thinks Arafat cannot be accused of the acts of terror committed by extremist organizations such as Hamas or Islamic Jihad.

"It is not easy to place the responsibility for these actions with Arafat. First, he does not have the power and authority over all the Palestinians - something Israel and the world around has denied him -
and second he cannot be held responsible as a state leader," Lund says.

"Does that mean Israel and parts of the world can blame Arafat for everything the Palestinians are doing?" Lund asked rhetorically.

That has nothing to do with law, but with politics and propaganda, Lund said.

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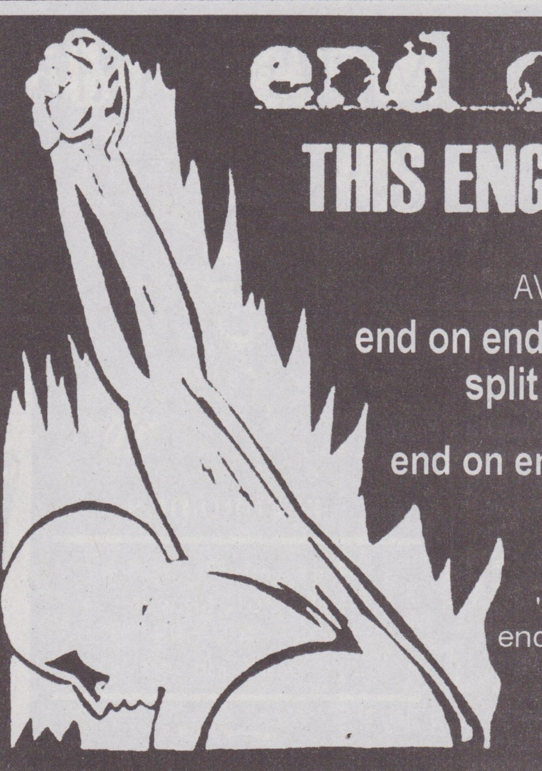

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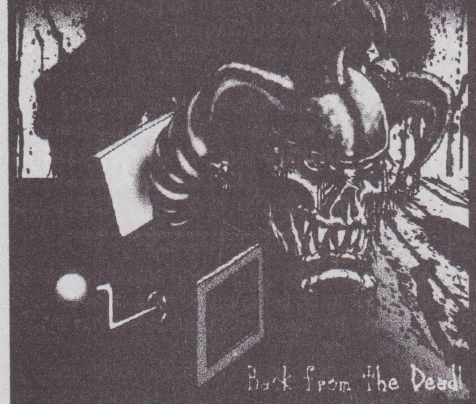

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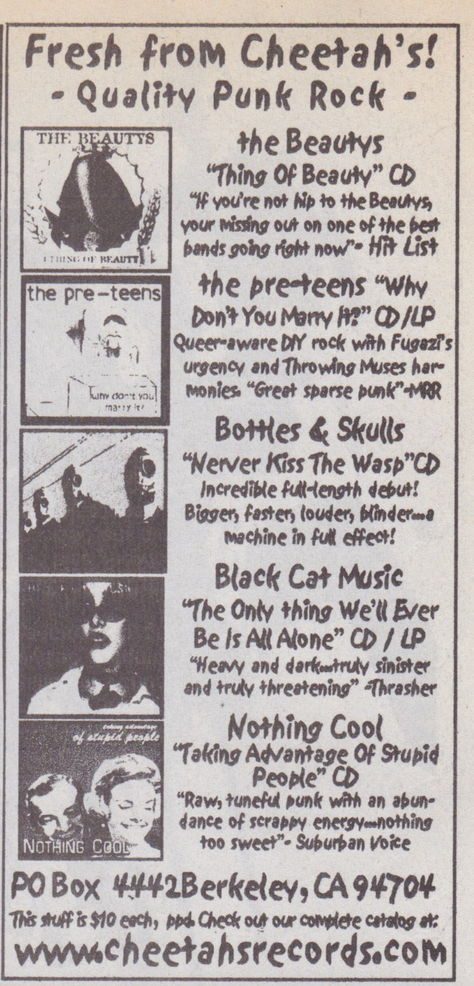
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FIX IT! Cycling's First and Finest Answer

by: Sam Tracy

Way back in the day, before anyone here was even born, bicycles boiled things down to a simple choice: Either you rode a fixed wheel, or you walked. Fixed wheel, also known more recently as "fixed gear" or fixie, was the world's first and most direct bike propulsion technology: One cog fixed to a wheel, moving with it, at its speed, all the time. Pedal faster to go faster; give backwards pressure to slow things down– No ambiguities; no misunderstanding.

How weightless it all must have been! The complex machinations of busy minds have since all but replaced fixed wheel with all manner of more complex technology. While some velodrome racers and working cyclists continue to ride fixed, larger and more prominent marketing imperatives have brought forth endless new options: Bikes that coast; chain derailleur systems; the planetary-geared hub's internal reductions. 21- and 27-speed bikes are, just lately, very normal things. The range of technical advances does open prospects for broader numbers of people, but like so many other things it's possible certain crucial details have gone missing in the rush forward– Simplicity for example.

The smooth polymorphous shape of bicycle marketing itself comes to balance against anything so straight-forward as the fixed wheel– precious few value-added accessories are required– the basic parts can quite literally be used until they disintegrate. All chains stretch with use, cogs wear down simultaneously; even the world's flashiest chains and cogs will over time run themselves down. While this causes freewheel chains to "skip" under pressure, a chain wrapped straight across single gears really has nowhere to run to. The chain stretches out; you move the wheel back a bit to tighten it up again. (An old three-speed and anything one-speed shares the same advantage, though the relatively more complex internal parts shave it down a bit.) And given the way the damned cookie's been crumbling, not too many people have wads to blow on flash new bike parts– fixed wheel is far and away the slimmest margin on the market. That many parts you never need to even think about buying over the course of its life. The simple ideas involved might make it the most sustainable mode out there– fixies will roll long after the Road Warrior runs out of gas and pisses off.

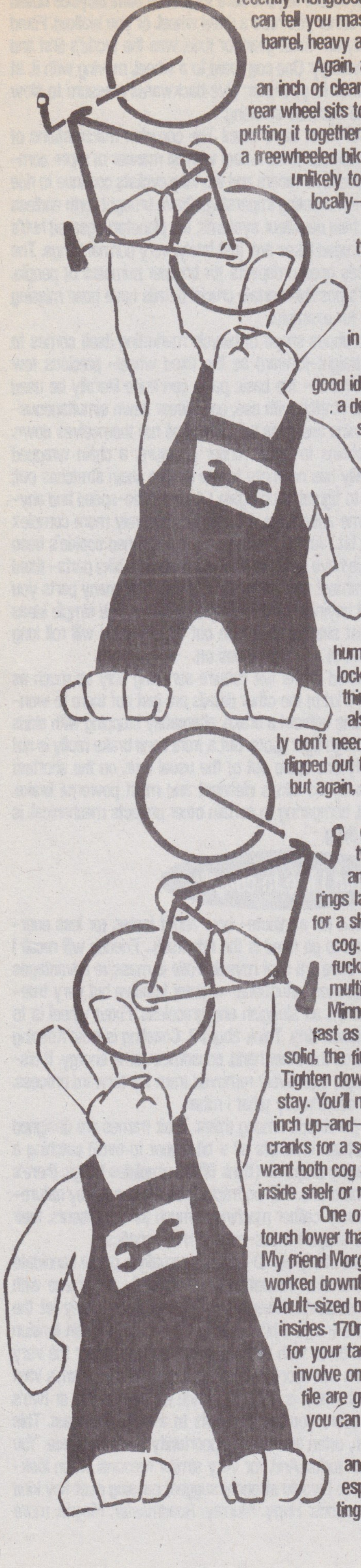
The bearings on a fixed wheel will require servicing only as much as those on any other bike, but a lot of the other details are just not there to wonder about. The fixed purist runs without a brake, alternately stopping with skids or "threading the needle" through tight spots. But a front hand brake really is not much to maintain at all– only one cable out of the usual four, on the shortest route of all, shooting down to the bike's cleanest and most powerful brake. Keeping a fixed on the road, comparing to certain other projects mechanical, is a sunny-afternoon kind of thing.

"But I like to coast!"

Relax, just stay with it for a minute– how about faster, for less energy? The penultimate reason to go fixed is the ride itself– Friends will recall I was hugely skeptical until I gave it a shot myself. Fixie is massive advantages with both speed and control in most situations– counter intuitive but very true– freewheels really start to come off as sluggish and graceless. Fixed wheel is to freewheel as walking is to skateboarding. Think about it. Coasting is free: Keeping the freewheel engaged to pedal, on the other hand, consumes some energy. It disappears into the palls and bearings, effectively removed from the forward process. Race a fixed up a hill and you'll see exactly what I mean.

Track bikes are the purebreds among fixies: Their frames are designed around the experience. Their bottom brackets sit a bit higher to avoid catching a pedal on the ground; the rear-facing dropouts (think BMX) simplifies things; there's often no provision at all for a hand brake. Full-on track bikes are speedy by nature– they're expected to be performance-caliber machines– much as recumbents, their small production numbers fail to support mass-market mathematics.

Lucky for us, then, the dusty old 10-speed is usually a prime candidate for fixed-wheel conversion! Some older mountain bikes as well– any frame with the old-school horizontal-style dropouts already has the inclination– they let the wheel come back and forth in the frame a bit, setting you up with a chain tension right on the money. More recent bikes with vertical drops won't work for the very same reason. But scavenging is a rich sport in America; industrial capitalism's vast waste-stream defies dimensions. And it is possible to ride for free– a day or two's hunting in the right places will score you the elements to a bicycle at least. This bizarre reality, incredibly enough, often affords an opportunity to discriminate. You want to avoid any bent frame or forks. And, for very similar reasons, when looking to build a fixed or anything else I would strongly suggest passing over any kind of department store garbage-wagons: Huffy, Murray, Roadmaster, Magna, more



recently Mongoose and so on. Just not worth the time and effort. Having made a living repairing bikes five years of my life, I can tell you mass-market creatures are designed to ride from showroom floor to landfill. Everything about them is bottom-barrel, heavy and barely functional in the first place– cynical frauds forced on the poor.

Again, all you'd need to begin a fixed is a frameset with horizontal dropouts for the rear wheel. You do want at least an inch of clearance standing over the bike. Roadie frames ("10-speeds') are probably the ideal candidates– the closer the rear wheel sits to the seat tube, the more responsive and efficient your ride will be. You will ditch a good 4 or 5 pounds in parts, putting it together: Rear brake, shifters, derailleurs, extra chain length, freewheel, spare chainrings. You can indeed put together a freewheeled bike for between free and pocket-change, but a bonafide fixed wheel will be needing a few specific parts you're unlikely to find laying about– basic track hub, cog and lockring will together run in the range of 80 or 100 dollars. Your locally-owned independent bike shop might not have these gems just out on the shelf; you may have to order them.

And, depending on the circumstances, you might also be springing for tires, spokes or a rim. Rebuilding the rear wheel is the one big project in this. (A full technical run through wheel-building and right about everything else can be had in the updated and expanded How to Rock and Roll: A City Rider's Repair Manual, published by Black Kettle Graphics.) Alternately, any bike shop worth its salt can build you up a wheel– the track cog will thread onto the hub, once it's built up, with the lockring reverse-threading down on top of it to hold it in place.

It is possible, with a torch and some Loctite, to put one of these together for no money. (It's not really a good idea, for reasons I'll get to.) The rear wheel's gears on most older bikes thread onto the hub as one solid unit– a device, oddly enough, known as a "freewheel." (More modern wheels have a different arrangement; a gear cassette sliding over a "freehub" mounted already to the wheel.) Freewheels are removed on a bench vise with one of maybe twenty distinct freewheel removers; your local shop should be able to do it. From there, you braze or weld the freewheel's backside all together so it coasts no longer, just one toothy chunk of metal. Loctite is a common thread-locking compound from the hardware store– gob some on the hub's threads, screw the freewheel back on, then go pedal up a really big hill to tighten it in place. (A similar trick can be done with cassette hubs, dismantling them and brazing the freehub body into one piece. Said freehub body threads into the hub's body in its own manner; liabilities described below are the same entirely.) Any such project is definitely the hack approach; I've never put one together like this. Scrounging a few bones for basic track-bike parts was until just lately less laborious than accessing a torch. Biggest problem with the hack-fixie: It's just not reliable. You'd definitely, positively need a hand brake– it wouldn't be any superhuman feat to simply spin such a "cog" off back-pedaling. This is why real track hubs use a reverse-threaded lockring on top of the cog; you don't spin the cog off. A friend of mine does swear by one variation of this Loctite thing– using an actual track cog on a re-dished wheel; threading pattern will be the same in most cases– but I've also heard enough near-miss stories about it. Like rock-scissors-paper or something– in a pinch, your legs really don't need to be that strong to tear through a Loctite seal. So the cog spins off and boom, that means of control just flipped out the window; hope the hand brake works and traffic is light. The technique for a full-on "free" fixie does exist, but again, so long as the real deal is available it's nothing I could recommend.

However it is you get there, the most relevant choice in terms of your bike's ride is the gearing– how easy it is to pedal, how fast it gets to be. For road bike wheels on a city bike, the standard would be something just less than a 3-to-1 chainring to cog ratio. Most road bikes are born with a 52-tooth top chainring; score an 18-tooth cog. Cogs and chains do wear together– a new cog is best matched to a new chain. (Front chainrings last longer: Mechanical torque is slower and more spread-out.) And if your locale is hilly it'd be good to shoot for a slightly smaller gear ratio. This slick old Miyata I just built for my pal Rico in Portland, for example: 52t ring, 19t cog. (Frame recovered by coworker Jordan on the U of M's frat row, its old fork the victim of frat boy violence. The fucking madness; it just never stops!) Many shops measure things in "gear inches," the tire's diameter in inches multiplied by teeth on the chainwheel, divided by teeth on the cog. You can find charts that break this down. Minneapolis is usually a level kind of place– I took an 82-inch gear through the winter, 52t ring on a 17t cog. Mad fast as that bike gets, legs spinning relatively slower over snow and ice felt more stable. Chain tension should be very solid, the fine point between not binding anywhere and not being loose at all. Easiest way to dial in the chain's tension: Tighten down the wheel's non-drive side (neutral side) locknut, then pull the front of the wheel towards the drive-side chainstay. You'll notice the axle on that side edging back a bit in the dropouts: Tighten on the point where there's less than one inch up-and-down play in the chain, then readjust the neutral side axle nut to center the wheel in the frame. You'll spin the cranks for a second and the wheel will stop spinning fairly quickly– that's where you want it. Chainline is also important– you want both cog and chainring lined up very much on the same plane– you might find yourself using the chainring on the crank's inside shelf or replacing the bottom bracket with something shorter in situations.

One other thing to check out is the length on the bike's crankarms. Freewheel bikes set the bottom bracket shell a touch lower than track frames; using shorter cranks reduces the chances you'd catch a pedal to the ground banking the turns. My friend Morgan did break a collarbone this way; thus far I've managed to avoid the experience myself. (I went fixed in 1999, worked downtown on one that winter and fell in love: Three years previous on a freewheel bike chalked up to "experience.') Adult-sized bikes tend to be born with crank arms in the range of 165, 170 or 175 millimeters– it should be stamped on their insides. 170mm seems to work fine enough. Given the range of dumpstered and alley-find bikes to be had, finding cranks for your target machine should not be any big thing, if you even need to– barring a few very modern setups, cranks will involve one of two installation arrangements, with the very occasional variation in dimensions. Pedals with a shorter profile are good on fixies for the same reasons entirely– clipless pedals are popular things here in Minneapolis. Alternately you can just snip down the cages on aluminum pedals.

There is some mythology loose on the world that fixed wheel is bad for the knees: Case may be, now and then, but knee problems usually trace themselves back to the bike's fit. Seat height is pretty critical on a fixie; especially if you're running clipless pedals. The most comfortable thing will find just a slight bend to your knee, sitting down with the one pedal all the way down– knees hurting in front means the seat's a bit high; in back, too low.

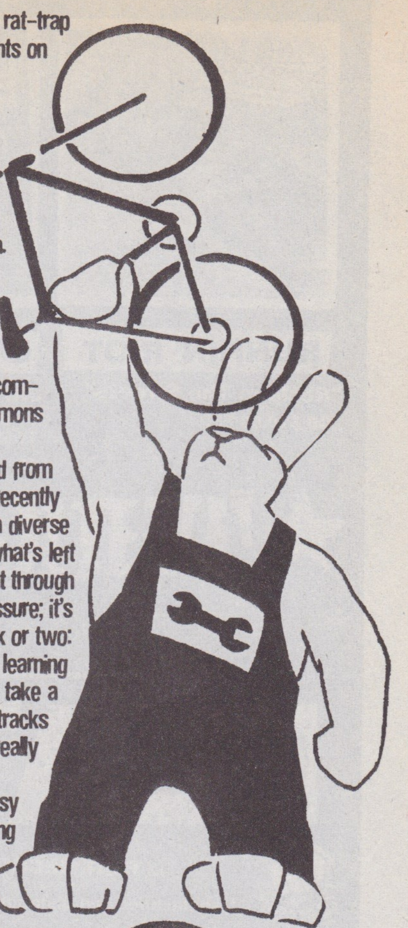
But your legs are not necessarily stupid– they will do the right thing given the chance– one reason I favor regular rat-trap pedals on fixies. Snipped-down to narrow. The feet are able to move around and get comfortable; sending up insights on just how tall the seat's supposed to be.

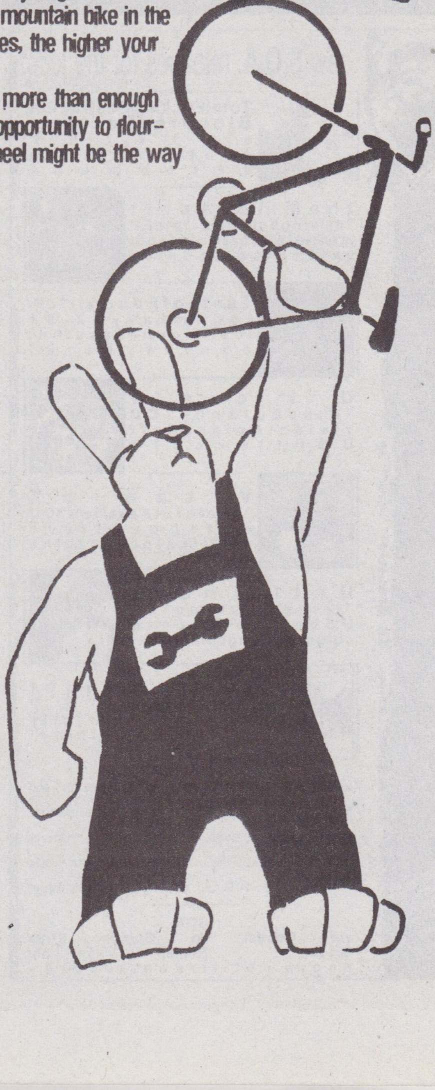
Clipless pedals on a fixie are largely for controlling speed, stopping; skidding and skipping. The point, as once described to me, is a real incentive to manage your speed gracefully. The control and pedaling efficiency advantages offered by clipless pedals are huge; I've heard of cheaper sets coming apart under the pressure. (Rare, as far as I can tell.) But the setup does tend to be speedy– figure at least $150 between shoes and pedals. And needless to say you can't just go and clip-in with your favorite boots or slippers or whatever. The alternate approach to speed control on a fixed is a front brake– simple, cheap, bike probably has one to begin with. This is just a no-brainer if your place features fearsome hills. Rear brakes are entirely superfluous on fixies; front brake already has the lions'' share of the stopping power. Fixie guru Sheldon Brown suggests your knees will last longer if you're not stopping with them alone; I take his word for it. A hand brake might be defeating any conception on a "fixie mystique" for some, but whatever, it's useful insurance. American Death Culture offers up plenty of openings to go down like a champ; riding a bike need not be one of them. And I know it's not hip, but could I recommend a helmet? A crash in San Francisco once left me comatose, a hole drilled in my skull to release pressure or demons or something– were it not for the skid lid I would be dead.

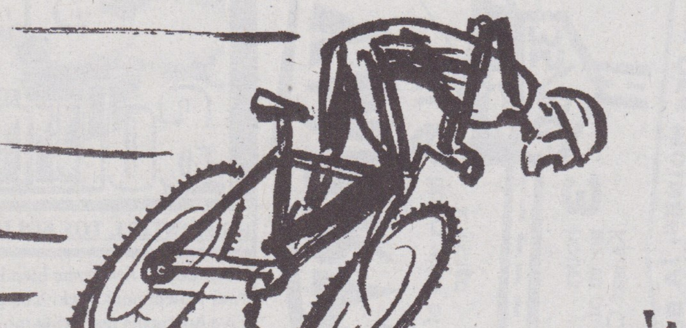
My friend Brad could conceivably be an example for the fixie's potential. Three summers ago he toured from Berlin to the Cycle Messenger World Championships in Zurich on a Guerciotti track bike with no hand brake; more recently he's been a local pioneer in off-road fixed riding. The fixie can, with certain obvious exceptions, be taken through a diverse range of situations. But Crom only knows there's a wide surplus of fucking roads already; I'm inclined to believe what's left of the wild should be staying that way. Fixed wheel really shines through in adverse winter riding– the bike slices right through spots that would throw a freewheeler; almost like it knows where it's going. The drive wheel's under constant pressure; it's not going to choke on any small thing. Your knees might get a bit sore starting out on a fixed, maybe the first week or two: Ease into it. Dialing in the seat height and angle really does help. Muscles used in back-pedaling may go through a learning curve. Getting up hills is the easy part; expect more of a struggle controlling speed on descents. Understand it will take a week or three to un-learn the coasting reflex; expect that. You'll learn instead to "post" over small bumps, railroad tracks and so on– rise up a bit with the legs, lifting hands and butt slightly off the bike as you clear the bump. Becomes really natural.

MTV and so on would rank fixed wheel as "messenger chic" or some such. Drives me nuts.. All the cheesy media shit's beside the point entirely. It's not even a question of what's "cool" or whatever– the fixie's favor among many working cyclists might only suggest, if nothing else, a certain prowess in countering all the fucking cars. No time wasted finding the right gear; your legs are already all over it; your eyes left free to scope the road playing out before you.. The experience does counter the more common saccharine cruise-controlled take on cycling; you'll notice the cops are all on mountain bikes. A practiced fixed rider is going to smoke just about any mountain bike in the city, period Physics: That much energy is lost just keeping the freewheel engaged. The thinner your tires, the higher your gear, the more gracefully your fixie will make the point.

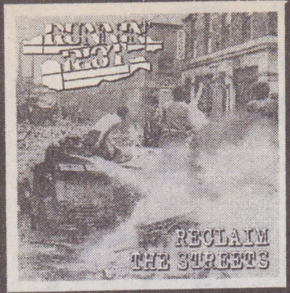
Distance tourists, load-carrying bicycles and the range of less intensive bike pursuits offer more than enough useful openings for freewheels and their related technology. All these things, with any luck, will be given opportunity to flourish. But so long as car culture's manic imperatives demand so much more from us, the simple fixed wheel might be the way to go.

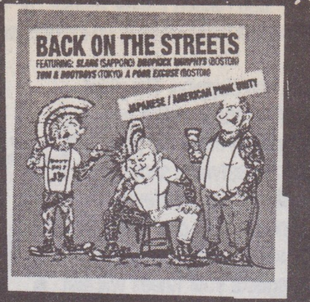


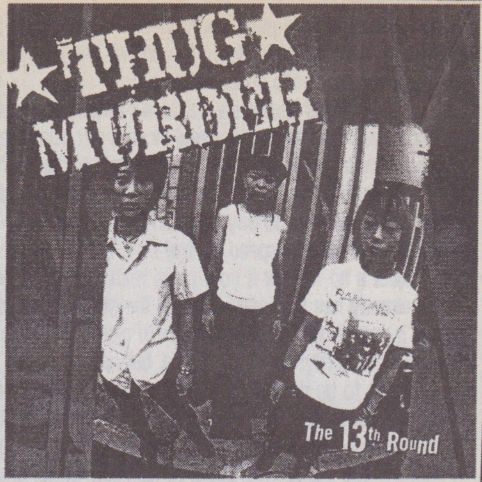




Sam Tracy is author of How To Rock and Roll: A City Rider's Repair Manual. Available through stores or for $12 postpaid from Black Kettle Graphics, PO Box 411373, San Francisco CA 94141. Also online at www.howtorockandroll.net/.







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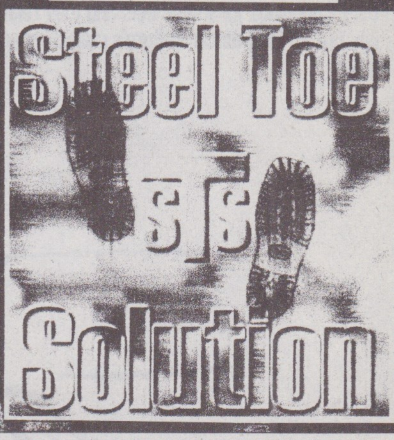

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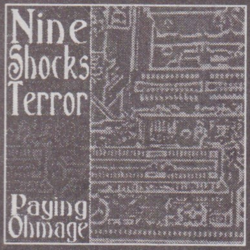

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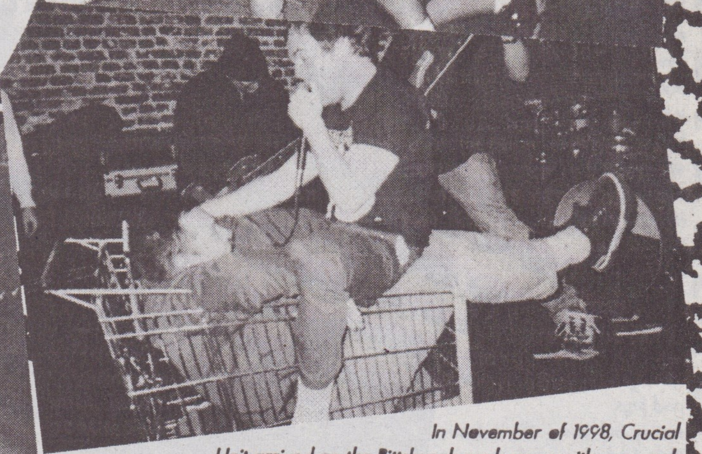


In November of 1998, Crucial Unit arrived on the Pittsburgh punk scene with one goal: to bring the mosh. Not just any old mosh, but the circle pit, the legendary mosh of our punk forefathers. And they've been damn successful at it too. The mosh-per-show ratio in Pittsburgh has been steadily increasing over the last couple years. Now, "The Unit", as they are affectionately known, are out to bring the mosh to your town/city/borough/village/etc. I sat down with the Uniteers on a Thursday night after their practice in Pittsburgh's notorious Peach Pitt.

Interview by Mike Q. Roth

Ian, guitar; Hoss, guitar; Mikey B, bass; JD, drums; Justin, vocals

MRR: Does someone want to give a very brief history of the band?

Justin: Me, Ian and Mike...the three of us were at Mad Mex and we decided we wanted to start a band so people would mosh more in Pittsburgh.

Ian: And I wanted to take Justin's message to the masses 'cause he was always dropping interesting things around the house, just him saying silly stuff. I wanted to get his word to the streets.

Justin: So then we found a drummer and that lasted for about nine months. He moved away, so we imported Chris from South Korea. Well, before we got Chris, we added Hoss to the line-up.

Ian: After the first show. Chris played with us for about how long? About a year? A little over a year and then we added JD, our current drummer.

Justin: Cause Chris moved away to become a children's librarian.

MRR: Well, it's been about 2 _ years as I've calculated that you've been together now. Did any of you think that this would last this long?

Mikey: Well, I think we always saw the band as something that would last for a while, something to do, as long as it was fun. A lot of people in the area didn't seem to think that we should have lasted past our first show. After our first show we talked to people about playing our second show and people were like "You guys are gonna play again?" Now we just keep the band together to anger them.

Ian: It's really just for spite at this point.

MRR: Yeah, that's one of the things I wanted to talk to you about. A lot of people perceive you as a joke band. How do you see that perception and what do you see the band being?

Justin: I think our music has improved a ton, musically and lyrically. I guess we are still somewhat funny, but I guess we are a bit more serious, but not too serious.

Mikey: I think there has been a long history of using humorous lyrics in songs. That doesn't necessarily make one a joke band anymore. Weird Al is making a lot of money... (laughter)

Ian: But we won't.

Mikey: ...but he's still considered an artist or a musician, even though he's funny. And the way I'd look at a joke band is something like a band that's a one-off, two-off, plays two or three shows, writes some silly stuff and doesn't really try that hard.

Justin: Changes members all the time

JD: I think we have mostly political issues that we just find a funny way of presenting. There's always a basis in an important issue. We usually warp it or twist it into something we find enjoyable. It starts with that basal politique, if you will.

Justin: We're not trying to cash in like Weird Al, just for the record. Keepin' it real.

Ian: Yeah, on the streets.

Mikey: Wicked underground.

MRR: Well after two years, you've finally gotten your first EP out. I don't know if this is the officially dubbed title or not, but "Premium Iced Tea" as MRR refers to it. Well, I guess, what's up with the tea? Why don't you give the kids from out of town some education on that?

Ian: We all just sort of found out that we were all into iced tea. We all drank it before we met each other, before we were in the band.

Hoss: Yeah, we were all fiends before we knew each other.

Ian: So we were all sorta iced tea fanatics. This area has a plentiful supply and variety of iced tea in cartons and jugs.

Justin: But even JD is from Philadelphia and they have iced tea there too. It's a Pennsylvania thing, not just a Pittsburgh thing.

Hoss: Micro-brewed not macro-brewed.

Justin: It's different than that Snapple, Lipton and all that major label iced tea companies.

Ian: Indie tea. Street level tea.

Mikey: Made by local, shady dairy companies.

MRR: A lot of traveling bands have noticed and commented on how local kids have kinda grabbed onto this local tea obsession. All the kids roaming around with their half-gallon pounders.

JD: It tastes good. It's cheap.

Mikey: It is cheap. I think a lot of it came from you can get a half-gallon for around a dollar, though most of the prices have gone up. That's a lot of drink. I mean, we've gotten other people hooked, like Bill Chamberlain of Pist/Caustic Christ fame is definitely addicted to iced tea. Plenty of band come from out of town and are rocking 'em. Garb and all the guys in Teddy Duchamp's Army, Creta Bourzia, Jumbo are all tea fiends. It's not just us. We were just the first ones to write songs about it.

Ian: And put it on the cover of our 7".

MRR: Alright, speaking of Pittsburgh. I guess we'll take a minute and give the MRR audience a taste of what's going on here from the Crucial Unit perspective.

Mikey: Personally I think its one of the better times for hardcore punk right now. For years there was nothing, I mean, there was some great like pop punk, noisy, and indie rock bands but there really weren't too many hardcore bands, which was kind of disappointing. Now there are about a half-dozen. Well, more than a half-dozen. There's us, Last Day on the Force, Caustic Christ, Reign of Terror, Behind Enemy Lines and then there are some of those other bands...

Justin: There's Jumbo, Gunspiking, World B...

Ian: Io, Tribe of Hinyanna...

Justin: Teddy Duchamp's Army, McCarthy Commission...

JD: I think the music scene in general, there's just a lot of new bands.

Justin: A lot of that has to do with that we have a DIY all-ages space in the Mr. Roboto Project. By the kids for the kids.

Ian: There's also just a lot of energy between that and talk of starting a radical bookstore/record store. It's just a good time for the scene in general.

JD: There's a lot of different things, a lot of positive energy going around. There's a lot of different projects that people can jump on and become a part. The scene's not so much about playing music anymore, but truly getting involved in your community, becoming more active. I think it's really taken a big leap.

MRR: After two years you finally get out that first record. Now you have a whole flood of stuff on the way. So do you guys want to discuss any of that?

JD: We'll let the machine talk about that (pointing at Justin).

MRR: Yeah, how did this all come about?

JD: The machine (once again continuing to point at Justin).

Justin: We have a split 7" with Killed in Action from Columbus on Fast For Life Records. That should be out anytime soon. We're still waiting for it in the mail. As far as we know, it's out, it's ready. Also on Fast For Life, we have another 7" from the same recording session as the last 7"

Hoss: Moshzilla!

Justin: Yeah, the Moshzilla "single", as some people call them.

Ian: 7" to other people.

Justin: We have a split CD on Six Weeks Records with Not! from Buffalo and a split 7" with Rambo from Philadelphia on Ed Walters Records.

Mikey: There will also be a CD version of the Moshzilla 7" with extra and the stuff from the Killed in Action split. I guess initially the first 7" came about when we got an e-mail from Adam from Crucial Blast and he had gotten our demo somewhere, which that demo is pretty ugly. But I guess he saw our vision long before we ever did. He offered to do our 7", so we decided to do that with him. It's worked out well. It was our first offer and we kinda just jumped on it. We also have tracks for a bunch of comps that'll never come out.

Hoss: All of our things come about from the Internet.

Ian: We love it.

Mikey: For future releases, after the stuff we've already covered, we are working on writing an LP right now with a comic book.

Justin: About Moshtopia. Captain Mosh and Spuds McFrenzie.

Ian: Spuds McFrenzie – the moshing, mohican potato!

Justin: They're on the quest to find Moshtopia and that's gonna be the comic book. Hopefully we'll be ready to have that out sometime next year.

Hoss: I thought we weren't supposed to tell anyone about the comic book?

MRR: Well, you've spoiled it now.

Ian: The kids still won't be ready for it.

MRR: So the 7" has gotten a favorable response so far (referring to the review in MRR), so what did you guys think of that?

Justin: We like it.

Mikey: We'd like to thank Rob Coons, Mike Thorn...

Ian: ...and anyone else who put us in their top ten.

Mikey: But, yeah, it was pretty amazing. We were pretty shocked. We had hoped we would have gotten a good review, obviously, but we were real happy with what we got and real happy to see our 7" in four top-ten's. We were real shocked about that. (Mike mumbles a bit here) ...and a lot of kids seem to have found out about us from that, so it's been great.

MRR: You guys haven't really played too many out of town shows until the last few months. Any special reason you weren't taking the message out to the masses outside of the 'burgh?

Justin: Transportation is the main one. Well, with our first drummer, he didn't even have his own drum set, so that made it nearly impossible. With Chris we played out of town a few times but not many.

Mikey: We just really didn't have a way for us to get us and our equipment there. And with switching drummers it was hard because we almost had to start over again. A lot of those early songs were songs that we basically relearned them, but we were probably wasting our time.

Hoss: Now we deny their existence.

Mikey: But now we are planning on playing out a lot more. We should have a vehicle.

Justin: Yeah, we're doing three days this coming weekend: Meadville, PA; New York City, and Allentown at Double Decker records. It should be awesome.

Mikey: So far our response out of town has been amazing. After every show we're in awe and shock that kids from out of town seem to know who we are know our songs and stuff like that. I don't think any of us have been, outside of Hoss, have been in a band that has gotten too much notoriety out of town. Some of Hoss' old band had a little out of town fame.

MRR: So you're heading out at the end of July for about a week and a half for a tour of the Midwest and East Coast.

JD: Yeah, we should definitely have a van by then

Mikey: It's looking really good. I'm actually glad we took a lot of time before going on tour. I mean most of the member of the band have tried to book shows (for other bands) and you wanna do this band a favor, but you're really just putting your neck on the line, because they're not known well enough to be on tour yet.

Justin: Yeah, we've been together for 2 _ years and finally people are kinda knowing are name . People before didn't really know who we were, but I think its safe for us to tour now.

Mikey: I mean, I've been in bands that have definitely toured too early. It just tends to be not much fun. It just doesn't work out right. It's a lot of jumping on other band's shows. I think now we have background and experience that people are willing to set up shows for us, as opposed to us just trying to climb onto another show.

MRR: Ok, well, that's about all that I have. Do you guys have any final comments or anything you want to discuss with the kids?

Ian: Yeah, you should talk about some of these new song titles just to get the message out. Like the anti-side to side...

Justin: Yeah, side-to-side moshing is no goo. We're still working on a title, but right now it's "The Solidarity of the Circle Pit." The lyrics are about how we don't need individual moshing and neo-liberals in the pit. The circle pit is community.

JD: We definitely advocate the circle pit. We believe it to be the safest way of moshing. Most people can get involved and it's the most fun. None of this kickboxing stuff where people end up getting kicked in the eye or the nose. (Mike mumbles something) Do we want to discuss the dollar versus the yen at all?

MRR: I'd be interested in hearing about this.

JD: I know Hoss had written an essay on that a while ago.

Hoss: International exchange rates are going crazy!!

JD: Enough said. Enough said.

MRR: Ok. Any final thoughts?

Ian: Whenever we play your town, bring us fake meats, Indian food, micro-brewed iced tea...

Justin: And circle pits.

Ian: Yes, bring us circle pits.

Hoss: Rochester Mosh City.

Justin: Yes, we want to thank Moshchester – most mohicans in a Crucial Unit circle pit.

JD: And the guy with the bat on his head. A guy with a bat on his head came up on stage, head banged and air-guitared for an entire song for us.

Justin: I think that it's awesome that a lot more crust punks like us than in the past. You get a lot of mosh from the crusties.

Ian: The crusties treat us well.

JD: We're just excited to really go out of town and play to new crowds.

Justin: And eat at their good restaurants.

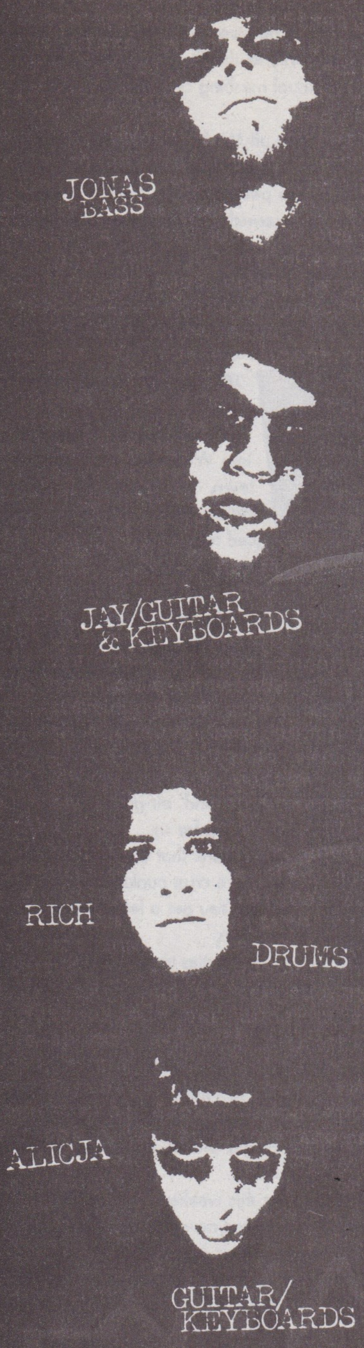
JD: We're very fine diners. Very select diets. With half of us being vegan and liking more tasty foods than just stopping at a Burger King while on tour. We've been saving up money to hit the nice spots.

Justin: Yeah, all the good vegan dining places. Fake meat Chines places and Indian food.

JD: Honestly, we're really excited for this weekend and for our tour. It's nice to meet new people. Its nice to see new places and see different concepts places have in terms of their actual show spaces, and playing to different crowds and seeing how they receive us. It's really cool, really exciting. WE'RE COMING TO ROCK YOUR TOWN!! (pointing directly at the tape recorder)

You can reach Crucial Unit c/o The Peach Pitt, 3509 Blvd of the Allies, Pittsburgh, PA 15213 or at their website at www.pitt.edu/~jucst7/unit/

★★crucial unit★★



Since the dawn of time, there have been certain age old struggles that show no sign of a cease fire: Complacency vs. Rock Action; Your Mom vs. The Bottle; Electricity vs. Insects; and the desire of Musicians not to be classified vs. Rock Writers who feel a pathological need to label said Musicians and place them in tidy little genre boxes. The Lost Sounds of Memphis, TN are winning the battle in their particular arena. I play the entomologist with the pith helmet. The Lost Sounds are the elusive butterflies evading my net as I try to pin them down. I am left drooling on myself, waving a needle in the air like a mad seamstress. Of course that is the very quality that makes them fascinating. They threaten to blast me with a 2-minute no-wave squelch in one song then veer off down an 12-minute prog rock tributary in the next.

I have written of the band they are "haunted by the dangling ghost of Ian Curtis." And while that is a blatant attempt by a writer to categorize them, it is also emblematic of the band's earnestness. However I ask, in the scope of punk history which archetype holds up better? The cartoony, kneejerk antinomianism of the Sex Pistols or the short, grim vector of Joy Division. They are very serious. Not that they don't have a sense of humor, but they are burdened with a weighty view of the world. When I tried to break the ice by remarking how refreshing it was that Alicja, the only female member, didn't play bass, she soberly replied that she planned on learning. The Lost Sounds have been assembled from the ashes of other bands in the incestuous Memphis scene: The Reatards, The Clears, The Fitts. But they seem to have shed those identities like wax-paper skins. They have emerged as a project that is somehow darker, yet full of a pulsing puissance. On last year's full length, they told us that Memphis Is Dead, and I rather think that they meant it.

LOST SOUNDS

Interview by:
Dave Dunlap Jr.

MRR: What elements,if any, were brought from your previous bands?
A: (From the Clears -now defunct Memphis New Wave of New Wave outfit) Pushing keyboards on this band that weren't organs or instruments used in garage music. Doing stuff that isn't conventionally accepted by the punk rock scene.
J: Definitely not the vinyl clothing (The Clears being notorious for de riguer new wave vestments- continually looking as if they had raided Klaus Nomi's closet- Hey , the door was open, right?!).
A: I was definitely against doing the dress-up thing.
J: What's more predictable than looking like your music? I think Alicja was slightly more into a more mainstream pop sound. As for me, I think that jumping around and getting cut up on broken bottles carried over to this ...a little bit.

MRR: In the Reatards you were the main focus. Do you feel less pressure to go apeshit on stage?
J: Yeah, you can just relax and not worry about people wanting to see you cut your arm off.
RC: I said it before and I'll say it again. I brought the MEAT and the POTATOES!
JG: I brought garnish- the prog rock element.

MRR: So was there a conscious decision to break from previous efforts or was it merely the natural effect of tiring of the same old shit.
J: In this day and age when you open up a magazine and there's 50 new shitty bands either ripping off the Gories with a Farfisa or all the bitchboy bands with their fucking $500 sunglasses, white belts and black outfits. The whole junkie, cockrock thing is coming back and I am so fucking sick of garage music. I think it's a crock of shit. It's less about the rock and more about collecting fucking Rat Fink figurines. Put this down, "I hate garage rockers!"

MRR: When you first started I took the name, Lost Sounds, literally- as an attempt to channel the 1960s psychout, Nugget bands, but it seems that the name has taken a different connotation since your earliest incarnation. Now the sense of Lost Sounds seems to refer to a cobbling together of the sonic characteristics of a whole range of styles throughout rock history- metal (black and otherwise), psych, punk (art, drunk and otherwise), no wave and, increasingly prevalent, the whole early postpunk goth Factory Records sound.
RC: That's the funniest one- Goth Factory.
J: (Re: the name) I was just looking through the inside of a Squires (60s garage pop) record and I found two different bands' names, chopped them in half and spliced them together to make one. But the name takes on more meaning because nobody can figure out what we sound like. You can listen to 99% of all bands and figure out what notes they'll play next in your head.

MRR: When you began, you sounded more like a Nuggets band, but in the band's short existence, the sound has already evolved.
J: There's definitely been a change. When we first began, I wanted Alicja to play a Farfisa, but we couldn't afford one. She stuck an early 80's Roland in front of me. I really didn't like how it sounded at first, but we ended up using these synthesizers because we couldn't afford a Farfisa. I kinda wanted to sound like a Nuggets band (on their first full length the Lost Sounds even cover "You Must Be A Witch" by the Lollipop Shoppe, the 60's teen band of punk's legendary elder statesman and current Dead Moon frontman, Fred Cole), but we moved on from weed to hashish.
A: Just to make this clear- we don't smoke weed and write our songs. I don't write songs because I'm high.

MRR: Does the relative isolation of Memphis help you develop your sound without being tainted by a particular scene?
J: I always think that Memphis is 5 years late on picking up on trends.
A: 25 years late
J: Everyone is just wearing FUBU gear now.
A: And getting tribal piercings!
J: People still get their tongues pierced here. But as far as not getting tainted, we are so far removed from what is going on out on the West Coast or New York. We didn't have a clue that bands were already doing the synthesizer thing. None of their records had come out. I think that ultimate release of the Screamers brought that whole onslaught. Other bands' records came out when ours was coming out and now it's a fucking trend to do this new wave thing. There's 3 or 4 bands in Memphis who've just started using analog synths.

MRR: Well then, does being from the vacuum of Memphis serve as an advantage?
A: I think it definitely serves as an advantage- not to cloud your minds with what other bands are doing. To say "we can't do that because so and so's band is already doing that."
J: Or in the worst case scenario, all of these bands on Estrus. They live in bigger cities and they've become the hometown heroes. They have 400 people coming to their shows and they think they are fucking Rock Stars- Marshall stacks and all that bullshit. Then they come to Memphis to play for 5 people. I think it's good to live and play in a town where you're not the hometown band. That way when you go out of town you know what to expect.

MRR: As far as energy levels and audience excitement, compare playing out in Memphis, where you know at least half the audience, to playing on the road.
A: My nerves get more racked having to play for people that I know.
RC: Memphians are more cynical. People out of town seem to accept our sound a lot more.
J: People in Memphis- they know they like it and, I go through this too, but it's hard to get into unless you're fucking wasted. It's hard for everybody to get into because everyone wants to look cool.

MRR: Yes, but the Lost Sounds cannot by any means be considered unpopular. In fact, I am surprised, pleasantly, by your local success and growing fan base.
J: It seems like instantly once Jonas was in the band, we had twice or three times as many people at our shows. I think it's because nobody hates Jonas.
A: We were the most hated band in Memphis for about a year.

MRR: But what did you think about beating Saliva in the Memphis Flyer Local Music Poll (Saliva is Memphis' superhot, major label, Nu Metallians recently featured in Teen People)?
J: That was the only good thing about it. You look at us and turn the page and see Josey Scott, the lead singer. He comes out on stage at Memphis shows and says "Thank you, Memphis, for making me a superstar!" But seriously, I think it's a crock of shit. I think that the music editor, Chris Herrington, is a fucking idiot.

MRR: Do you give him a grade of "F (Herrington, is a disciple of

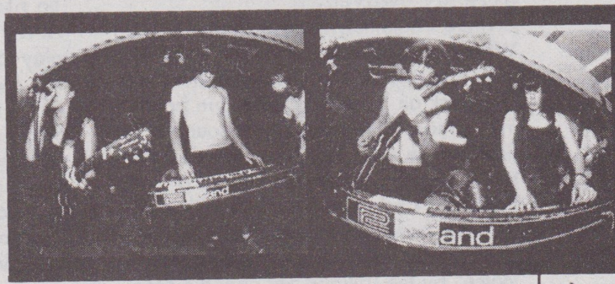
A: = Alicja
J: = Jay
RC: = Rich Crook
MRR: = Dave Dunlap Jr.
JG: = Jonas Garland

Village Voice rock critic, Robert Christgau, who employs the pedestrian rating system of academic letter grades)?"
J: Not even an "F." What do you get that's below an "F?"
A: A "U."
J: Well, I give him a "U" for "Fuck U!"

MRR: So he gets an "F" and a "U." Well, as far as being on the road, what has the been the best band you've played with? The most surprising?
J: I think that we would all agree that Piranhas have been the best. The most surprising has been Man or Astroman?
A: Yes, Man or Astroman? are still great to see live -with their dot matrix printer playing a song.
JG: I have more respect for them than I did before.
J: I had pigeonholed them as surf-shit, but now it's weird noise mixed with math rock.
A: On our mini-tour with them, I think that they thought we were pretty weird and kind of dumb.
J: They thought that we were a bunch of drunks who don't have their shit together... and they might be right.

MRR: And the worst band?
In unison: The Vibrators!
A: They borrowed my amp and the dude had the phaser on the whole time. He never turned it off.
J: They were the fucking ugliest band we've ever played with. That main guy's hair looked like Jimmy Page's nutsack.

MRR: So the best, the Piranhas, and the worst, the Vibrators, were both in the same show in Detroit. That leads me to my next topic- the Tour Horror Story y'all have regarding that fateful show.
J: The guy's name is Lacy and he's from Detroit and he's in a band called the Hillside Stranglers. It happened at the Old Miami club and I suggest that anybody that reads Maximum Rock and Roll avoids them.
A: I was trying to deal with this lady about money at the end of the show. The Vibrators jumped on the bill at the last minute and only drew an additional 7 people. Literally 7. They were trying to give all three of the bands (Lost Sounds, Piranhas and the Hillside Stranglers) $150 each and give the rest to the Vibrators. I told her that it wasn't enough, that it cost that much just to get there. She was being really nice and working it out with me. But I wasn't settling for being ripped off. So then Lacy began yelling at me and calling us "Hillbillies." Then he walks around behind me and slaps me on the head with a pint glass. I turn around and grab a bottle and try to throw it at him. Someone grabs my wrist so the glass barely leaves my hand and just falls lightly against his chest, barely. Then one of his friends, another 250 pound dude with dreadlocks and a septum piercing clocks me in the mouth. Then everything went crazy. People are getting beat up and people are screaming "Get the fuck out!"
J: I had never even been hit in the fucking face before. But this guy is like a genetic experiment between an ape and Sisquo.
A: The whole thing happened because he had booked a show and didn't want to pay the Vibrators out of his own pocket. To turn them away unhappy. Not to mention that they borrowed our equipment.


photos: Canderson

MRR: Well, how did the fracas finally end?
A: They knew that the cops were coming and they got out of there. I kept calling him a "child" as they were leaving.
J: I think that he got mad because I kept asking him to sing "The Thong Song."
A: The one guy was white with black dreadlocks and the African American guy had bleached hair. When I was describing him to the cops, I told them that he had a "puffy bleached mullet." But it turns out later that he had a goiter on the back of his head.
J: He also looked like Wesley Snipes in "Demolition Man."

MRR: Rich, where were you during this whole thing?
A: Outside drinking a beer.
RC: I stayed away from the action. I was outside. There were some dudes out there doing cocaine. As soon as I walked back in, it was like 1862: The Old West. Everyone was getting pummeled like in a "When Animals Go Bad" video.
J: Just let it be known that Detroit is not a friendly place. You can be doing coke with a guy one minute, and the next, he's punching you in the face. Every time I have played in Detroit, I've got the shit kicked out of me.
A: Yeah, but the first time, you instigated it.

MRR: But the crowd reaction in Detroit was great, wasn't it?
J: Yeah, you had people dancing and slipping in puke.

MRR: Not that you would want to relive it, but that sounds like the most fascinating night in the career of the Lost Sounds.
J: Well that honor would have to go to the night we played with the Panic Buttons in Huntsville, Alabama at the "Cheers" Bar.
A: They had a piano on the lower level of a crescent-shaped stage- it was like a mini version of the Billy Joel/Elton John set.

MRR: Is Rich the most irritating band member on the road?
JG: No, he's the best.
J: The most irritating would be me. Rich keeps us going with his Limp Bizkit impression. Although he can't stand the Krautrock that Jonas keeps trying to put on. "What is this hippie shit?!"
A: Rich knows every word to every song that Ozzy has ever recorded. Even the new stuff.

MRR: The oeuvre from the No More Tours Tour, huh?
J: Jonas is the easiest guy to get along with on the road.

MRR: Are there any pre-show rituals that you perform on the road?
J: Rich always passes on the cocaine, but has 50 Red Bulls before he plays

MRR: So what is next for the Lost Sounds?
A: There is some stuff coming out on some comps. Jeffrey Evans is putting together the Memphis music comp on Sympathy for the Record Industry. And not to forget our full length on Empty is coming in early fall. Our first full one with Jonas on it.
Lost Sounds Webste:
http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Basement/5770/

The Lost Sounds

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The Lombardies! are one of the hottest bands to come out of Boston in a long time. Their debut album Throw Your Love Away on Lawless Records has been getting rave reviews everywhere. Fourteen songs in 27 minutes, about girls and growing up, tell you these kids mean business. This fast, fun, and furious record will be sure to put a smile on the face of any fan of pop, punk, or plain old rock and roll. This interview was conducted with Will (vocals), Steve (guitar) and Tim (guitar). Missing from the interview was Howie (bass) and Ryan (drurns). Interview and photos by Eric Law.

the LOMBARDIES!

MRR: Name and age please.
Will:19
Steve: 19
Tim: 20, but I was 18 when the album was recorded.

MRR: How long has the band been together?
Will: We have been together for like four full years. I know I was 15 when it all started though so, it must be almost five years.

Steve: Originally the band was just Tim and Will playing all the instruments. Then, about four years ago, Howie, Ryan and I joined up with Will while Tim was in Europe studying. When he came back we became a five piece.

Tim: Actually, Me and Will have been doing the Lombardies since freshman year of high school. That makes almost six years, I guess.

MRR: Were you in bands before this one?
Will: This is pretty much my first band

Steve: I used to be in a band with Tim called the Grover Clevelands—we mostly played basements and never put any records out cuz we were like 13 and 14. That band ended right when I started playing with the Lombardies. I also play in the Double Nuthins now, a rock and roll band from Providence, RI. That is a lot of fun. The lead singer/guitar player Ted Rao is a guitar god.

Tim: I was in the Grover Clevelands with Steven. We played nine shows in my basement before some kid got too drunk, threw up in my bathroom and thus sort of tainted the prospects of convincing my parents to let me throw any more basement shows. Our discography is very limited: "Hires Is For Hippies" came out on a CD compilation called *Runt of the Litter Vol. 2* and "Vegans We Ain't" came out on a compilation called *Junk Punk*.

Will: l remember my dad always playing Roy Orbison for me when I was real little. I thought his song "Lana" was it. I still wanna cover that tume at some point. My first concert was when I was nine and my uncle took my whole family to see New Kids on the Block at Foxboro Stadium home of the New England Patriots. I guess that is not really rock though.

Steve: The first show I ever went to was a hardcore show in Clinton, MA. Only Living Witness and Cast Iron Hike headlined. I was scared shitless but it was so fucking cool. Everybody in the room was into the tunes and the music was so damn loud. Only Living Witness totally owned the club. I was in awe of these bands, even though I never really got into hardcore.

Tim: My first concert was the Pixies and U2 and the Boston Garden on St. Pattys day when I was in sixth grade. I guess my first real punk rock experience came in 9th grade when I saw the Queers and the Showcase Showdown play at the Middle East in Cambridge, MA in 1994.

MRR: What was the first record you ever bought?
Will: I don't remember what the first record or my first tape was, but I do remember the first CD I bought. I was ten and I bought Guns 'N' Roses *Use Your Illusion II*. I still think that record rocks

Steve: My first tape was Motley Crue and my first 45 was Teengenerate. Both rock.

Tim: Bruce Hornsby and the Range. It was on cassette and I bought that in the third grade. My first contemporary punk rock album was Teengenerate's *Audio Recording* which was CD only at the time. There were a lot of bad records in between, but y'know, I bought the 'Mats *Let It Be* in October of my eighth grade year and still really enjoy it.

MRR: How long were you together before you released you first record?
Will: Like a year. We recorded it ourselves on an 8-track in Steve's bedroom.

MRR: What label was that on?
Will: That was on Shaft Records. Which was our own label. We never released anything else cuz we, or at least I was way too irresponsible to be running a record label, so stop sending demos.

MRR: Who came up with name the Lombardies! And what is the meaning of it, and why the exclamation point?
Will: I thought that I came up with the name, but the other guys may disagree on that. In the movie *Rock and Roll High School,* the name of the high school was Vince Lombardi High. We were in high school and starting a rock and roll band so it seemed to fit. I don't really don't want to associated with all those Ramones wannabee bands that pose in front of brick walls with leather jackets trying to impress Ben Weasel. I don't really remember where the exclamation point came from. Probably just thought it looked cool.

MRR: How would you describe the Lombardies! to someone who hasn't heard you?
Will: Melodic, but more raw than most any pop-punk bands. More punk than pop with a little rock and roll I guess.

Steve: Melodic punk rock and roll, fast and frantic.

Tim: I guess I'd tell them that we are trying to fulfill certain rock and roll propositions that were layed out very well by the first Replacements album, *Sorry Ma, Forgot To Take Out The Trash.*

MRR: What was the first rock experience that you remember?
Will: It took one grueling day of recording after which we all hated each other for a bit. The studio can be a real angry place.

Steve: Yeah, that one day was intense. Especially since we are usually such a

lazy band.

Tim: We recorded in one day, maybe eight hours and a couple of hours screaming at each other.

MRR: The songs on "Throw Your Love Away" are about being young, loud. and horny. Will people over 25 be able to relate?

Will: Yes.

Steve: Of course.

Tim: If you can't remember what it was like to be a kid in high school than you will probably have some trouble relating. That is why we made the album. It is for all those geezers that can't remember what it was like.

MRR: On your album you do two cover songs, a Real Kids and a Little Richard. Those are pretty old bands for guys your age to be covering. How, did you choose those songs and who are your influences?

Will: Well yeah maybe, but we have always listened to good music. Our influences? Well we don't really sound like anyone we listen to. I am really into Iggy, but I don't think we sound like him.

Steve: Those are two songs that we always wanted to cover and they are so much fun to play. Our influences were originally kind of pop-punk, but that became boring pretty quickly. So, around the time the album was recorded I was listening to garage and older rock 'n' roll like Little Richard and the Real Kids. Our songs sound kind of in between the two.

Tim: We are very fortunate to have grown up in awe of some older scenesters that are very good at namedropping and pointing clueless kids in the right direction. Anybody who spends any considerable amount of time, like we did, listening to the Devil Dogs, The Rip Offs, New Bomb Turks and Reverend Norb will inevitably get some history lessons in rock 'n' roll. We wanted the Real Kids cover to show some Boston pride and because it suits Will's manic nature. The Little Richard cover is just homage to a great man and an incredibly true song.

MRR: If the Lombardies! could play a show with any three other bands past or present, what would be your dream gig?

Will: Iggy and the Stooges circa '73-74 when they were still doing "Open Up and Bleed" as an encore, the Sonics, then maybe someone like the Dolls or Roxy Music

Steve: I'd probably say, Iggy and the Stooges, early Replacements and the Devil Dogs. That would be a fun show.

Tim: I'd like to play with the Mummies, the Dolls, and the Sonics at the Mercer Art Center in New York City.

MRR: Reviews of your album have been comparing you to the Queers and Showcase Showdown. Do you think this is a fair comparison?

Will: We used to go see the Queers a bunch when we were younger. I think they are pretty boring nowadays. It is just Joe now right? I still love the Showcase Showdown. They were one of the reasons I really got into punk rock. Their lyrics are brillant and they are so charismatic on stage. I don't think we really sound like them, but they are certainly in influence. Being compared to them is a compliment. I also have a crush on Victoria.

Steve: I think that is alright, because when these songs were being written we loved those bands. I still like them a bunch, well, not really the Queers. I don't think our sound is really like either one of those bands. We are louder and sloppier.

Tim: Well you know, we grew up with these bands. Going to see them practically every other weekend. So, some influence can't be helped, especially in the case of the Queers. On the other hand, we really honestly don't sound anything like the Showcase. They are doing a sort of Brit-Punk, Oi!, type of music and they are incredibly good at it but it definitely does not sound anything like the Lombardies!

MRR: Does the Boston scene support bands like yours?

Will: No, not really. The Boston scene is kind of boring right now although I have pretty much stopped paying attention. Last I checked, it was all clueless 15 year old, middle class suburban kids wearing scallycaps and yelling how they are "working class." It is not the bands' faults, but a lot of the audiences have gotten really moronic.

Steve: Boston has really grown to hate pop-punk and rock 'n' roll in most of its forms. There are very few place left to play. When the Dropkick Murphys got big, it kind of sealed the fate of the Boston scene for the next few years. Oh well, Providence, RI has a really cool scene.

Tim: There is no "Boston scene" outside of a very smelly bunch of crusty grindcore kids that listen to Toxic Narcotic. I guess there used to be a skin scene before the shows got too violent. Neither scene would be very accepting of the Lombardies.

MRR: Who have you played with?

Will: Showcase Showdown, New Bomb Turks, Furious George, Boris the Sprinkler, Doc Hopper, Groovie Ghoulies, MTX, Teen Idols and the mighty Double Nuthins from Providence.

MRR: What are you future plans?

Will: Hopefully do some more stuff with the Lombardies and also start a new band. I have been writing a lot of tunes that just don't fit with the Lombardies. More like a mix of Iggy, Roxy Music, and Guns 'N' Roses. I am excited to get that started.

Tim: We will get some shows this summer when everyone comes back from college and we will have another release eventually.

MRR: Who in music excites you these days and who bores you?

Will: I am really into the Hellacopter's new one. I love the New Bomb Turks even though they have not released anything in a while. What bores me? Well, I guess I am really sick of pop-punk bands with names like the Lillingtons, Huntingtons, or Darlington. It is fucking boring and I don't even want to hear them.

Steve: There are very few bands around that I really like. I think the Murder City Devils, the New Bomb Turks (where did they go?) and the bands I play in really excite me. I am really bored by street punk and all of the lame pop-punk bands that Will mentioned. Garage music has also started to lose its edge for me. Too many bands are trying to sound like the Rip Offs and the Mummies, but end up sounding so much worse. There are some great records though, like the Brides singles, if you take the time to sort through all the crap out there. I really listen to more old music than current bands, that is the shit.

Tim: The Murder City Devils are certainly one of the best live shows around these days. I thought the Metros record was really great! I know those kids are sort of on the same wave as us even though we don't sound alike at all. Also, Darin Rafaeli's project, "Donny Denim" put out an incredible 45. Finally, everyone should check out the Double Nuthins from Providence. What a band! They have two great 45s out, well worth getting. As far as what bores me, I'd rather not talk about it because most things out there are boring and it just makes me cynical when I think about it too much.

MRR: Describe "Throw Your Love Away" in three words.

Tim: Conducive for sex!

Contact the Lombardies at: Lawless Records, PO Box 689, Hingham, MA 02043-0689
Email: elaw@fifieldfabrics.com.

CONTENT TO WATCH IT ALL FALL APART: THE STORY OF

FLOWERS in the DUSTBIN

BY LANCE HAHN

"I don't remember ever feeling an obligation or desire to entertain people until about 1986. Until then I just wanted them to talk about us afterwards at worst or completely change their lives at best."
-Chas, bass player for Flowers In The Dustbin

Named from a line from the Sex Pistols' most famous monument to the celebration of freaks and misfits, Flowers In The Dustbin were a band constantly tempted by the possibility of success and "cool" stature in the anarcho punk scene but were acutely aware of what sacrifices would have to be made to their identity and their own vision. The band that wrote about people that didn't fit in and those alienated by being just on the outside of so-called normality couldn't compromise their vision for the paltry reward of "success" as a popular band in the anarchist punk scene of the early '80s. This inability to turn away from their idea of celebrating oddballs and those who don't fit in (whether those people were paying attention or not) became the band's instinct, fighting the good fight against the formulaic and, therefore, convenient.

Hailing from South London, singer Gerard and bassist Chas had known each other through Gerard's previous band; a straight ahead punk band called the Anabollic Steroids.

Recalls Gerard, "We all met through living near each other 'round South London-a lot of people in what you could broadly call the punk scene knew each other because there weren't that many of us. Me and Simon were in a band called the Anabollic Steroids (deliberate misspelling), Chas had been in a semi-band called the Nightmare. Also, Simon and Bill were in a band called Fear."

Says Chas, "I saw Gerard's band Anabollic Steroids and thought he was a great performer and also seemed more serious about being in a band than the people I was playing with..."

During this period, from 1980 to 1982, the second wave of punk was in full force with all of its different incarnations. That Gerard and Chas and Flowers In The Dustbin are perceived to have always been a part of the anarcho punk scene is true and false. At the earliest stages, the lines were blurred. The categories and sub-factions didn't exist and everyone was part of that great primordial ooze labeled "punk" for lack of a better term. It was only a little later that the lines became drawn and the different punk scenes became their own nation-states and every band had to be in one place or another. Despite the music press's predictable role in creating these sub-divisions, there were definitely bands that enjoyed the distinction. Suddenly, it became a lot easier to be a big fish in a small pond...

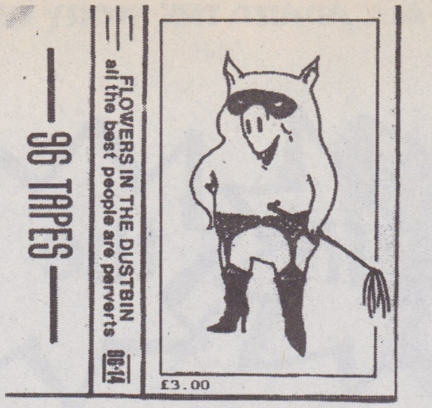
Gerard, "I got into punk through the Pistols shenanigans, particularly watching the famous Bill Grundy interview on telly. Crass I got into by seeing a mail-order advert in a British music paper for *The Feeding Of The Five Thousand*-I was attracted by the fact they'd put a record out that was 17 tracks for 1.99 GB pounds-ah, I thought, maybe here's a group who are keeping the faith, which hardly anyone was at the time. As far as the 'anarchist punk scene' goes, I think we just drifted into it by virtue of common ideas and a way of getting gigs easily. That might sound flippant, but not many people would give you a gig back then. To me, it was still just the punk scene, as were the other myriad scenes that were just beginning to split off into their various factions. I remember Bauhaus describing themselves as a punk band in a fanzine around that time, which I'd still argue was true."

Chas, "Being younger than Gerard I was only aware of the Pistols from a distance (things could have been so different, I remember my mum turning off a TV documentary about them pre-Grundy after about ten seconds-"we're *not* watching that")

"I was more into the outrage and trouble-making than the music of bands like the Pistols and the Clash, although I liked X-ray Spex. I got hold of a Crass single because I had heard they were the most extreme punk band-I had no idea at the time what that entailed, I just liked the concept. I don't think I was influenced by their politics much because they weren't saying anything that wasn't already obvious to me, but then once you find like minds it becomes a lot easier to make sense of what you think.

"Gerard's right about the anarcho scene. At the time we got into it there were very blurred lines between the anarchos and the goths-because the goth bands were just bands they weren't corralled into a fashion-so a lot of the people who might see Crass and the Poison Girls might also see the Mob or Blood and Roses and might also see Southern Death Cult or Sex Gang Children. Then the idiot journalist boyfriend of the singer of a band called Brigandage tried to lump some of these bands as a "positive punk" movement and it all backfired ludicrously so bands started to define themselves as anarcho bands or goth bands. But for a few months in 1982-3 there was a really lively scene and even after that the "anarcho" scene in London was a mixture of all sorts of people and I think, like the Mob, we fitted into that because we didn't fit into it."

Chas and Gerard started playing together. A bond was built around their inspiration to do something new and different. Their mutual desire to go beyond what was thought of as "punk" at the time, became a catalyst for musical experiments and investigation that, at least in some subconscious way, affected what the band would do and their approach to music. This absorption of ele-



ments extended beyond music to film, although the quest for new inspirations was intertwined with the quest for fun.

Gerard, "...The reason I left the Steroids was because I wanted to move beyond barre-chords and shouting, which at the time seemed to have outlived any capacity for imagination. I never thought that 'straightforward' punk was living up to what I saw as its enormous potential."

Chas, "...I liked Crass at the time and was a big Dead Kennedys fan but I also really liked early Pink Floyd and Syd Barrett. We were always looking for something else to listen to-I remember going to Woolworth's with Gerard and buying some chamber music LP to see if there was anything interesting about it (There wasn't. It was shit, but that's experimenting for you)."

Gerard, "I don't remember this at all..."

Chas, "That's cos I was the sap who wasted five pounds on it!"

Gerard, "...but it did strike a thought in my mind that we also derived a lot of inspiration from films: The Tin Drum and Maitresse are certainly two that me and Chas went to see on more than one occasion in an attempt to soak up some sort of mutual inspiration."

Chas, "Yeah-and punk all-nighters at the scala."

At this point, Flowers In The Dustbin had formed their core. While hunting out new ideas to infuse into and/or inspire their creativity, Gerard and Chas started the long process of putting together a stable line-up all the while moving forward with their "work."

Chas, "...we got on friendly terms and got together to form a band, but for the first year or so went through about ten line ups and spent most of the time writing and rehearsing (including attempts to cover "Seasons In The Sun" and Nat King Cole's "Nature Boy"-bad ideas but indicative of our-Gerard's especially-desire to get out of punk rock-musically that is).

Despite the constant line-up changes, by 1983 the band was gigging out regularly and was developing a following with the then booming anarcho squatter scene. Though often shambolic due to naiveté and disrespect for professionalism, the band managed to make positive impressions on people through their confidence and obliviousness to the necessity of traditional "rock" trappings. Besides, disrespect for professionalism, while sometimes annoying, is often an early indicator of an artist's potential to go beyond accepted realms. It's been true from Rauschenberg to Ornette Coleman to punk rock.

Gerard, "The early gigs were really positive-victories of spirit over musical ability. In the anarcho-scene, such as it was, some people got really into it. But more just wanted hardcore music and thrash bands."

Chas, "I think we went through a phase after our first three or four gigs (after the first gig someone came up to me and the then guitarist and said "I really love the way you had your guitars out of tune with each other" after that we did sound checks)..."

Gerard, "...that was one of Omega Tribe."

Chas, "...where we really hit form and people either loved or hated us-and either was pretty much fine with me at the time. I remember abusing an audience for failing to listen to "Aim For The Sky" once and getting a round of applause for it. That kind of thing was as big a part of the band, I think, as the music for the first year or so-something Gerard was really good at just disconcerting people and challenging their expectations in a way that some people really hated."

But, the lack of technical ability at the time was sufficiently surpassed by the idea that inventiveness and a good song were the main priorities from a musical perspective. This being a key element of punk rock though more often said than done.

Chas, "...The main contribution of punk rock to Flowers was the idea that you didn't have to spend centuries learning how to play before starting a band. It's easy to forget now but we really benefited from the fact that there was still an environment where you could get on stage without knowing much about chords and still be allowed to express yourself. On "Freaks", "Last Tango" and "Stuck On A Stick" required relative virtuoso status-being able to play barre chords, but "Journeys End" and "Pocketful of gold" ("Love Is A Bastard" and "Aim For The Sky" too) could be played by anyone with fingers. "True Courage" requires two fingers to play and the keyboard 'part' in "Journeys End" requires holding the same chord for the whole song. But those songs were still quite inventive (I mean no-one else that I know of ever put a slow piano and vocals song on record unless they could get technical with the ivories!)."

That summer, Mark from The Mob offered to release a record for them on his band's label, All The Madmen. This offer of tangible merit was the impetus for Gerard and Chas to stabilize the line-up once and for all. So, Simon and Bill were fixed to the band on guitar and drums respectively, if not by slightly dubious means.

Chas, "In summer 1983 we actually played a gig-in Telford in the midlands which seemed to be a haven for imaginative dropouts at the time-then we started getting gigs around the squat scene in London and the Mob's singer saw and liked us and offered to put out a record. A week before the recording, Gerard and I decided that whoever was playing drums and guitar for us that week was no good and we went to see Si and Bill (who had sat in on drums for us before) and stole them from the band they were in-a machiavellian act of which I am still proud. I had known Si and Bill

for a while before that 'cos I was at school with Si's brother and he knew Bill."

The band rushed in a recorded the brilliant "Freaks Run Wild In The Disco" 12". The record was unlike anything that was happening at the time. Unlike a lot of bands from their area, they weren't part of the fatalistic gothic edged scene that derived response through images of post-apocalyptic ennui (probably had something to do with that vegan diet as well). Nor were they part of the sloganeering anarcho scene that was being duplicated over and over again around London (and eventually the world). "Freaks Run Wild" is a celebration of the hopes and desires (carnal and otherwise) of a social class of people that are Western cultures equivalents of the outcasts.

Even the title, "Freaks Run Wild In The Disco" is not a duality. The unsuspecting record buyer might think that the title refers to a scream of horror; "Oh no! The freaks are running wild in the disco!" But nothing could be farther from the truth. It's a running wild in celebration.

MUSCIALLY, THE BAND WAS ALSO UNLIKE MOST OTHER "PUNK" BANDS IN THE UNDERGROUND. IT WAS OBVIOUS FROM EARLY ON THAT THE BAND WAS NOT TUCKED AWAY WITH A STEADY DIET OF CRASS AND CONFLICT.

Musically, the band was also unlike most other "punk" bands in the underground. It was obvious from early on that the band were not tucked away with a steady diet of Crass and Conflict. The music was a broad spectrum of ideas all controlled by the melodic instinct of the songs and the singing. Despite what in hindsight could be seen as influences from indie music of the time, the band felt increasingly isolated and unable to feign interest in either the bands surrounding them or the bands in the indie charts. Still, there is some satisfaction in knowing that there were punk kids out there rocking to a band that was listening to the Cocteau Twins and the Smiths.

Chas, "Also-it didn't occur to me at the time-but we were increasingly cut off from what was going on musically. When you think of the big "alternative" bands of the mid 80s, none of us really listened to them-although I got into the Fall later on and Si liked Spear of Destiny. When The Smiths brought out "The Queen Is Dead" they inspired a generation of shit bands, but I didn't even hear the record for about 3 years..."

Gerard, "But Chas, I remember when the Smiths first album came out, we both thought it was great on at least one level-Morrissey was writing lyrics about not wanting to work-I remember we enjoyed that."

Chas, "That's true-in fact I thought their first album was great and listened to it a lot-and tried to rip off what difference does it make musically-with some success I thought. But what I mean is that the "Queen Is Dead"-which I have seen hailed as the most important/best album of the decade, made no impression on me because by then it seemed the group was already a parody of itself and I had been to see them at county hall and seen all these people worshiping Morrissey and shoving daffodils down the back of their trousers and it just turned me right off (it wasn't the daffodils just the follower mentality) So when they were at their most dominant I (and the rest of us I think) weren't interested."

Gerard, "I also remember being in the Rough Trade shop (presumably earlier than this), collecting our mail, and the guy behind the counter pointing to a group of people and saying 'they're the Smiths', presuming we'd go over to say hello. But all I thought was 'they look like a bunch of students in long Macs', so I didn't bother.

"To continue with this line, I remember having protected discussions with All The Madmen about whether we should try and dumb-down our words for Smiths fans. Given that they're looked at now as pseudo-intellectuals within the pop world, there's a heavy ironic twist there!"

Chas, "I was listening to the Great Society and the Monochrome Set, Bill was into Led Zeppelin and Gerard was into Melanie. The Cure-did any of us even listen to them? And its not as if there were even any anarcho bands who we were thinking, I can't wait for their next record. Between the first Sex Gang Children album in 1983 and the Falls Bend Sinister in 1986 the only contemporary music that excited me was ours and the only other contemporary band I listened to was the Cocteau Twins (the Doors I remember as being a band we all liked?)."

Gerard, "I think we all liked the Cocteaus, I hated the Fall."

Chas, "Yeah I was on my own there."

With "Freaks Run Wild In The Disco" 12" out and a stable line-up, the band began playing more solid gigs that led to a growing following. Within their local "branch" of the anarcho punk scene, the band started to find kinship with some of the more like-minded bands.

Gerard, "Always thought the Mob were-mixing emotion with politics and not being afraid to show more vulnerable sides of themselves. To a lesser extent, Zounds, Omega Tribe, Poison Girls. We felt closest to the Mob, though, and it was they who put out our first record. I used to know Ian Astbury back in the Southern Death Cult days and thought he'd do a lot more than he did, being an old Poison Girls fan.

"I must say though, we used to get associated with other bands that I just couldn't understand-people I felt nothing in common with at all."

Chas, "Oh come on now Gerard we did that tour with Feud and we loved them... only joking, we never, apart from the Mob, made any positive links with any other bands that I can think of, although we were on speaking terms with Blyth Power for a while-I don't remember us ever having a friendly relationship with bands we played with, which helps explain how we got where we are today! Come to think of it one of the main reasons I stopped being in bands was that I was sick of being forced to socialize with people from other bands. It was soundmen that we really failed to hit it off with. There are few more satisfying feelings for a musician than a soundman's throat in your hands."

But at the same time, touring was still difficult for a band not playing three chord thrash while still being thought of under the umbrella (however unwilling) of anarcho punk. Even connecting with people in the scene could prove difficult.

Gerard, "Gigs outside of London were usually to about thirty people, though often ten of those would have hitchhiked to see us. We did one gig with Flux and KUKL and didn't strike any common ground at all, though diplomacy prevents me

"...I REMEMBER WE USED TO GET THESE INTERVIEWS MAILED TO US WITH A LIST OF QUESTIONS ALONG THE LINES OF... 'WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ANARCHY?'"

from going into detail."

Chas, "I know we didn't hit it off but I always thought it was because-whatever their merits before or later-both bands stank like two of the biggest musical turds of all time that night...

"But we did play some good gigs out of London-okay there was the night we played to 10 people in Nottingham when there had been a tornado in the city and we got paid two pounds; and the night we turned up at Bradford and the organizer had forgotten to promote the gig or turn up. But we played to some decent crowds at Bristol and Telford and the other time at Bradford. And we did the Mars Bar tour-when Mars did a deal that if you ate enough mars bars (no problem) you could get cheap National Express coach tickets and so we played a few dates on the strength of that, taking everything up on the coaches."

The band's outsider status was starting to take it's toll and the band's ability to connect with the anarcho scene put them more in the position of outside agitator rather than collaborator. Completely self-aware, the band had little time for what they saw as redundancy and fan-dom especially coming from Crass supporters.

Chas, "...I remember we used to get these interviews mailed to us with a list of questions along the lines of... 'What do you think of Anarchy?' 'What do you think of Peace?' 'What do you think of vivisection?' 'Do you eat meat?' "Blah, blah, blah, a complete failure of imagination, and a lot of bands sets seemed to me to be an attempt to answer those questions in the correct way, like filling out a form..."

Gerard, "At the height of the anarcho scene, I felt like a failed artist because they just wanted entertainers-punk equivalents of top ten artists. There was I wanting to change the world, and there were they, waiting for me to lay into a three-chord thrash about 'the system' without wanting to change the world at all. And I thought about the miners strike and I thought about the Irish freedom problem and I thought these middle-class wankers don't actually give a fuck. So I tried to seduce them with entertainment, and seeing as the world only got worse via Reagan and Thatcher, I'd say we all failed at the time."

Through working with All The Madmen, the band came into contact with Rob from the Faction (who would eventually run the label with Sean Forbes). The band decided to put together a full-length cassette tape for Rob's cassette only label, 96 Tapes.

Gerard, "We knew Rob (who did 96 tapes) from the Wapping Anarchy Centre and various acquaintances socially. But these friendships were more the property of Chas, Bill and Si than me..."

Chas, "Were they? I knew Rob but "he was no friend of mine" and I never went to the Wapping Anarchy Centre. However as far as I remember the tracks on the tape were 4 track demos we recorded at our rehearsal studio and a live version of "Aim For The Sky". I seem to remember that we gave the stuff to Rob and the tape came out but we never really seemed involved in the process-never got any to sell I think-it was the usual story, once we recorded the songs we lost interest in the whole thing, perhaps Si and Bill know more..."

The end result was, "All The Best People Are Perverts", a collection of demo recordings as well as a scattering of live material. This recording, in many ways, is the band's ultimate document as it covers a wide range of ideas that are all hinted at in the band's few vinyl releases.

First of all, there is a definite leaning towards upbeat and bouncy songs. Even the live recording of "Love Is A Bastard" (recorded at their first gig with Simon on guitar) features a catchy guitar riff reminiscent of New Order or even the Pixies. "Cowboys & Indians" could please even the average Adverts fan. Well, musically, anyway.

But these hook-laden numbers only served to heighten the power of the slower, brooding numbers. In particular, a bass and vocal duet called "Aim For The Sky" stands out as the tapes strongest moment with a cathartic vocal unleashed from years of repression and self-realized ostracism. The song is an emotive tour de force challenging even the beautiful peaks of the Rites Of Spring album.

I've never loved anybody
At the same time they loved me...
Don't laugh
I've got all my love and I want to give it
I've got all my life and I'm gonna live it
Don't laugh at me to be cynical
Don't laugh at me to be normal
There's so much we could achieve

The forthright of the lyricism is certainly off-putting. Its frankness is downright uncomfortable. With the delivery as such, you feel like you're eaves dropping on one man's total breakdown and struggle for acknowledgement. In a world of political slogans referring to world's far away, Gerard's lyrics were hitting a little too close to home.

Gerard, "I never really considered the music escapist in the sense of avoiding issues, but a lot of the imagery came from dreams (the sort you have asleep). I've never *just* listened to punk, and I did think a lot of it was lacking in honesty at the time...I was trying to express myself (surely the point!), whereas I felt a lot of folk were trying to re- express Crass or whoever, which struck me as self-defeating idiocy. I was probably more influenced by Melanie Safka than anyone else."

Chas, "We were constantly trying to create another world-but I wouldn't call it escapist-because we were actually trying to make a place to live in where the demands of the "real" world, namely having to waste time getting a job and doing things that didn't appeal to you were irrelevant and we succeeded up to a point-at least that's what I was trying to do I think all of us was in their own way."

If "Aim For The Sky" was the tapes catharsis, "Vethixo Disco" was certainly the theme... the band's theme even. The concept was that of a fantastic disco over-run by freaks and social outcasts as opposed to the "beautiful people" who's shallowness is only half as offensive as the con-

trol they have (socially, emotionally, even financially... what else is there?) over the lives of others.

Gerard, "I made up the word Vethixo at a time when I was trying to write a whole new language (ah! The arrogance of youth!). The concept was to try and find our own space, away from the easy definitions like anarcho and punk. It was almost definitely a bad tactic though-I didn't realize just how much people clung to those definitions, and how much of an audience we lost by trying to go further.

"Discos in England at the time were the sole preserve of straight, beautiful, perfect people, so it seemed an interesting image to have 'Freaks Run Wild In The Disco', which began life as a small poem in the first flowers booklet:

I say I'm proud to be a freak
To cover up the fact I've got no choice
But insecurities still creep
Around uncertainties in my voice
Flowers in the dustbin, quite a hip name
Throwing wild images together
Music, use it, quite a nice game
It won't last forever
Feeling ripe to be put on a sideshow
'Freaks run wild in the disco'"

It would have seemed like a perfect time for the band to put together a follow up record to "Freaks Run Wild" with All The Madmen. Though the label might have been the most appropriate place for Flowers In The Dustbin to continue recording, the realities of independent labels confounded that notion.

Gerard, "At the time All The Madmen was pretty aligned with the Kill Your Pet Puppy Collective (who did a fanzine of the same name)-I think we definitely felt kindred spirits there, so when they asked us to do a record, we were well up for it. I'm sure both sides would have loved to do more, but there was never any money basically."

Chas, "Yeah if only there had been, All The Madmen was a great thing but the Mob was on its last legs by then and once they split up the money dried up-from a trickle to a desert."

So, that's when the most unlikely of unions was developed. For the release of the bands next record, they agreed to record a single for Mortarhate, the label funded and operated by hardcore, thrash band Conflict. But the band and label were politically aligned within the realms of anarchist punk and both sides were intrigued by the idea of doing something out of the ordinary; Marx's idiom of heightening the contradiction made practical by punk rock.

Gerard, "Again, Conflict were local to us-I think we saw a mutual piece of fun in doing the unexpected. I insisted the sleeve had to be color because all their others were uniform black and white. I can't say Flowers and Conflict were ever close but we were obviously close enough to do a record with them. The truth of the matter was that we weren't exactly flooded with record offers throughout our career, so any offer was gratefully accepted! Which isn't to dis Conflict-there was a broad understanding we were on the same side as Thatcher was tearing our country apart and Reagan yours. We were always more militant as people than our songs suggested-the opposite of almost every other band in that department!"

Chas, "I have a hazy memory that we arranged to record an album for Mortarhate and then forgot but that may be something we imagined. I remember meeting Colin-seemed like a nice bloke-and some other geezer in a pub and that was the extent of the thinking behind the record. They made 1000 sold them and then did nothing which is a shame 'cos it wasn't a bad single."

"Nails Of The Heart" was a brilliant record done in a proper studio allowing for the band to create a fuller sound then they had before. On the a-side, the song (which has a catchy swing rhythm and an almost walking bass line) ends with a shimmer of guitar constructed by six separate tracks each strumming differently arranged notes in the minor scale.

Chas, "Oh yes I must just add that the music box at the start of "The Reason Why" was Si's mum's photo album, which had a little tune it played when you opened it! I can't remember who actually "played" it on the record, but there was some difficulty getting it in time! The other thing is that the record was produced by Rob Hendry, a session musician who had played in the band that support Pink Floyd at their legendary Thames Poly gig (and played on Elton John and Kiki Di's "Don't Go Breaking My Heart" I think-he knew Kiki Dee anyway which I thought was pretty bizarre) and who ran our rehearsal studio. Rob was really good to us often doing our sound at gigs and producing the LP, all our demos, the Cold Harbour single (more about this later) and the "Nails" single-plus he drove us all round the country on the Fuzzbox tour (ditto). A lot of this stuff he did for nothing, just because he liked our music. Meeting him was a real bonus and he contributed a lot-in fact the layered guitar at the end of nails was his idea. He was really the only person outside the band other than All The Madmen who really helped us.

"Talking about his studio reminds me that in the early days we would occasionally have a few people come and see us practice there-that's the kind of atmosphere it was-it wasn't like a fan thing it was just they liked our music and we liked an audience so you'd get a few people come along to the practice."

Gerard, "I considered "Nails of the Heart" to be primarily a show of solidarity with feminism-though as usual it was quite multi-layered in its lyrical content. But basically, it was supposed to be the story of an emotional veggie woman dating a drunkard carnivore straight and daydreaming about the great sex they could have had if he'd been a bit more adventurous in his outlook, but eventually realizing there's no point in dating someone who's not right for you. But I'd like to think I give the geezer a fair crack of the whip as well, inasmuch as I'm trying to understand where he comes from and why. Perhaps because the woman and the man were both parts of me?"

Chas, "I remember Si and Bill having an argument over the inclusion of a reference to 'clitoral stimulation' ('do you ever consider clitoral stimulation before sex' was the line I believe) in "Nails of the Heart" on the steps of a church in Euston after we played the Adams Arms-in the end the reference was cut."

Though the a-side is certainly the more immediate song, the b-side is definitely the record's highlight with a quasi-psychedelic reworking of "All Fools Day" from the 96 Tapes release (another bass and vocal duet this time with additional cymbal wash to create an ethereal feel while finding an understated way to fill space) and "The Reason Why", which I consider to be the band's best moment ever.

TO BE CONTINUED...

THE CASU
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The Casualties have been playing their style of spiky-haired drunk punk since 1990, and have amassed a following over the years, touring steadily in support of albums like "For the Punx" and "Underground Army". The band ultimately found a home on Punk Core, which re-issued those two records and helped bring the bandto a level of greater recognition with releases like "Who's in Control" and "Stay Out of Order". How much time does punk have? I'll let guitarist Jake and drummer Meggers answer that one for you...interview by Rich Black

MRR: What first inspired you to join The Casualties?

Jake: I used to go to all the Saturday shows at ABC No Rio in '92-'93, and I even saw the Casualties twice before I was in the band. I met Jorge vocals a few times just drinking on the street in front of the club. I always was intimidated by the band until I knew Jorge a little better. One day, they needed a guitarist, and I wanted to be in a punk band so bad. I fuckin' hated high school and all that shit, so I jumped at the chance. Plus, the band was into the type of punk I liked.

Meggers: These guys were about to kick out their drummer, and Jorge came and asked me if I wanted to join the band. I was already a fan of the Casualties, and the band I was in really was not doing much, so I said "what the hell"?

MRR: It seemed that The Casualties gained a lot of momentum after the release of "The Early Years 1990-1995." Do you feel that album pushed the band to a new level? How so?

Jake: I don't think the "Early Years" album put the band on the map. In my opinion it was the "For the Punx" album that brought us up to the plate. I mean, sure, people like the singles and demo stuff, but the albums really define the band. When we started doing albums it felt more comfortable....I think.

MRR: "For the Punx" and "Underground Army" were originally released by other labels, but The Casualties ended up making Punk Core their home. Why Punk Core rather than these other labels?

Jake: Dave from Punk Core is really just a heartless bastard laughs . I'll let you in on a secret: We never really wanted to be on Punk Core, but he made us do it. He said if we didn't we would get beaten up, and then he threatened our families and loved ones, so we had no choice. We were intimidated into recording by the bastards at Punk Core...isn't it funny that Punk Core, abbreviated, is P.C. ? laughs Well, to be honest, we didn't like it when other labels in the past did secret pressings of our records without paying us. One label promised us vinyl, and other things for that matter and never kept their word. Don't do that to us; we don't think it's nice, and neither do our moms. Dave takes good care of us.

Meggers: Dave is fucking HOT, that's why! He can make shitty records look good. He is one of the few out there who is dedicated to putting out quality punk rock records.

MRR: Punk Core has since re-released both those records. How'd that come about?

Meggers: When we were finished with Tribal War-or they were finished with us-we still wanted our records out there. Dave was the right man for the job.

Jake: We liked how he represented his label. Punk Core puts a lot of time and effort into their releases. They always do a nice vinyl run of the titles, as well, and good, good, good, oi! oi! oi!

MRR: The Casualties have been accused of being too simplistic or too apolitical for certain punks. Are you too simplistic? Are you too apolitical? When does punk end and politics begin?

Jake: Going to protests and things like that ain't us and never was, so if we're too simplistic or apolitical, well then, BOO FUCKIN' HOO! Sorry, I guess the political scene doesn't like us. Did they ever? Did we give a fuck? NAH! We're punk with the same attitude as Sham 69, Blitz, Infa Riot, Exploited and the Sex Pistols. We sing about everyday life. We sing about the truth. Everyone in the band has different views. I mean, some of the guys are vegetarian...I can't figure out why... who doesn't like burgers and fries? That's fucked up! I like how punk started out, without a political agenda. We all think differently, that's why we're punx.

Meggers: It kind of seems impossible to be apolitical right now...

MRR: How would you respond to someone that says The Casualties are studded jackets and mohawks, but no substance?

Jake: We LIKE substance! We sniff it up, maybe that's why we don't have any! laughs I would say FUCK OFF YOU BORING CUNTS! ARRGGHH! Most of the time, if you look at who's saying that, they aren't doing shit for the scene anyway. What's substance? We use it, does that count? The Anti Nowhere League would be proud!

MRR: Playing devil's advocate for a minute, you'll be playing some dates on the Warped Tour. For you, is that a money-making thing or a punk thing? Should a punk band be allowed to make a living off of punk? Do bands making money and getting famous poison the scene, or make it stronger?

Jake: Here are some facts: We are doing 9 shows of the Warped Tour-not the whole thing-from Milwaukee down to Houston. We're getting paid $200 a night...not too good for a band that's been playing since 1990. None of us are millionaires, nor will we be after this tour. I wish we were, though! We are hitting most of the same cities on our way back from the west coast, so kids

will have a choice of where they wanna see us. I realize there's some concern and mixed opinions about this. I'm not into 90% of the bands playing on Warped Tour myself. However I'm not passing up a chance to play with Fear and The Misfits because I've liked them since I got into punk. Here's a news flash: WE'RE NOT 17 ANY MORE. If we wanna keep doing this, we have to make some money to support it. We can't go touring out of our own pockets, we're struggling as it is. Gas Food x 5 people $. We get home from going on tours that last anywhere from 2 to 4 months throughout Europe and the U.S.A., and guess what? We have bills from those 4 months plus the current months bill. On top of that we're out of JOBS, the same ones we left to go touring and play for you guys. We even have chicks that leave us because we're out on the road too much, doing what?! Playing shitholes, getting into fights, breaking down in the middle of nowhere with no help for miles, getting ripped off and underpaid for what?!....FOR THE PUNX, and anyone who wants to see us! For the shit talkers saying we're corporate sellouts, etc., they've always been there. It's nothing new to us; it started the day the band formed. It's the same shit bands like the Clash, Exploited and G.B.H., to name a few, went through in their time. Who's the flavor of the month? Anyone who knows us knows that we don't give a fuck about cash or fashion. We look how we look, who gives a fuck? It's our life. If we DID care about all that we would have folded years ago. The Casualties do what we wanna do, not what the scene dictates. What would be the point of being a punk band if we just did or didn't do what everyone thinks we

should do?! That's the beauty of PUNK. We all think differently, with different ideas. So every time someone murmurs "sellout" behind our backs don't be suprised if no one follows you like sheep. For our loyal Casualty supporters: Thanks for sticking by us, and I mean that, young or old. We all go thru thick and thin together. You know we ain't rock stars, you realize we haven't changed in years and our style and sound will remain the same. We'll see you on tour this summer. Let's get some beers, get fucked up, and hang. Oi! Oi!

Meggers: A money making thing? Are you fucking kidding me? Why give up a chance for new people to hear your music? I'm not going to let what most likely is my only chance to rock out with the Misfits pass me by. I don't think there is anything wrong with a punk band making a living from their music. Shit, that sounds like a fucking dream come true!

MRR: You've toured Europe and Japan, in addition to touring the States. How much time do you spend on the road? What was the biggest culture shock you've experienced?

Jake: About 4 to 5 months out of a year is spent on touring, weekend-out-of-state-shows, recording, etc. I thought Japan was insane! It really IS different on the other side of the world. Don't get me wrong, they were great! I really like 'em. CHEERS JAPAN PUNX! With Europe, I was shocked about how cool squatting is over there-they have clubs, it's not dirty, there's running water, electricity and everything. We have a friend, Stenton, in Germany, that has a place like this. Here in the U.S.A. squatters are mostly junkie runaways. It's hard to understand until you have been to Europe to see it.

MRR: While on tour, have you ever put shaving cream in someone's hand, then tickled their nose while they were sleeping?

Jake: No, but I'll tell you a little story. Last summer we were on a long, boring drive through Arizona in the middle of the night. Someone (names are kept secret to protect the guilty) was sitting in the far back of the van where none of the others could see him, for they had not known what dreadful act would ensue on this dark, boring night. He quietly and carefully SHIT into a Snapple bottle-it was a nice loggy shit, solid, and the Snapple bottle was one of those big plastic ones-then he wiped his ass with some kid's band's patches, pissed in it, put the cap back on and shook

it up! He opened up the bottle periodically to let the smell out and get a reaction from the rest of the band. YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD ALL THE THEORIES OF WHERE THE SMELL MIGHT BE COMING FROM, AND WHY IT WOULD KEEP COMING BACK LIKE A PHANTOM!

MRR: What's the more important thing a band looking to tour needs to know?

Jake: It's gonna be tough fellas. I hope you like to drink. Don't even bother touring, 'cause when you get to a certain level of popularity kids just hate you anyway. No, no... really it's a BLAST! I wouldn't trade touring for the world, 'cause we've seen most of the fuckin' thing.

Meggers: Be prepared to break down in the middle of nowhere, and have an entire town of rednecks give you shit. Also, you're going to lose money.

MRR: You've had a lot of bigger indie labels sniffing around the band lately; are you enjoying the attention? What situation would make the band happy?

Jake: Ohhheewwwwww, I'm tickled pink from the attention! Here's a hint, labels: if you can pay all our bills, buy us Italian cars, get us drugs, girls and free beer, we're good like that. Show us where to sign!

Meggers: People are interested, of course that's cool. Who wouldn't enjoy being recognized after many years of hard work? I'd be happy with being able to tour as much as possible and still be able to pay my rent and bills. I don't ask for much.

MRR: In addition to playing guitar in The Casualties, Jake prints T-shirts for other bands, and runs a record label named Charged. Jake, how did you get involved in both of those?

Jake: I needed something to do during the downtime, you know between tours, recording, and drinking. I also took up porno; it doesn't pay well, but the extra money goes a long way!

MRR: What do you look for in a band that Charged might put out?

Jake: When I put a band on Charged I feel it's my label, and I'll do what I want. If a band sounds good and they're punx, I might help them with the Charged Records Empire.

MRR: Who does your hair? How do you do it? What are some of the techniques you use to get it that way?

Jake: We only go to hair professionals! Oh yeah, it only costs $352 a visit! laughs That's where all our money goes ...Actually, no wait they're wigs! We wouldn't really do that to our hair, it's unhealthy! People in the street seem to have some good ideas though. I have been told to stick my finger in an electrical outlet or run a lawnmower over my head. Those ideas seem like they might work. Hmm.....

Meggers: I use bull semen.

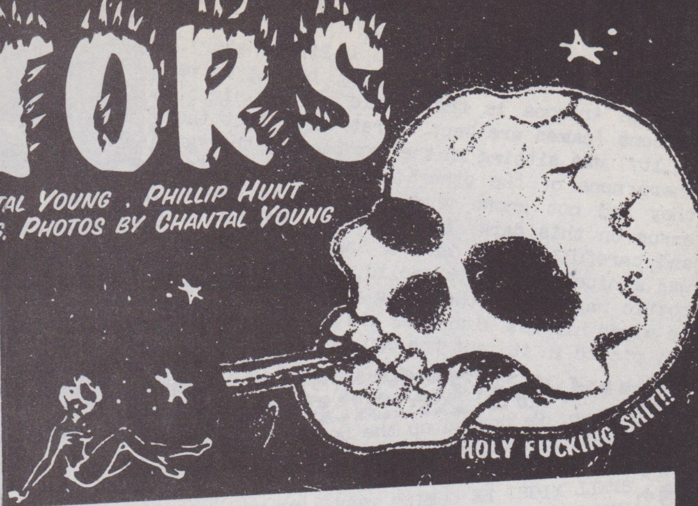
MRR: In closing, how much more time does punk have?

Meggers: Till your mom tells you to cut your hair and go get a real job....about a half hour.

Jake: As long as there are kids out there that are outcasts inspired by PUNK and wanna tell the world what they think of it with three chords, then PUNK has all the time in the world. I LOVE IT!

RESINATORS

INTERVIEW BY: CHANTAL YOUNG, PHILLIP HUNT & JUSTIN SENG. PHOTOS BY CHANTAL YOUNG



MRR: AGES, ...INSTRUMENTS & LAST THING THAT YOU INGESTED?
Jeff: Bacon Egg & Cheese Biscuit My name is Jeff & I Play Bass & I'm 36.
Rob: Rob, Guitar, 34 & uh, like a pot of coffee, wait a minute pot & coffee. Pot of coffee, yeah yeah, pot & coffee.
Shayson: Shayson Clay, 31(laughter), 32 (more laughter), guitar player.
Rob: Flying V player.
Shayson: Marshall & Flying V Player & the last thing that I ingested was weed.
Ed: Ed Young, 31, Guitar & Vocals,Belgian Abbey Ale & Lebanese food.

MRR: YOU GET CONFUSED WITH OTHER BANDS CALLED THE RESONATORS/RESINATORS...LETS SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN TOGETHER?
Jeff: Since '89 & even Dave Cryder had a band called the Resonators but WE spell it in a unique way.

MRR: WHAT OTHER BANDS HAVE YOU BEEN IN?
Rob: I was in Morehead & Static Attic & then there was my stint with White Lion (much laughter).
Jeff: I've been in a few bands. I've been in Naked Hippy, The Potato Men, Static Attic w/ Rob & that's about it.
Shayson: Naked Hippy, Act of God, Butt Sex, More Head, and Insomnia,. Motorhead. Revolting Developments, Detest.
Ed: Semicids, Muggles, Real Cool Killers (USA), The New Thrills

MRR: WASN'T SOMEBODY IN THE BAND IN 13 FRIGHTENED GIRLS?
Jeff: I forgot about 13 Frightened Girls (much laughter) Yes. Myself, TJ (ex-guitar) & Tom were.

MRR: SO TELL US WHAT YOU THINK OF YOUR 45 ON DART & ARE THERE ANY PLANS TO FOLLOW IT UP?
Jeff: Yes.
Rob: It Rocks!
Jeff: It's a good rock & roll 45 & we plan on recording some more and putting some more singles. Right now we're looking for a new drummer.
Rob: Yes! It rocks!
Ed: It sounds great & has sold really well on our end.
Shayson: Actually, uh, I know this dude down in Florida (room erupts in laughter), he's got a 4-Track in his basement ...& we're gonna drive down there & record & hopefully we're going to record a series of 1500 8-tracks by this October.
Pookah Dog: Growl, growl bark

MRR: HOW MANY DRUMMERS HAS YOUR PLAGUE CONSUMED??
Jeff: 3.We started out with Tom
Rob: He exploded
Jeff: We broke up for a few years
Rob: We were on hiatus
Jeff: Yeah, we were on hiatus and when we got back from hiatus we had a new drummer Jered because Tom wasn't around, and then Jered quit and now he's with the Guilty Pleasures then we got Tom back for awhile & now Tom is AWOL. Justin came around for awhile.

MRR: HOW ABOUT WHEN YOU PLAY OUT OF TOWN? HOW ABOUT THE OTHER BANDS?
Shayson: Good Clean Fun knows how to party.

MRR: I'VE HEARD SOME COMPARISONS TO THE MONOMEN. HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN YOURSELVES TO THE PEOPLE WHO WANT THAT COMPARISON?
Jeff: That's the first time I've ever heard us compared to the Monomen. I think that it's good. But I don't really think that we sound like them. We sound like us. We sound like the Resinators.
Jeff: Yes. We are not a trio. We have 3 guitars & 5 people in the band .when we have a drummer
Rob: 4 & a drum machine
Ed: Tell whomever said it 'Thanks!'

MRR: WHAT DO YOU GUYS DO TO HAVE TO PAY THE BILLS?
Jeff: I work in the coolest record store in the Midwest Mother Murphys (111_ N St, Normal)
Shayson: I sell adult novelty products & I cook
Rob: I steal from children & I plunder garbage
Ed: I stick people with needles & ink

MRR: WHAT WAS THE LAST ALBUM THAT YOU LISTENED TO?
Rob: That Ram 8-Track
Jeff: Exercise with Gloria & her 7 daughters
Shayson: Metallica's Kill "Em All
Jeff: I was last listening to the Nomad's Sonically Speaking
Ed: Zeke, Dirty Sanchez

MRR: WHAT WAS THE LAST RECORD THAT YOU LISTENED TO THAT YOU WANTED TO BURN?
Rob: The Judds mini-LP not what you would think it would be
Shayson: The second Nelson album didn't really do it for me

Jeff: Erma Franklin .Aretha's sister it wasn't very good at all
Rob: But would you burn it?
Jeff: No, but I'd probably sell it for a couple of bucks
Ed: My boss' 9 year-old's Kid Rock CD

MRR: INFLUENCES?
Jeff: Ramones, Radio Birdman, Morlocks, Nomads, Hellecopters, Blues Magoos
Rob: Roky Erickson
Shayson: AC/DC, Motorhead, Kiss, Michael Shenker
Ed: Ramones, Stooges, MC5, Creation, Animals, and Cramps

MRR: RESINATORS PETS?
Jeff: I have two huge cats Joey & Zorro
Rob: I have an attack dog..named Pookah
Shayson: Lemme the cat
Ed: 6 dogs, 5 cats, rat & tarantula (Aunt Creepy)

MRR: IF YOU COULD SUMMARIZE THE RESINATORS IN ONE WORD, WHAT WOULD IT BE?
Jeff: Loud
Rob: Power, melody ....say melody
Shayson: Fast
Jeff: Rockin
Ed: Large

MRR: FAVORITE CITIES THAT YOU HAVE PLAYED?
Jeff: Chicago
Rob: Decatur..I got an ass rubbed on me there (laughter)

MRR: FAVORITE BANDS THAT YOU HAVE PLAYED WITH?

Jeff: Guilty Pleasures
Shayson: Pork Chop Shifter
Rob: The Makers
Jeff: XXX Smut
Ed: Splash 4, TV Killers, Sugar Shack,

MRR: MAJOR GOALS FOR THE RESINATORS?
Jeff: Put out more records
Rob: Find a drummer
Jeff: Play more gigs I'd like to play Garage Shock but I don't know if we're garage enough.

MRR: FAVORITE MOVIE?
Shayson: Friday
Jeff: Hard Day's Night
Ed: Rock & Roll High School
Rob: Patton (laughs).

The Resinators first EP is available for $4 from Dart Records, PO Box 1843, Fargo, ND. 58107

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SUMMER SPECIAL CLASSIC

PUNK Zine Of The Month P.U.N.K. People Under No King

People Under No King zine, or P.U.N.K., is a Bay Area zine that first made a name for itself back in the early nineties when the East Bay scene was flourishing, and Gilman in particular was host to countless shows that some now consider to be legendary based on the bands that not only played at Gilman, but that also volunteered at the club. The club had it's own social scene within a scene, and P.U.N.K. along with other zines like Absolutely Zippo were there to document that moment in time. P.U.N.K. went into hiatus in the mid-nineties, and for all intensive purposes it seemed to be just another relic of what was once a much more fertile scene. In the last couple of years, the Bay Area punk scene has been undergoing a resurgence in the underground, and as a testament to the exciting crop of new bands and blood, P.U.N.K. has returned!

Interview was conducted with Susan Seger and Loki at the MRR house on a Saturday afternoon in May, **by Jay Unidos.**

MRR: Are the both of you from the Bay Area, and if not, then what are some of the reasons you're here?

SUSAN: I originally came here for a few reasons. For the punk scene, because there has always been a raging punk scene here and it's got a great tradition of all these bands and people. I also came here to go to school for a little while. I also came here because I could be freer with my - how do I say this? - my gender expression. When I started really going to shows at Gilman in 1990, I was driving up from San Luis Obispo. I moved up here in 1992.

LOKI: I was born in Pittsburgh, Pensylvania, and I lived in McKees Rocks which is 7 to 10 miles outside of Pittsburgh on the Ohio River. I moved out here when I was ten, when my parents split up. What brought me out here was my mom dragging me, kicking and screaming, onto an airplane. I've basically been here ever since.

MRR: At what age did you two get into punk rock, and did you immediately get involved with your local scenes?

SUSAN: I started out in my early teens and very quickly went from just the shitty A.M. station that was in my town to becoming a Synthpop New Wavo, then quickly discovered the Ramones, the Sex Pistols, and all of the hardcore that was happening at the time. It's been down hill ever since. It was great because when I was in high school I was the only one into punk. I remember that there was this girl who used to write for our high school newspaper, and she reviewed The Decline Of Western Civilization, the first X album, and Black Flag's "Damaged", and I guess I've always had this open minded tendency to seek out what's radical and what's interesting.

MRR: Was there a scene in San Luis Obispo?

SUSAN: SUPRISINGLY, THERE WAS A PRETTY GOOD SCENE FOR A SMALL CITY OF FORTY TO FORTY-FIVE THOUSAND. IT WAS COOL BECAUSE IT'S EXACTLY BETWEEN THE BAY AREA AND LA, AND SO YOU GET BANDS ON TOUR. THEY'LL HIT THE BAY AREA AND THEN GO DOWN TO LA, AND IN BETWEEN THEY'D PLAY SAN LUIS OBISPO. WE HAD BGK, RAW POWER, 7 SECONDS, CORROSION OF CONFORMITY, AND BLACK FLAG WOULD PLAY THERE. WE ALSO HAD A LOT OF COMMUNICATION WITH BANDS FROM FRESNO, LIKE CAPITOL PUNISHMENT, AND SOME OF THE BANDS FROM OXNARD LIKE ILL REPUTE AND AGRESSION WOULD PLAY THERE. SO WE HAD A PRETTY THRIVING SCENE.

MRR: In what ways did you become active in the scene? Was it just going to shows? Doing a zine?

SUSAN: First it was just reading zines and mail ordering records from Europe and stuff, then I started going to shows and meeting people. I really liked taking pictures. I had this shitty Polaroid camera, and I just started taking pictures at shows in 1985.

LOKI: I was thirteen when I first got into punk, and I was in the eighth grade. My friend Charlie, who was my best friend at the time, came to pick me up from school one morning and he had a copy of "Never Mind The Bollocks" by the Sex Pistols. He made me listen to it, and I totally lost my mind. So I went out and got my own copy, and that's all I listened to for months until I discovered the Dead Kennedys. However, the world tilted on its axis after hearing "Damaged" by Black Flag. From there I got into the Exploited, Fear, the Circle Jerks, and the Germs and whoever. The funny thing is that before I was into punk I was into the whole white power thing, which I was actually into for a few years. I can't really explain how I gave up on that, but fortunately I did.

As for the scene, I had no idea about Gilman or any of the bands that were around at the time. I'm only in my early twenties, so this was the early nineties. I didn't know about Blatz or Filth or Econochrist or anything like that. How I found out about Gilman was on this shopping trip with my mom in West Berkeley, and we were driving to the freeway when she points out this warehouse. She

was like, "My friend's daughter told me that they have punk shows there all the time, and it's all ages, and it's really cheap to get in." I was like, "Ah bullshit." I thought that if there were still punk bands around at that time, then they probably all sounded like Nirvana. Little did I know. I sort of forgot about it for some time, and then when I was fifteen I met some of the kids from the Unhappy. They were just one of those, you know, kids playing punk rock. Except they were the kind that would run away from home and squat on Telegraph for a month. So that was kind of like my in, and I called up the Gilman hotline and found out that the Unhappy were playing a show, and that was that. I WAS ALREADY PLAYING MUSIC, BUT I THINK THAT GOING TO GILMAN AND SEEING PEOPLE MY OWN AGE PLAYING IN BANDS AND DOING ZINES REALLY INSPIRED ME TO GET MY SHIT TOGETHER, AND TO DO SOMETHING ALONG THOSE LINES.

MRR: I guess this one for you (Susan). When did you get the idea to do a zine? Was P.U.N.K. your first zine?

SUSAN: No, P.U.N.K. was not my first zine. My first zine was called A-Political, which is spelled circle A - Political. I started it in 1985 in San Luis Obispo County. My big thing back then was I really was what you might call a politico. I wanted to combine punk rock with political activism, like anarchism and socialism. I was also just finding out about the amazing bands that were coming out of Europe and Japan and South America. So I had a lot of interviews and features on bands like Terveet Kadet, Rattus, Upright Citizens, the Wretched...

LOKI: All those bands that we worship now.

SUSAN: Absolutely. All the bands that are just considered legendary. I thought they were great bands back then, and they still are. So I did four issues of that. It wasn't really as photo intensive as P.U.N.K. is, but it still had photos in it, and it had all the usual shit in it like scene news and music reviews. My last issue came out in February of 1987.

I started doing P.U.N.K. in San Luis County, and I started that in early 1992. That was when I was heavily going to shows at Gilman and the Bay Area. Quickly after that I moved up here. I just took shitloads and shitloads of pictures during 1992, 1993, and 1994. So I just filled the zine with pictures, and we had some interviews.

Susan and Loki of P.U.N.K. outside of the MRR house.

MRR: So why did P.U.N.K. go away for several years, and then reemerge suddenly with Loki on board as a major contributor?

SUSAN: I just lost interest in putting out a zine. I don't know why. I can't really explain it. I still took pictures. I took massive amounts of pictures in 1994-95, and at the end of 1995 I stopped going to shows on a regular basis. I was going to like one show every two months, because I was going through some financial troubles, and some other personal issues. I had to go out and get my shit together, which I eventually did. I started going to shows again in like late 1998, and got re-involved in the scene. I pretty much rediscovered all of the amazing thrash and hardcore that is coming out now, which is just totally inspiring. I just can't fucking get enough of that.

MRR: And at what point did you decide to start People Under No King up again?

SUSAN: I wanted to do something for the scene because I noticed that there weren't that many zines around at all, and hardly any that covered local scene news. I thought that was apalling, and that we should do something about it. There are just all of these amazing bands around now that should be documented, and that people should know about.

LOKI: I met Susan at Gilman, and I knew who she was from reading old issues of the zine. She came up to me one night after a show and asked me to do a Bay Area scene report, because she was going to bring back People Under No King. I was like, "Ah cool! Fuck, sure I'll do it." I had a few failed zine publishing experiences, and I still had a lot of record and show reviews left over from that. I was like, "So I've got some show reviews and some record reviews. Can I throw those in there?", and she was like, "Yeah sure, whatever you want to do." It just kind of snowballed from there.

MRR: Were people suprised by P.U.N.K.'s return?

SUSAN: Yes they were. A lot of people thought I had just went away and died or something. It was amazing to see how many people remembered the zine from the early nineties, because I thought it was just this silly little local zine, but people were genuinely into it.

MRR: Is P.U.N.K. only about the music, or does it try to cover the scene from a lifestyle standpoint as well?

SUSAN: I think that by photographing bands and doing record reviews, and the usual zine shit like that, hopefully we'll get to the heart of what punk culture is. It is our own culture, and it needs to be promoted. It needs to be documented by people in the scene, and not by somebody outside of the scene, because then it just becomes bastardized and fucked up. That's when you get fucking Epitaph Records, and all that shit. I'm not really into combining politics with punk anymore. I lost interest in that a long time ago, but we still had a photo documentary on the gentrification of San Francisco which has to do with the scene here. It's mainly the music and what goes along with it.

MRR: Why did you lose interest in politics? Was that from a sense of helplessness, or hopelessness?

SUSAN: You know how a lot of punks are really naive about politics, and they think that punk rock is going to be some kind of social movement that's going to change the world? I think that's pretty ridiculous. It's pretty obviously a music based undeground subculture/counter culture. I think I just got real about the whole thing. I mean I consider myself a socialist politically, and I've never hated capitalism more than I do now because I've actually gone out into the world and worked and been kicked in the face about a thousand times by the system. It's obvious that punk rock is not going to change the world, I mean c'mon.

LOKI: I think that punk rock can change people on an individual basis, and that's basically good enough. I agree with Eric from the Nerve Agents' philosophy that "one will do," and that sort of thing. I don't think that Johnny Rotten is going to be leading a band of like-minded punks to the White House to overthrow the government anytime soon. I don't think there is going to be the widespread anarchist revolution that some people hope there will be. Honestly, if we didn't have fucked up leaders running everything, what would punk bands sing about anyway? As silly as that might sound. I listen to some political punk bands, but not really because they're political. As stupid as it may sound, I like them more for the music than the lyrics. All too often, the lyrics for most political punk bands are really just generic and cliched. I mean how many times can you say, "SMASH THE STATE!" over and over again? But at the same time, fuck, if these issues are still prevalent, then the bands might as well sing about them.

MRR: You mentioned Epitaph Records a moment ago, and so how is Epitaph bad for punk, and how do you differentiate between a band like the Nerve Agents and any of the bands on Epitaph? Musically, mentality wise, and in terms of their relationship to capitalism?

SUSAN: FOR ME, MUSICALLY AND CULTURALLY PUNK ROCK SEEMS A LOT MORE REAL TO ME WHEN IT'S TOTALLY D.I.Y. I JUST FEEL THE FORCE OF THE MUSIC IN A GREAT LOCAL BAND LIKE BLOWN TO BITS OR WHAT HAPPENS NEXT OR THE SUBTONIX, WHO ARE JUST DOING IT BY THEMSELVES. I remember when Rancid was playing house parties and just starting off as this shitty local band at Gilman, and then they got good and they were one of the most amazing bands I'd seen live. They played this party at Fraggle's house, and they just played for an hour, and it was insanely good. I'm not going to criticize them for going for the bucks or whatever, but it's just that their music has suffered since they've done that. It totally has.

LOKI: Now the Nerve Agents have signed to Epitaph. Say what you will about that - I'm friends with a couple of people in the band - and if that's what they want to do that's fine. I have a feeling the music is going to suffer from that, because it seems like everything Epitaph touches just turns to shit. Look at bands like the Distillers for a perfect example. I used to be against the whole punk bands being on major labels kind of thing, but at the same time I like Motorhead and Black Sabbath. Neither of those bands were ever particularly d.i.y.

MRR: It was a different time wasn't it? There wasn't an underground d.i.y network the magnitude of what there is now.

LOKI: Plus they're metal bands (laughter). I know what you are talking about, but I just find it kind of contradicting. Most hip hop I listen to is on major labels, and so I'm not going to get too down on it.

MRR: You brought up hip hop. In my circle of friends, that's one of the reasons we don't listen to a lot of hip hop, because it is on major labels, and that it is driven in the same direction as major label rock music is. There are exceptions, like local crews that put there stuff out d.i.y style, but how do you differentiate between listening to major label hip hop groups, but not listening to punk bands that are on major labels?

LOKI: Oh, but I do listen to punk rock bands that are on major labels. Like I mean the Clash and stuff like that.

MRR: New, I mean a majority of new hip hop is coming out on major labels.

LOKI: As far as new punk bands go, most of the stuff I listen to is generally too harsh to be on major labels. Except for George Clinton, Isaac Hayes, and Curtis Mayfield, none of which are punk rock in the least.

SUSAN: When you start doing music for just monetary reasons it's going to suffer, because you're going to cater to the mainstream. You're going to make your music more melodic, more sing-a-long, or whatever, and it's going to be weak. Let's have more bands like Code 13, and all those great Japanese bands like Jellyroll Rockheads and Crucial Section.

MRR: Loki, you seem so bitter at the scene sometimes, and what the scene is about, or at least how you've been treated. What are some of your thoughts on that subject?

LOKI: Oh, I'm not that bitter. I'm just as enthusiastic about the scene as the next person. I never really wanted to be one of those people that's old and jaded, and like sitting on their front porch with a double barreled shotgun full of rock salt yelling, "Get away from Attitude Adjustment records you little shits!" Actually I find myself becoming increasingly bored with shows, because maybe I've just heard way too many bands or something, but it doesn't seem like a whole lot of bands that are coming out these days are giving me that same thrill as when I first heard Black Flag. I don't know. There are very few bands around today that are capable of doing that. Nine Shocks Of Terror are one of them, and I guess WHAT HAPPENS NEXT kind of does that for me. I guess I'm bitter, but hopefully not too jaded. I still go to shows. I go to just about every hardcore show Gilman has, even the "tough guy" shows.

MRR: And you book shows.

LOKI: Once in a while.

SUSAN: He buys lots of CDs and records.

Zine Of The Month

LOKI: I'll live off Top Ramen and macaroni and cheese for the rest of my life as long as it means I can increase my record collection to what I want it to be, which is kind of like this (Loki points to the MRR record collection) sitting in the other room (Laughter).

MRR: If you had to put your finger on what's different in the East Bay punk scene in 2001 as compared to 1991, what would it be? What are some of the things you'd like to bring back, and what are some of the things that you were glad to see go?

LOKI: I'll say this much, people at Gilman don't seem to be nearly as adventurous as what I've heard about the early Gilman scene. From like the mid-eighties to the early nineties. People always come to Gilman, and they are like, "Oh, we want to do different things with the club," and like for instance they just got this video screen and a projector, but they (Gilman volunteers) don't want to do anything good with it. They just want to show Rocknroll High School on a Sunday afternoon, for which ten people are probably going to show up. So I brought up the idea at a membership meeting to have a couple of bands and some movies that were actually made by punk rockers. I wanted to have that show on a Friday or Saturday, and not have it on a Sunday because that's fucking weak. Okay, it's not 1989, and it's not coming back. There's not going to be a replacement for BLATZ or FILTH or any of those fucking bands. Yet, you have all these people who say, "I wish it were that time again," and you know what? The scene has outgrown you. It's time to move on.

SUSAN: One big thing I noticed is a kind of splintering of the scene into all these factions like tough guys who know hardcore and straightedge, and emo, and thrash, and just all those fucking categories. The scenes don't intermingle anymore. Like ten years ago you had Spitboy playing with the Mentors as an extreme example. You would regularly see GREEN DAY play with SLEEP, with NEUROSIS, with ECONOCHRIST, with fucking FIFTEEN, and that was a normal show.

LOKI: I even kind of remember when you'd go to a party and there were like punks and skins and crusties and Oi! people all hanging out. I don't know what happened, but all of a sudden everything is very genre-specific and everything is really just polarized. I mean at Gilman I did a show once with Excruciating Terror, like total dusthead grindcore from LA; and then the Sacto Hoods. So you got all the straightedge, tough guy, hardcore kids or whatever the fuck you want to call them, would come out to see them. And then right in the middle of the bill was Atom & His Package. That was like one of my favorite shows I've ever done.

MRR: Could Crash Worship, The Insaints, or even a Blatz happen today at Gilman?

LOKI: DUDE, IF BLATZ HAPPENED TODAY THEY'D BE LAUGHED OFF THE FUCKING STAGE.

SUSAN: I don't know about that. They were crazy enough. Kind of like in the way that WHAT HAPPENS NEXT is now, in just the way they would fucking go off. You also had a part of the question that said, what would I not like to see not come back? There definitely got to be this extreme snobbery about the East Bay scene, where people just thought they were totally the shit. Not everyone in the scene was like that, but it really got out of hand for a while. It definitely lead to people being snobby and elitist for no fucking good reason.

MRR: Does it seem like there are a lot of new bands coming out now, and that the scene is rejuvinating itself? So that maybe there is something to look foward to in the future, instead of constantly looking to the past?

SUSAN: There are a lot of bands around. There are a shitload of bands you can see, and I think that a lot of it has to do with the fact that old scenesters stick around, and the tradition is there. The roots are there. It's not really going away, despite all of this fucked up gentrification that's been happening. Hopefully that's slowing down. Like we have Max doing the 625 label, and we have Ken doing Prank, and we have people doing labels, and awesome bands. You know how bands break up, and their members split off and form new bands.
LOKI: Bands don't die, they multiply.
SUSAN: We have plenty of that. Hopefully people will continue to move here and add new blood to the scene, and local kids will continue to get involved. One of the great things about Gilman was creating this very grassroot based punk scene, which was pretty awesome to see.
MRR: What are some of the most recent trends that you notice taking place in the Bay Area punk scene?
LOKI: AS FOR TRENDS, IT SEEMS LIKE IN THE **HARDCORE** SCENE -THAT WE TAKE PART IN- EVERYONE IS DECKED OUT IN BANDANAS. IT SEEMS LIKE IT'S EITHER THRASH OR **EMO**, AND I'D RATHER HAVE THRASH BE TRENDY THAN A BUNCH OF WHINY LOSERS THAT HAVE NEVER HEARD OF **RITES OF SPRING**. What I'm starting to see is that slowly but surely more real hardcore bands are starting to pop up around here. Like BLOWN TO BITS totally does the whole Swedish Discore thing beautifully. I would love to see that band put out eight million records, and never break up ever. There's this new band called HELL AFTER DARK, which is a total East Bay supergroup and they're supposedly total Poison Idea-type hardcore. Okay, one legendary East Bay person (John Sumrall from Econochrist, Ojorojo, Pig Iron), but whatever. It definitely seems that hardcore is on the rise around here. When I talk about hardcore I'm not talking about what Robert from WHAT HAPPENS NEXT likes to term "chugga-chugga meathead music." But there are good representatives from that scene, and not just reactionary lame shit. The fact that hardcore is making a comeback is totally fine by me, because the East Bay has been known as a pop punk scene for far too long. Unfortunately, some people at Gilman don't seem to be very open to that, but that's their tough shit. They dropped the ball on touring hardcore bands this summer for sure: Tear It Up and Melee are just two bands coming through that are playing at Burnt Ramen Studios or Mission Records, but not at Gilman. Oh well.
MRR: This question is for both of you, since you are now a zinester Loki. What do you plan to do with P.U.N.K. in the future?
SUSAN: It's really lame how people say, "Oh you should have an e-zine only." I just like having a zine in my hands, that you can read and look at. I think it's pretty disappointing the way there aren't that many zines around. Your zine is great to have around, but there aren't that many music oriented zines. There are a lot of personal zines around. Some, like COMETBUS, which is a work of genius, but the ones that try to follow in Aaron's style just fall on their face dude. You know a lot of those zines don't really even have anything to do with punk rock. Nothing against that, but we just like to stay centered on the punk rock scene.
LOKI: The only personal zine I used to ever like reading was called Goblin's Armpit, and the guy who used to put that zine together was just recruited to write what will hopefully become a regular column in P.U.N.K.. Personal zines definitely annoy the shit out of me. I don't give a fuck what's going on in somebody's private life. I mean I don't even like COMETBUS, at all. You can argue with me until you're blue in the face, but I've never, ever read an issue of COMETBUS that I actually enjoyed reading. Then like Susan said, you have all of these zines following in Aaron's footsteps, and that's lame. There's definitely a lack of music zines around here, and that's definitely the purpose I think our little zine serves. It just can't be HITLIST and MAXIMUM arguing over hip hop fashion in every issue. SHORT FAST and LOUD was a good zine from around here, but Chris Dodge relocated to Alhambra, so they don't count (laughter).
MRR: Are those zines or magazines?
SUSAN: Those are more national zines. Ours is more explicity a local zine.
MRR: Local zines rule, right?
SUSAN: Absolutely. Anyone can do it, and seriously, just look at our zine. It's such a basic concept. Like all you do is go to shows and take pictures and put them in a zine, and anybody can do that. I'm really suprised that more people don't actually.
MRR: What happened to Zippo?
SUSAN: Robert (Eggplant) does the occasional one like every few years. He actually came out with a massive book, a bound book of all of his back issues.
LOKI: And he sells it for a quarter! He sells this big, huge, fucking book, full of almost every issue of Absolutely Zippo for a fucking quarter. That guy is going to lose his shirt, and that's totally fucking awesome.
SUSAN: That's punk as fuck.

PUNK

Issues 1-6 of P.U.N.K. are $3 cash only/postage paid, and issues 7 & 8 are $4 cash only/postage paid.

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WHAT HAPPENS NEXT
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IN THE PIT!

MRR: We are sitting down with Mick Rossi, guitarist of the legendary Slaughter and the Dogs. Mr. Rossi, lets talk about the old days first...I read a couple of different biographies and one of them said that Slaughter and the Dogs started in 1975 or 1976.

Mick: It was 1975.

MRR: From the beginning it was you and Wayne Barrett?

Mick: Yes, we went to the same high school together, at a school called Sharston High. He was a year above me in school. We became mates. We were into Bowie and Lou Reed, that type of thing, so we became mates and decided to start a band. It actually started with him and me just talking about it at school, you know? The actual first rehearsal we had was at his mom's house, and I had an acoustic guitar which my mom had bought me for six quid, which is about ten dollars. He had a cheap mic, which he bought off a friend for a tenner, about fifteen dollars—taped it to a bird cage stand, and that was our first rehearsal. This was early 1975—It kind of started from there.

MRR: You guys met in high school in a suburb of Manchester.

Mick: Yeah, a place called Wythenshawe, which is a real tough neighborhood, but it's nice. You get grounded very quickly 'cause it's all about being on the streets there, it's very working class. No one had any jobs, everyone was either on the dole, which is the equivalent to welfare, or you'd go robbin'; you'd go boostin' things.

John Witmer (guitarist for The Stitches): We heard that Wythenshawe was the skinhead capital of Northern England at that time.

Mick: Well, it's because of Manchester United and Manchester City. There's such a huge punk rock scene that a lot of it is based there—the core if it. We grew up in and out of that.

John: Do you support Manchester United?

Mick: I've been supporting City. But to tell you the truth, when I discovered music I strayed away from football.

MRR: What was the music scene like in Manchester while you were growing up?

Mick: There was 10CC, and a band called Sad Cafe. Sad Cafe were friends of ours—they were kind of the scene. There was a band called Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias. That was basically it, and dinosaurs. We came along and hustled things up a little bit. We really weren't versed in music—we brought attitude to it before music. There was no scene at all in Manchester back then, in terms of punk rock.

MRR: Your interest in Mick Ronson started from his playing with Bowie.

Mick: That's right.

MRR: That would be 1972 with Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars.

Mick: Ziggy, yeah, yeah.

MRR: Mick Ronson was from Northern England also?

Mick: Yeah, he was from the north of England—a place called Hull. Mick Ronson was my hero! In fact, Mick gave me his Les Paul guitar!

John: Which one, the brown one?

Mick: Yeah, the wood grain one. As you know, Mick passed away, God bless him.

MRR: What was your first impression of Wayne Barrett?

Mick: I remember meeting Wayne at school, and he had a green belted jacket on. I looked down at his shoes, and they were these red suede shoes with a yellow star on them. These were bought in a place called Oasis, in Manchester, which was the place where you bought all the cool stuff at the time. They had loons. Remember loons? With the split knee, flares, with the "V." He had these wacky shoes and jacket on, and I thought, "He looks pretty good." We later found out our influences were the same: Bowie, Rolling Stones, Roxy Music. Being a David Bowie fan was how I got into Mick Ronson. Mick was a really big influence.

MRR: There was also a glam scene at that time—did your fan base start out with glam fans more than the punks?

Mick: Yes, especially in Manchester. Funny enough, Bruce, they're still there. Now it's coming full circle. When we played Tokyo in December, there were more glam kids than punks. A lot of make-up, not KISS type

make-up, but, you know, Bowie type-thing. Which to me was great!

MRR: Wayne used to put the talcum powder all over himself.

Mick: It was an accident, how it came about...We had a gig at a place called Eric's Club in Liverpool, it's this famous place. Wayne was sick. It was an important gig for us because we had record companies coming down. He was real sick, and was getting the sweats. The talcum powder was to cool him down, you know, so he wouldn't sweat. So, minutes before he went on stage, I'm saying, "Let me talcum you down," and the top came off and it got all over him. He went on stage and shook it off. So, that's how that came about.

MRR: Then he started to do it regularly.

Mick: Yeah, he looked cool, I thought. We were like, fuck it let's keep it, that's pretty good. It was a combination of that glam with a very English thing, which we didn't quite know what was going on. We were just finding our way, you know.

John: Did you listen to Slade in those days?

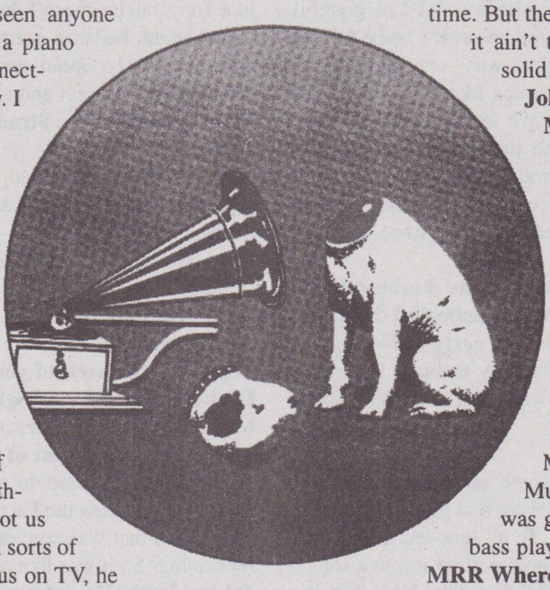
Mick: Slade was great. Noddy Holder—he was a big influence.

MRR: You worked with the drummer from Mott the Hoople later on?

Mick: He produced our second album. Morgan Fisher, he played keyboards on a couple of tracks.

John: Did he produce it?

Mick: Yeah. You know what, I've never seen anyone break a piano string. Morgan Fisher broke a piano string—incredible. It was all kind of interconnected with the glam, the Bowie thing, you know. I thought it was great.



MRR: You managed to hustle your way onto some pretty significant bills. Like the one at the Lesser Free Trade Hall in Manchester?

Mick: Yeah the Lesser Free Trade Hall. We had a little bit of a reputation. Locally we were getting a lot of press, and we did a tiny bit of TV.

MRR: But in London, they didn't know of you yet.

Mick: Not really, no. In Manchester, it was like, "local boys make good." It was one of those cheesy things. But it was really my brother, who was our manager at the time, who got us the gig. He was instrumental in pulling off all sorts of things. He got us Manchester Radio, he got us on TV, he got us some press. Then the Sex Pistols,...I think it was only their fourth gig.. announced.that they were coming to Manchester. We had already done the Free Trade Hall and had maybe a hundred and fifty people came—which was a lot for those days. So, my brother called up McClaren, and says "We should do this gig with you." He said, "Okay." My brother was good at pulling angles.

MRR: Well, didn't he tell McClaren that you were immensely popular in Manchester?

Mick: Oh yeah, he did. He said we were huge and had sold it out. We had sold the place out in an hour. Which we didn't, you know, we sold a hundred and fifty tickets out of the four hundred...

MRR: It sounds like your brother was a pretty good salesman at the time.

Mick: He was great! He was really instrumental in getting us down to London and getting us signed.

MRR: Did he manage you further along?

Mick: He managed us up until the second album. He went out to get money for our first demo. You know those grids on the street, like the sewer drain grates?

MRR: Right.

Mick: He stole all of them. Put them in a van. Took them to a place to be weighed in for scrap—where they pay you for the metal. That's how we got our first demo made.

MRR: Those grids must be heavy.

Mick: They're very heavy. My brother had an old, old Ford van, and we saw him—the van was riding very low in the back—going off to the scrap yard. He came back, and had something like 500 pounds, which is about $800. We went in and did "Boston Babies" and "Runaway."

MRR: Were you writing the music and Wayne was writing the lyrics?

Mick: That's how it always is. Yeah.

MRR: I've read that in 1977 or 1978 when you would gig, Wayne would leave for France, and you would patch up the band , and he would come back, and then you'd have a couple of back and forth emotional things, but no hard feelings.

Mick: Yeah. He went his way for a while, then we kissed and made up. It's like being married, it really is. You know what it's like. How it worked out was, we were playing a place called Jebus in Paris, and we were doing five shows there. On the fourth day Wayne met this girl... he met this French girl who was really, really nice. And he didn't come home. That was it.

MRR: No phone call? No letter?

Mick: No phone call, no nothin'. Then he started being a little unreliable with things. We found out he was going back to France and then he'd fuck off and come back. There was a lot of turbulence at that time. But then, you know, when the dust settles, you see it ain't that bad. Now it's great! Wayne and I are solid now.

John: It said on the website you had met Mad Muffet on a bus and you just asked him to play drums?

Mick: Yeah.

MRR: You started talking about music, and he said, "Oh yeah, I'm a drummer..."

Mick: Yeah, it was one of those things. He said, "Yeah, I'm a drummer," went like this (thump, thump, thump). We went, "he must be good, look he knows how to do that," John: What about Howard Bates, where did you meet him?

Mick: He lived on the same counsel estate as Muffet. He lived a couple of blocks down. He was great. They were good guys. He was a great bass player.

MRR Where does Wayne live now?

Mick: Wayne lives in France now. He lives in Lyon. It's funny though, because I hadn't seen him in a long time. When we started doing these festivals, Darren Russell called me up , and said, "Do you want to do this festival?" I said, "I don't know...." Then I said, "Okay, we'll do it for this much." He fainted, and said, "Well, I'll offer you this much." We worked out a deal, and then I flew to France. I hadn't seen Wayne for many years.

MRR: Not even spoken to him or anything?

Mick: No, no. Cause I went off and did a few different things, worked on some different records. He greeted me with a fluent French accent with a Manchester edge on it. Which is the strangest thing because a Manchester accent is strong—imagine that with fluent French accent.

MRR: You have been married how long?

Mick: For six years.

MRR: What's your wife's name?

Mick: Sile.

MRR: Is that why you're in the States somewhat permanently—because of her career?

Mick: Well, it's a bit of both. I went to live in Ireland for a year, in Dublin. Sile's Irish. I had been to the United States many times. In fact, I used to go and stay with Mick Ronson in Woodstock, New York—that where Mick used to live. I'd also hang out in LA. So, I thought I would give it a change of pace and come out here. It was parallel lines with

what Sile wanted to do. I thought, "Why not?"

MRR: Los Angeles is where you are playing music or producing bands?

Mick: Both. And writing. And I started doing some stuff with Steve Jones from the Sex Pistols—a fun band called the Usual Suspects. I like being here. I go back and forth. I've done some movies as well, some acting. To tell you the truth, whatever comes my way—if I get a job, I'll do it.

MRR: You must be very excited about the resurgence of Slaughter and the Dogs popularity.

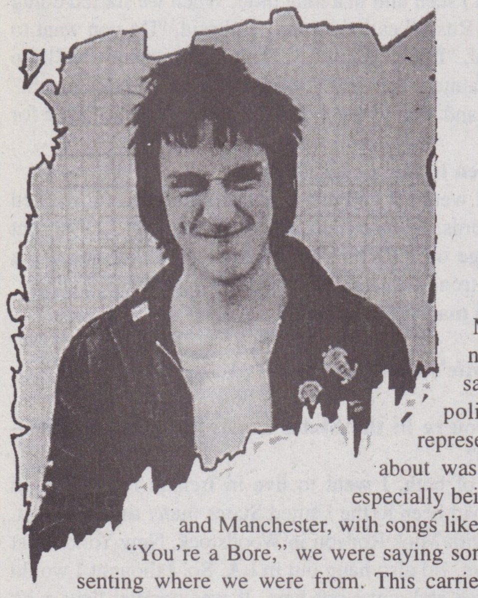
Mick: I'm fuckin' stunned. I'm happy and I'm grateful. That's it. All of the above. I'm very excited, you know. It's come full circle, you know. The good thing about Slaughter was—we just stopped, we didn't milk it, and didn't have sixty line-ups like a lot of bands I know. We just stopped, and that was that. We left a bunch of songs behind which I thought really captured the time. They were honest songs. That's why we survived on an underground level, and it has come back around, all these years later. There's certainly something special Wayne and I have as a partnership; especially as a stage presence between the two of us.

MRR: In retrospect, do you find it unusual that the skinhead bands and the Oi! bands have embraced you so enthusiastically? That wasn't really the kind of music you started playing early on?

Mick: Yeah, it's a little unusual. I'm glad that they embrace us. I think with songs like "Where Have All The Bootboys Gone?" may have something to do with that.

MRR: Oh yeah.

Mick: But really, that song was about some people we knew in Manchester who we hung around with. They were real guys—"Hammie, Bugs, and John"—that was the lyric in there. To us, that was a document of what would happens on a Saturday afternoon, putting it into a song. I think in the song "Cranked Up Really High," that "Na, Na," part is a kind of anthem-like thing at the end. But hey, Bruce, I fuckin' love it. And the skinheads are very well behaved, and they are great, you know. They support us and we support them.



MRR: Do you have strong feelings about politics?

Mick: On a whole, we never really went out to say, "Okay, this is a real political thing." To us, representing what we were about was a statement in itself, especially being from Wythenshawe and Manchester, with songs like, "We Don't Care" and "You're a Bore," we were saying something—it was representing where we were from. This carries over and spreads to other subjects. Consciously, no, we're not really a political band that tries to lay down a statement or something. But subliminally, in the lyrics, there is something being said.

MRR: It does seem to comment on some of the frustrations of the working class life.

Mick: Absolutely. "Keep On Trying" is another one. Being from where we were raised, it was a very repressed working class set up. It was either prison or music, that's it. Prison or music. After Wayne and I actually met—we were talking about the band, and we had taken jobs, we had two jobs that didn't work out. After that music was it—we went into music full time. So the only way out, truly out, was if you were blessed with being able to go to college and get a higher education, which would allow you to see things differently. But if you are a working class kid, you don't have that. It's football, it's fighting, it's thieving. Thank God for music.

John: What was the London scene like when you guys first went there? Did you experience any hostility because you were from out of town?

Mick: Not really. The only hostility I experienced, and now he's one of my dear friends, was Tony James from Generation X. He used to think that because you were from up north, you were stupid. Because it had a stigma with it—there was a tinge of that, and it was only from people like Tony, but he doesn't do it anymore. He's a friend now. On the whole, it was great, because everyone was excited by the music. At the time there were only .about seven bands. That was all. There were the Sex Pistols, Subway Sect and about five others.

MRR: Probably the Stranglers and the Damned had to be included, right?

Mick: Stranglers, Damned, Pistols, us, Subway Sect, and the Buzzcocks. And that was it. So it was like a real gang, and everyone was, like, thumbs up to you.

John: You guys were the first band to leave Manchester and go play in London?

Mick: Yeah. We were the first band to record out of Manchester—to record punk rock.

MRR: On the heels of your success, people like the Adverts and the Lurkers followed suit right?

Mick: Sure, and the Buzzcocks. We were before the Buzzcocks.

MRR: You knew most of those guys, or had met them, I assume.

Mick: Sure. We used to rehearse in a place in Manchester near the Factory. You know the Factory, the famous Factory? There was a big old warehouse that was converted, and we'd see Joy Division, the Fall, all rehearsing. So it was like a melting pot waiting to happen. It was great.

John: Martin Hanett produced your first seven inch.

Mick: Fuck you, you know everything! Jesus Christ! Yeah, that's right.

John: Martin Zero at the time.

Mick: Yeah, Martin Hanett, God bless him. He's passed on now too. Yeah—Tosh Ryan approached us, my brother set it up. He went to see Tosh Ryan, the founder of Rabid Records, who was managing Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias. And Tosh said, "We're going to do a single for you, because we were getting quite popular. And we're going to form a label called Rabid Records. And he's going to produce you." And we went, "Oh, alright, thanks!" And we went into a little studio in a place called Disburey in Manchester. We cranked three songs out—it was done. Wayne sang the vocals in the john because the studio was so small. It cost us two corned beef sandwiches to record. That was it.

MRR: And it sounds great.

Mick: Thank you. Yeah, it does. It still sounds killer.

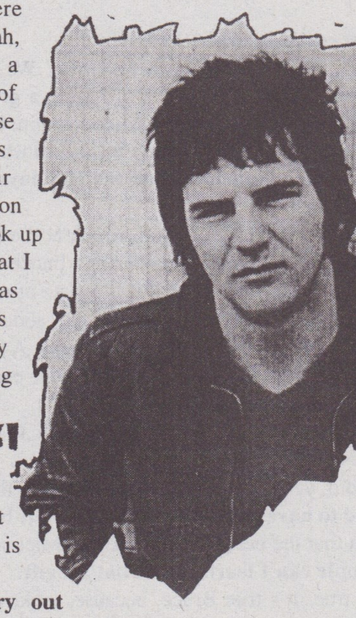
John: Those weren't your first recordings—actually the TJM 12" was recorded in '76.

Mick: No, we recorded the TJM songs later, We did "That's All Right," and "Edgar Allan Poe," and we put that 1976 date on there as a favor to TJM. They sound great. I like "Edgar Allan Poe" because, what I did—(to John)—as a guitarist, you'll appreciate this....I did two solos, totally different, overlapping each other. I thought it would be weird you know. Two totally different ones, and laid them over.

John: Yeah, I can see that now.
Mick: The reason I used that was because that's what Mick Ronson did on the song "Man Who Sold the World," and it sounded killer. So I thought, "I'll fuckin' try it."
MRR: How did your deal with Decca come about?
Mick: It came about, Bruce, by going up to London, doing the Open Anchor, the Roxie Club, building and building our reputation—gigging up and down, from north to south. There were a few companies that would chase us at the time. We were doing these shows, back and forth, London, Liverpool, Birmingham. There were four record companies after us, and Decca was one of them. At the time, everyone had to have a punk band. They offered the best deal.
MRR: Decca picked up Cock Sparrer shortly there after.
Mick: That was later on the same year.
MRR: They were trying to build a stable of punk rock bands, and it really didn't work out for you or Cock Sparrer on that label, did it?
Mick: Not really. Yes and no, really, Bruce. I wouldn't just lay the blame on them. I think we were naive, and....snotty little bastards, really! It was just very quick for us. When we signed we went into the studio and basically recorded the set we had been playing. The good thing that came out of it was that "Do It Dog Style" turned out to be a pretty good record. There's some good stuff on there. The bad thing about it was that we were naive and really didn't know what was going on. Egos got in the way. That is the honest answer—egos did start rubbing each other up the wrong way and there was a lot of confusion really. It kind of just fell apart.

On that recording session for "Do It Dog Style," Mick Ronson came down and played on two tracks. I remember calling him up like a little child, "Mick, we got a record deal," and "I just got my first Gibson," and I couldn't speak. Then I says, "Do you want to come down and play on a couple of tracks?" And he says, "Yes." And I was so stunned . He was so great! This was my hero. Fuckin' comes down and plugs in, and I was overwhelmed!.....And you know the greatest thing? I'm digressing, but I'll get back to your point, the greatest thing is... I didn't know about sound. I bought a Marshall, and just turned it on, I didn't fuckin' know. And Mick came down, brought his guitar down, and he put it on. He went, "Hold on a minute." and he went (insert noise effects here) ch-ch-ch. And there was the Ziggy Stardust sound. And I was like Yeah! When he went out of the room, I was copying him, you know. It was so cool just having him there....and he played on these tracks...it was just great. He was just the greatest you know. So all of that was great, the was a great experience. After the record came out, we did a big tour to support the record, and I think it was when we got back from that tour, that the ruck set in. It was naiveté, jealousy, arrogance, and a there was a lot of money floating around which didn't come our way and then, we got a nice chunk of change. It was just a combination of a lot of things—and then we went our separate ways.
John: How did you meet Mick Ronson originally?
Mick: I was a fan, you know. He played Manchester just after Bowie. You know when you're a kid and you hustle down front—I hustled down the front of the stage, and was shouting up to Mick. He looked down,...he fuckin' looked at me, he looked right at me!! I felt great! So a buddy of mine, and myself, went to Sheffield, which isn't far from Manchester, for the next night. Same thing, hustled down front And I was calling to Ronno, and.....He looked at me again, he knew it was me!
MRR: That was your nickname for him?
Mick: Ronno, yeah, that's what we used to call him. So, they used to have those tour buses at that time, and the fans would wait around in the dressing room area, the backstage. The bus drove up, and everyone would run out there and say "Hey, hey!" Me and my buddy kept running, and everyone fell behind, but we kept running, and runnin' and runnin'. The bus would stop at the lights, and the lights would change, and we'd keep runnin' and runnin'. And all of the sudden the bus went "Shhh" and it stops. And we go, "Oh fuck me!" And the doors went pah-shhhhh. And I looked at my buddy. And the bus waited. We gingerly walked up, and Ronson went, "Well, come on then, if you're gettin' on." That was how I met Mick. This was in Sheffield, and we were an hour from Manchester. We had no money, so we were going to sleep on the station and then get the train the next morning. He asked us how we were getting back. We said, "We're going to sleep on the station." He didn't say anything, but went away and then came back. He gave us hotel keys—he had booked us a room each. Oh, it was beautiful!!

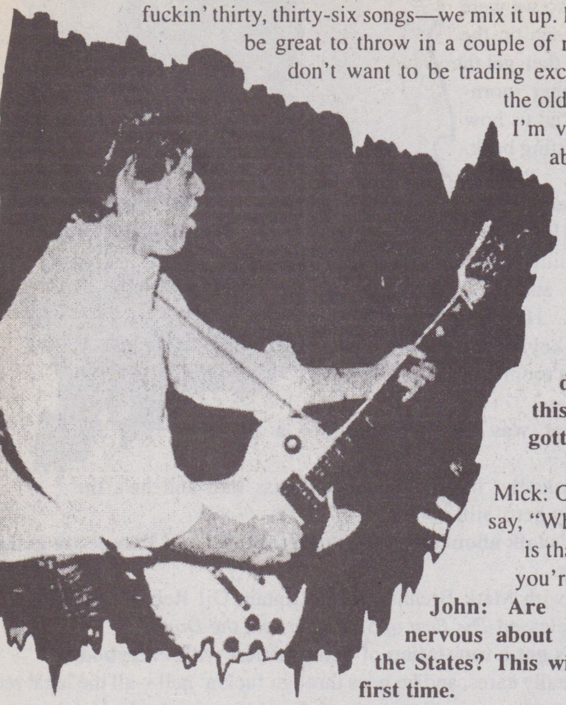
MRR: That was the beginning of a life-long friendship.
Mick: Absolutely. I love him, and I miss him and he's the greatest. My hero, still is.
MRR: Let's talk about the new album that you and Wayne are going to be doing.
Mick: It's with Mark Brennan from Captain Oi! Records in England. They just released *The Best of Slaughter and the Dogs.*
MRR: He's got a reputation of being honest with everybody.
Mick: He really cares, and he goes through fuckin' hell—all the legal red tape with record companies to get the master tapes back. He's a good man. I like Mark. Nice packaging too—he just doesn't throw it out. We're doing Holidays in the Sun in England this year. It's been 25 years. Wayne and I are going to record the new album in Manchester. That's where we started, so we're going to go back to basics, and do a really raw record. We're going to rent a house for a month or two and rehearse it up, and then record the new record. I'm excited about it. Wayne and I speak almost daily now. We're going back to Manchester.. we're going back to where we went to school. We're going' to walk around and take it all in—see the people we grew up with.
MRR: Were you a hooligan when you were growing up? Would you harass the older people and start trouble?
Mick: Slightly, yeah. Yeah, I was a bit of a scally. Scallywag you could say. Not like you'd go fuckin' steamin' into people—but you could hold your own, and there would be fights. Yeah, sure. You'd hang with a little crew, four or five of your best mates. Those were good days. Everyone has their idols, and Mick Ronson was mine. You can look up to that person, but what I took from Mick was priceless and precious to me. I eventually turned it into something which was me. Out of that influence comes your own thing and your own style. I just know that it is a good thing. And it is coming around again.



MRR: When you try out new material at these upcoming

shows, it's gonna to be fun—nobody wants to rest on their laurels 25 years later.

Mick: No, not at all. That's a good point Bruce...we mix the set up because we have enough songs out of the three records—I don't know, fuckin' thirty, thirty-six songs—we mix it up. It's going to be great to throw in a couple of new ones. I don't want to be trading exclusively on the old catalog, so I'm very excited about the new songs.



MRR: Some of the fans might go, "Wait a minute, I don't know this song—it's gotta be a new one."

Mick: Or they may say, "What the fuck is that nonsense you're playing?"

John: Are you guys nervous about playing in the States? This will be your first time.

Mick: Not at all! We're fuckin' lookin' forward to it! We're going to take the roof up, I guarantee you! I fuckin' guarantee you! Put that in print, it's true!

MRR: Are you working out so you can leap about with your guitar on stage? I heard that you were very animated when you were twenty years old, jumping around and stuff.

Mick: I'm still the same.

MRR: Can you still pull off those moves?

Mick: Absolutely. Here I am telling you "What the hell, of course I can."

John: Did you ever meet Johnny Thunders?

Mick: Yeah, I knew John. I knew him well.

John: Was he an influence at all?

Mick: Not really. We played with the Heartbreakers, and John was very kind to me, was nice, let me use his amp. But, no, he wasn't an influence on me.

MRR: You covered "Mystery Girls"?

Mick: Yeah, we covered "Mystery Girls." We covered it because we liked the song. The New York Dolls were a great band. But honestly, everything I learned comes from Mick Ronson. It started with Mick, listening to "Star Man"—he was my major influence.

MRR: Do some of the bands on the Holidays in the Sun tour seem uninspired to you?

Mick: It's important to feel good. I look at the lifestyle, and that looks pretty good to me. It's not like we are a bunch of fuckin' guys coming out of retirement. I think a lot of it is a state of mind, Bruce, I really do. It's really on how you feel, how you feel about what you're doing. If you're tired of it, If you're fakin' it, it shows. A lot of bands in Holidays in the Sun, the first one we did...I have to be careful what I say here...I could tell the ones that really meant it.

MRR: Mick Ronson played on the "Quick Joey Small" single didn't he?

Mick: He did, yeah. He played killer guitar on that. He was great!!

MRR: And to have your hero play with your band, on your record....

Mick: Isn't that the best? I still think that Mick is the greatest.

MRR: People can't learn that. That's a gift.

Mick: It's true. It's true Bruce, because, look, what we are playing, it ain't rocket science. It's very simple stuff, what we are playing. That's the bottom line. There's no big mystery about it. You can pick up a guitar, study it, and you can be playing within an hour. But, what you can't teach someone is execution. It's feeling, it's emotion....you can't teach someone that. It's how you do certain things. You can't teach that. It's style: you can't buy it.. You either have it or you don't. It can come out in different ways, and eventually you'll find your full potential. It's about feel. It's about how you execute it. And that goes with anything in life. As with Wayne with his vocals—When he sings certain things, you know it's coming from right down inside him.

MRR: What was some of Wayne's influences as a singer?

Mick: He liked Bowie. He liked Lou Reed. One of his biggest influences was Alice Cooper. I remember going around to Wayne's house for the first time. I remember going into Wayne's room, and you know garden gnomes? Remember the gnomes you put in the garden? He had them hanging from the ceiling, with Alice Cooper eyes painted on them. And he had a baby, a doll, hung up by the leg, with no head on. Dead babies, right. And he had another gnome that had been melted, he had burnt it. So the face was kind of distorted. That was my first impression going into Wayne's room. It was great. I thought, "Wow, this kid's great." One of Wayne's influences is Edgar Allen Poe, as a writer. Wayne was always wrapped up inside his own head. I'd love to spend an hour inside his head, because it would be very colorful, you know. And it still is like that today, which makes him, in my eyes, brilliant. That's why he is who he is. It's like a hand grenade going off in Wayne's head. That sort of thing—and it's a good thing.

MRR: When the two of you are together, there is an overpowering chemistry...

Mick: Both of us have a vision and both have a personality. What makes something special is the clash of that. If it fits too easily.....it doesn't create that edge. The fact that it's a little against the grain, that it's juxtaposed of unlike positions, that makes something happen. That's what Wayne and I have.

MRR: You guys are very influential—young punks and skins look up to you. Do you have some wisdom that you can share with the next generation of punks?

Mick: I would just say: be yourself, all the time. That's really it. I can't speak for what younger punks and skins are trying to do, and I can't speak for what they are singing about. But I can speak from my own experiences. There was a time when I wasn't myself, when my vision was distorted and I was confused about where I lay in the stream of things. I would just say, be yourself. Be honest to yourself and be yourself all of the time.

MRR: That's good advice.

Mick: Really, you only have to answer to yourself. That is it. There are no rules in this game. There are no rules on how to write a song. It doesn't have to have three verses, it can have one fuckin' verse. You don't have to have a great solo, or this or that. You answer only to yourself. This really applies to how you view yourself, to your music, and to how you apply yourself overall.

MRR: On that positive note, I think that we should wrap this up.

Mick: I've enjoyed it, thank you.

MRR: Thank you.

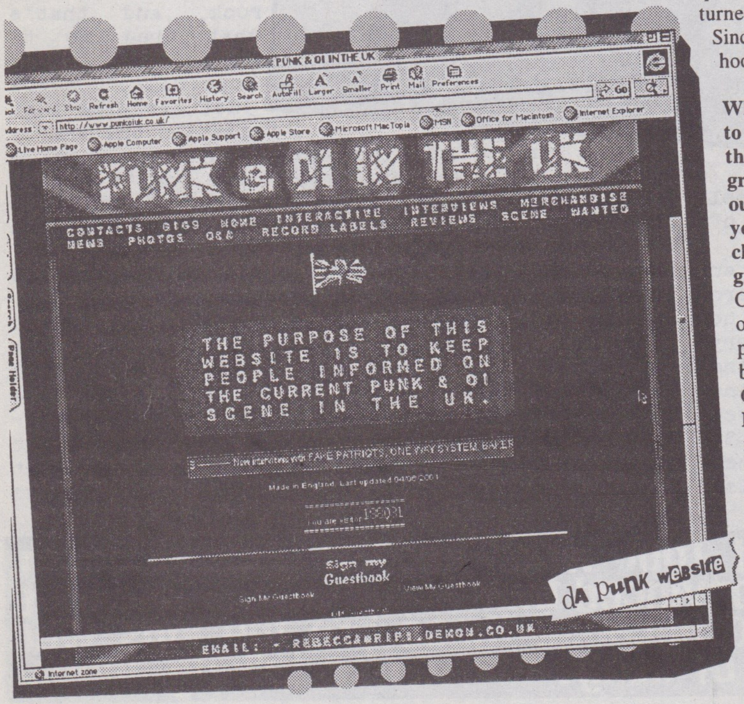
www.punkoiuk.co.uk

Interview with Rebecca Pollard web master of PUNK & OI IN THE UK by Brian GTA

Why a website!?! Why not a label, record shop or gluebag concession stand at gigs ?
To be honest I did not consider any of those options before setting up my website. I don't make money from my site, so it was never about which would be the best venture. I initially started the site as I knew a little bit of HTML and wanted to find out about gig dates, and newsthat was predominately UK based. At the time (3 years ago), most punk/oi sites were US based. I expected the site to get around 30 visits a month, but it is now more like three thousand a week, and growing. Iwould like to develop the site further, but spend a lot of time replying to emails and updating existing pages (3-5 times a week). I still would not consider any of the above because a record label is too hard work. It would not be feasible to have a record shop just stocking punk and oi, and there is no way I would have a stand at gigs, as I am always at the front dancing. I would organise gigs if I had time, I would also love to get into the promotion side of things, but my real regret is that I cannot sing, as I would love to be a singer in a band. 'Punk & Oi in the UK' is about the current punk & Oi UK scene, and features bands both old and new, the main criteria is that they are around today.

Tell us about the different menu choices and sections on your site and what they are for? Why nothing like Oi! the Dating Service?
The number of menu choices keeps growing. Here is a brief explanation of each one: Contacts -basically a links page broken down into categories such as, Bands, Gig Guides, Clothing etc. Gigs - A huge listing of UK and European punk, oi, ska, mod, emo and phsycobilly gigs. Home- lists latest additions to website, when it was last updated etc. Interactive - The place to join mailing lists and vote for the site at various top 10 lists. Interviews-over 100 interviews so far. Merchandise-Listing of tee-shirts, fanzines, badges, patches & stickers. I do not actually sell any of this, just point people in the right direction when they can purchase the goodies. News-All the latest Punk & Oi News from around the world, often featured on this website first. Photos -100+ piccies of many different bands. Q&A- Opportunity for people to try and find the answers to all sorts of punk/oi questions. Record Labels-Postal address, and website address if available for large and small Record Labels, and distributors from around the world. Reviews-Reviews of releases, videos, fanzines and gigs. This is the one page I let other people supply me with the write-ups. Scene-This page will be up and running in the next month. The aim is to list punk/skin friendly pubs, venue & promoter info, shops and any other stuff of interest.....more scene reports required. Wanted-This is where to come if you are in a band and looking for new members, gigs are a record label. Also, for promoters and record labels to look for bands and check the Services page for adhoc requests. As the page is about the 'music scene', and the purpose to help keep the scene going, I do not feel a need to provide a service for dating.

What was your first exposure to punk and why did you decide to stick around?
As a child I was not allowed to listen to music (religious reasons), so I did not get into punk until I was 17-11 years ago. When I was 16 I was briefly into thrash metal, but then I realised all my favourite songs were actually punk covers. Initially I did not know any punks, so I would look at the bands painted on peoples jackets and then go and buy records by these bands, Exploited etc. I then met up with some punks. One taped me 5 tapes of punk and oi!, and I taped my fav songs onto a couple of tapes-nearly all these songs turned out to be oi! Since then I have been hooked, on it all.



What does oi! mean to you besides something you would groan whilst holding our stomach because you ate some fish n chips fried in rancid grease?
On the whole I think oi! is a rawer form of punk. There are some bands such as the Gonads and The Ejected which even now I would not know what to classify them as. However bands such as Buzzcocks could never be termed oi! and equally there are skinhead bands that do not resemble punk at all.

Why do you think that there are not more women actively involved in the oi! music scene and do you think that it is because they view it as being "regressive" and "macho?"
I can remember when I used to mention my fav oi! bands to people their reaction would often be, that's men's music. At the time I seemed to go for the rawer sounding bands ie Last Resort over 4skins. I personally like the aggressive sound, and the directness of the lyrics, although neither are considered "nice". I personally cannot see a reason to be sexist, and wish it was not in some of the lyrics. I hope and think most of it is written in jest, and try to take it with a pinch of salt. Few bands are actually like this when you meet them, so I think it is a sad bravado "for the lads". As I mentioned earlier I am always on the dance floor at gigs, and always give as good as I get (probably helps being tall).

What is your opinion on football hooligans ? Are they cads or scamps?
I don't like football, or any sport really (no I am not a fat bloater),so I am not an expert on hooligans.

How many times have you watched the movie "A Clockwork Orange?"
Three times. I think the book is much better.

What part of the UK do you hail from besides the dreary part? (ha ha - that is a trick question, it is all dreary!) What is the punk scene like in your neck of the woods?
I am from 'up North. I live in Leeds. It is a nice city, but has no real punk scene these days. We have to travel for 98% of gigs. I very rarely go out in Leeds, instead choose to travel to Derby, Rotherham, Doncaster and Bradford for gigs around 2-3 times a month. Some towns do have plenty of gigs, but the turnout is often terrible, even for big bands.

What are your favourite five bands from the past , five favourite from the present, and five favourite from the future, and why ?
Awww, dunno if I can do this. My favourite bands, would not be the same as the bands which have produced my favourite albums, and again the bands who do my favourite songs would be different again. Also, what makes this harder is where do you place old bands that have reformed? Here are some of the bands I like in no particular order (and probablywith not too much relevance) Special Duties, One Way System, 999, Last Years Youth, Guttersnipe Army, Culture Shock, Section 5, Sex Pistols, Gonads, Resistance 77, Menace, Alternative TV, The Betrayed, Oppressed, Condemned 84, Criminal Class, Zero Tolerance, Ejected, Los Paraliticos, Close Shave, Peter & The Test Tube Babies...this could go on and on.

Any final comments? You have five seconds !
Thanks to everyone who provides me with gig dates, news and things to review on my site...it is what keeps the site going. Also, there is way too much complacency out there - get off your arses and out to gigs (not just the big festivals), instead of sitting at home ordering reissues of cds. Cheers

ANTI-

interview by michael thorn

MRR: We'll start off with just a brief who does what in the band and a brief history of what is Anti-Flag and how you reached this point, how you started.

Justin: Well, Pat and I started the band, I guess, about 1993, so it's been a little over 7, 8 years roughly. Pat's the drummer. I'm the guitar player and singer. Chris plays rhythm guitar- Chris Head. And #2 plays bass. Chris joined the band about 3 years in, right after our first record came out- Chris Head. And then #2 joined the band about 2 years ago, right before "A New Kind of Army" came out. So we've had this line-up now for just over 2 years. To me, it's the best line-up we've had. It's definitely the most stable. You know, we're all really tight with each other, so it's really good. But then we do the record label. Basically, Pat and Chris and I started the label together about the time Chris came into the band. And with the label, we share everything; we do just about everything you know that needs to be done for a label.

MRR: Ok, well, a lot of the songs that you have a heavy political content to them- Why do you feel it's important to have that? And what sort of impact, if any, do you see it having on kids?

Justin: Well, I just grew up, personally, in an activist family. Like my dad was from Northern Ireland, or he wasn't from Northern Ireland, he was from the west of Ireland, but he was very involved in Northern Ireland politics and kicking the English out of Northern Ireland, you know. And my parents were like some of the people involved in the anti-war movement against Vietnam. So they're just really progressive people, and they were always involved in some kind of activist movement. So I just grew up in that atmosphere, so punk rock- it just made sense for me to get into punk rock. And then it just made sense for me to be interested in the political side of punk rock for that reason. I think it's important for us to have a message in the music in that I think there's a lot of kids who really want to do something positive or are looking to make some kind of change or influence, but they're not sure where to look or how to go about it. And it's really interesting, we do, we get tons of mail, tons of kids at shows who just talk to us about "I never knew about this particular thing before I listened to you guys" or "I never knew this issue was going on until I saw Anti-Flag play live." And a lot of kids will say that made a big impact on them and influenced them to do something positive. I think that's a great thing. I mean, for me, that's what I loved about punk rock, and that's what drew me to punk rock. So hopefully, we're just carrying that tradition on. That's pretty much our goal. But, you know, I do think it makes an impact and that's really great. Like if the band quit today I would be totally satisfied, feeling like we made some kind of impact, even if it's very small.

MRR: Do you feel like you have made compromises in ethics in order to get your message out?

Justin: Well, yeah. I mean, we always have these struggles with you know, what is the right thing for us to be doing, you know. And we did the full Warped Tour last year and you know, it's obviously sponsored by...they have a lot of sponsors for it. So for us, the question was, are we going to make some kind of progress by doing this tour that 's going to justify doing the tour, or not? Is it

I wish every band on Warped Tour was like Anti-Flag. I mean, after doing Warped Tour, I'm convinced that Warped Tour is where bands like Anti-Flag should be because those are the kids who need the exposure to the kind of things that we're talking about.

FLAG

going to be worth doing? But you know, the more we talked about it and the more people we talked to, I think, I wish every band on Warped Tour was like Anti-Flag. I mean, after doing Warped Tour, I'm convinced that Warped Tour is where bands like Anti-Flag should be because those are the kids who need the exposure to the kind of things that we're talking about. I mean, we can go to the same cities and play to the same 2-300 kids and you know, they already know what's going on or have a good feel, you know. And when I talk about kids who say things to me like, "Oh, man, I was going to join the Army before I saw Anti-Flag" or "I used to just drink beer and start fights" or "I really got interested in political prisoners or environmentalism" or something because of Anti-Flag- usually it's those kinds of shows, those really big shows. So, but yeah, I mean, it is a struggle for us because obviously there are certain aspects of tours like that, like we don't want to be endorsing somebody's "product," so we're always weighing the good against the bad, and is it doing more good than harm?

MRR: Yeah. I mean, that's something I've always thought about a lot myself. I don't really go to shows like this a lot, bigger shows and whatever... Like the big shows I go to are at Gilman St. mostly, or I go to house shows or shows in warehouse spaces and whatnot. It's a weird struggle because, on one hand, there's the aspect of trying to create your own culture, trying to create something that's different from everything else and not even dealing with all the bullshit. And then there's also like doing the Warped Tour where you're confronting a totally different audience.

Justin: Yeah, like our bass player, I think he's the classic example of the kind of kid that Anti-Flag reached where he heard us when he was like 16, 17, and he actually got into punk because of Green Day. You know? And he's younger than the rest of us. But because of that, once he got into punk, he realized there was a lot more to it than just you know, spiky hair. So that's sort of an example of that. But I also love the idea of the community though of punk rock, that it is a different counter-culture, and I do feel, like I love to go to smaller shows, and I love to be involved in that kind of scene because at the same time, I do feel like I know why I fit in there, you know. And it is a totally different thing than being here. These bigger shows are definitely different, there's no doubt about it.

MRR: Well, you're talking about your politics and talking about being political...How would you describe your politics to people? I was reading that song, "Watch the Right ..."

Justin: Well, I think Anti-Flag's a very, just basically, a traditionally leftist-leaning band. More in the realm of socialist politics than anything else. It varies for everybody in the band though. We're not all carbon copies of each other. Everybody's got their own ideas about things, but I think, overall, we can agree about things, you know.

MRR: I want you to talk about why you called the album, "Underground Network"- what is that all about? What is that and why you did you choose to use that?

Justin: Yeah. Well, really what inspired me to write the song and most of the songs on the record was the 1999 protests in Seattle against the WTO. And one of the reasons it seems like it was so successful is there was so much alternative communication going on through people organizing all over the world, via email, short-wave radio, pirate radio, even cell phones just dead on the spot...So for me, that was really fascinating because I saw all these possibilities in the new kind of communication that is available to people for organizing. Then the idea that when I would read alternative media on what happened, in like *Z Magazine* or *The Progressive* or alternative web sites, and you know, it was just so different than what the mainstream media was saying, you know. And the mainstream media basically just focused on people breaking windows... You know, and they totally missed the story anyway. They had no idea what was going on anyway, where anybody who was informed knew months ahead of this, that this whole thing was going on, you know. So, and just the idea that, well, that was the main point of the record, you know, was the idea that for those reasons we wanted to use the record to promote as much alternative media as possible because there really is no alternative mainstream media at all in America anymore. But there is a lot of really good alternative media out there. It's just like this underground media, you know. So we're hoping to make that aware to people and hopefully to make it more accessible to people. So that was sort of the goal of the name of the record being "Underground Network" and then including information on the alternative media in it.

MRR: What would be examples of what sort of things people should look for, what sort of magazine outlets...

Justin: The best ones that I believe are *The Progressive*, *The Nation*, and *Z Magazine*, and that's why we sort of featured them right in the very beginning. There's also the Alternative Media Foundation in Baltimore, Maryland, and you can get on their web site- that's a *great* web site for just finding all kinds of alternative media in the States and all around the world too.

MRR: Ok. This is something that I've been curious about for a while, on the "A New Kind of Army" LP at the bottom it says, "Anti-Flag does not mean Anti-American. Anti-Flag means anti-war. Anti-Flag means unity." That always struck me as weird because it seemed like it was a contrast to earlier and also more recent anti-nationalist statements. I'm just asking you to explain what you meant by that. It almost feels like a

disclaimer.
Justin: Yeah, it really was. What was going on at the time was there was so much misunderstanding about what our band was about. You know, so many people weren't getting it. It was like people just thought we burn up the flag as a fashion statement or something like that or that there was no meaning behind hanging the flag upside down. And for us, flying the flag upside down is a distress signal, and it's a protest to say there are problems in this country. We want to bring those problems to light; we want to try and make changes. And since there was so much misunderstanding with people trying to understand what the band was about, we decided to put that on really, yeah, pretty much as a disclaimer and to say to people- Look, we're trying to make the country better. We're not randomly hanging flags upside down just to be cool or just to be punk or whatever. I mean, there's a meaning behind this flag being hung upside down, and basically, the biggest meaning behind Anti-Flag, of course, is our whole anti-nationalism stance. I really solidly believe that nationalism is used to pit people of the world against each other and for the rich to control people. So that was the reason we put it on there. In hindsight, I can honestly say I wish we hadn't put it on there because it just lead to the kind of questions that you're asking. I don't think it clarified anything for anybody. I don't think it achieved the goal that we wanted it to achieve.

MRR: I mean, if anything, to be honest with you, when I read it, it felt like it was like back-peddling or something.

Justin: I agree. That's why with this record, we wanted to come out with a really solid attack against the things that we don't believe in because we wanted things to be very clear about what we were about on this record versus with that record, yeah, I agree...it did, it seemed like it was a back-peddling. We wanted to make it very clear with this record what we were about. I think we did. I mean, I think the idea that it doesn't seem like we're backing away from being against nationalism and patriotism and all those kinds of things.

MRR: On the same line as like talking about the "underground network" and all these recent rise in protest movements, do you think there's potential for there to be a sort of like conservative backlash against it, like Mcarthyist/Cointelpro style government crackdowns? I think on some level, you're already sort of seeing it with a lot of what happened in Philadelphia, at the Republican National Convention with a lot of folx who got arrested for really petty shit, nailed with giant fines and conspiracy charges.

Justin: Same thing in Portland and the Northwest. Yeah, definitely.

MRR: Yeah. So do you see that?

Justin: I absolutely do. I think there's so many examples of it. Gosh, there's so many things going through my head. I'm going to try to get them all out. (pause) I know where I wanted to go. Ok. Well, first of all, with Ralph Nader- you already see a huge backlash against Ralph Nader which I think is really sad because I think that is exactly what the right wing in this country are hoping for. Because you have people in this country who are sworn leftist progressives who are totally pissed off at Ralph Nader for running . And they totally see him as the reason Bush was elected. And I think that's really sad because it's really important for that group of people to stay very unified and still fighting for the same goals and I see that slipping away. So that's one thing that I think is definitely going to undermine the leftist movement in this country. And you see all these examples. For instance, Bush is really determined to start another cold war it looks like with China. He's trying to demonize the Chinese and you know, again, it's bringing back that whole kind of Red Scare to try bring back the idea that they're going to create some kind of enemy for them to demonize so that the things they do in this country won't look as horrific or won't look as bad as things that are going on in this supposedly evil country in China. The same thing with Cuba. I mean, Cuba's been a scapegoat for how many years now? And it was kind of cool, sort of like that thing that Howard Zinn wrote in that CD where he talks about when you're focused on an enemy outside of the country, you're not seeing the enemy that's within the country. And so for those reasons, I think that Seattle and Quebec and other protests have definitely scared governments and basically corporations who own those governments into realizing that their power can be threatened and there's a need to drum up a way to put an end to these kinds of uprising. So it will be really interesting to see what goes on. And I wouldn't be surprised one bit if we just continue to see more unconstitutional things go on. I mean, just look at the election. I mean, it's classic- the U.S. was kicked off the Human Rights Commission for the U.N. because the U.S. really is one of the biggest human rights abusers in the world. I mean, so many agencies who monitored the elections said that if that had been another country, they would have declared it illegal. But the Republicans and the Democrats, being so much the same thing, they definitely don't want to screw that balance of power up. So they basically represent the same interests, so I think it makes sense that the Democrats just let it slide, and they're not rocking the boat.

MRR: Ok. That's most of the questions that I had. I guess there's just one other thing...

Justin: Oh, ok. I thought you were going to ask about "Indie sucks, hardcore sucks, emo sucks, you suck." (laughter)

MRR: Oh, no, no...Knowing Tom *(ed. that's Tom Hopkins kids)*, he probably likes that song. But Tom's got a really really good sense of humor.

Justin: That's good. I'm glad to hear it because that song is definitely a joke...A lot of people are like...we get hate mail for that song!

MRR: Are you serious?

Justin: Oh, yeah, man, hardcore kids and emo kids and everybody! It's like, it's making fun of punk rock, guy, relax! (laughter)

MRR: I think that's the thing- even though a lot of the stuff in this interview is kinda serious, I think a lot of people lose that aspect of it, that's it's supposed to be fun. And it's ok to make fun of yourself and realize that you're kinda dumb.

Justin: Yeah, definitely. And it is funny because we're like probably 4 of the most fuckin jag-off, screw-around guys alive. And even though there's a lot of things that we're interested in and believe in, we still have a sense of humor. It probably didn't come out very much in the record because we wanted the record to be serious, but I hear what you're saying.

MRR: Yeah, I think a lot of people lose... especially people who have some sense of "I'm political," they lose track of the fact that they should be political and also have a sense of humor... which is really frustrating to me even though I haven't been as funny as I normally am (laughter) because I'm incredibly tired and I have a headache. I wanted to ask you about Pittsburgh stuff in general. Like, what's up with Pittsburgh? If people were to go to Pittsburgh, what should they do, where should they go to shows? You know, that kind of stuff.

Justin: Well, there's a bunch...there's obviously

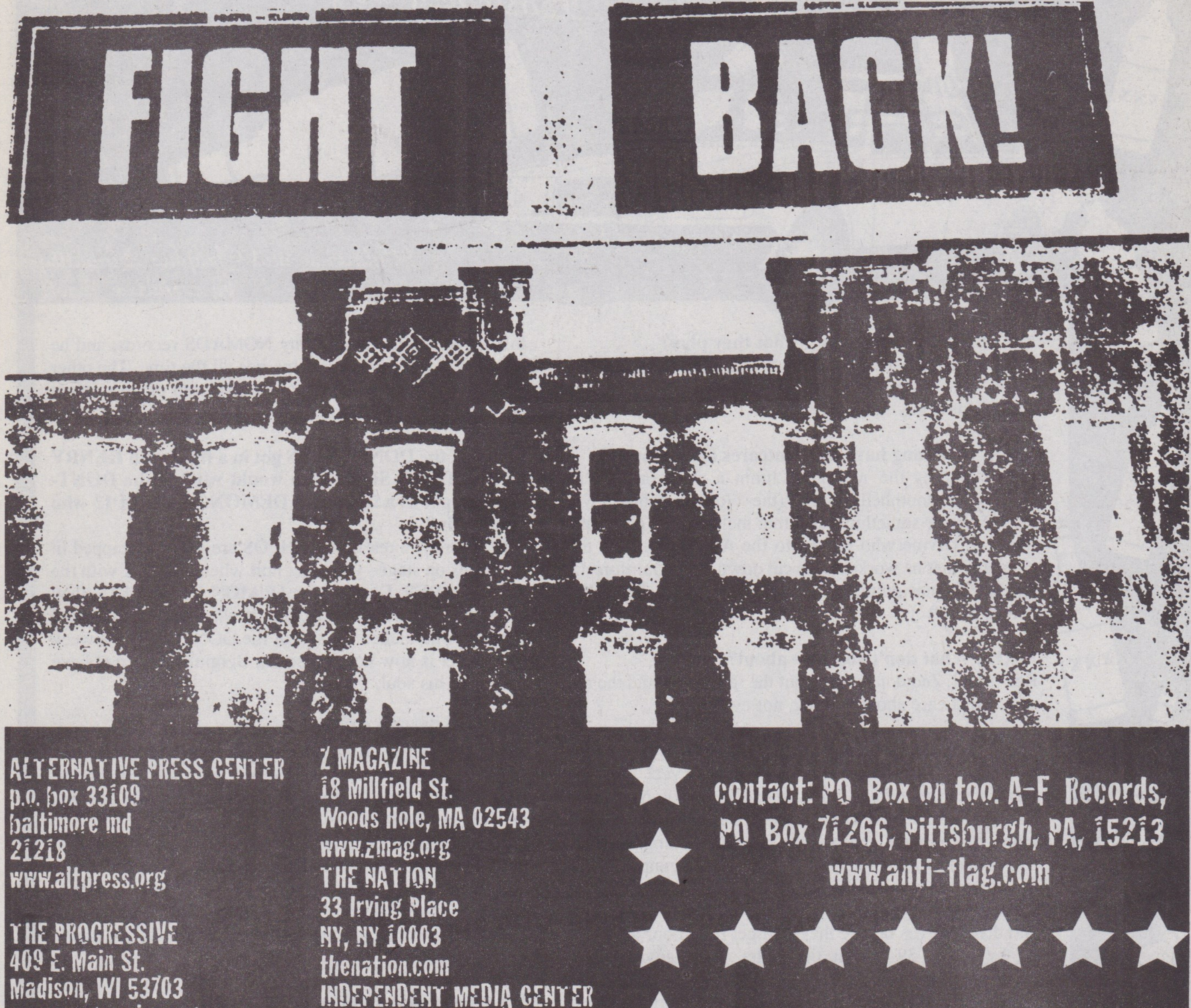
like the main club in Pittsburgh. But then there's a number of D.I.Y. spaces. It's pretty amazing how many there are right now. If you go to Pittsburgh, you want to look for this place called, Millville Industrial Theater or Mr. Roboto Project. Those are the two main places where they're doing D.I.Y. shows. And it's pretty incredible how well-run they are and the amount of bands that they've had come in and play. And you know, there's a thriving community. And there's a lot of really really thriving young bands and just people doing activist things- you always have that going on in Pittsburgh, so it's pretty cool to see that....it's something that's started that's never really died off.

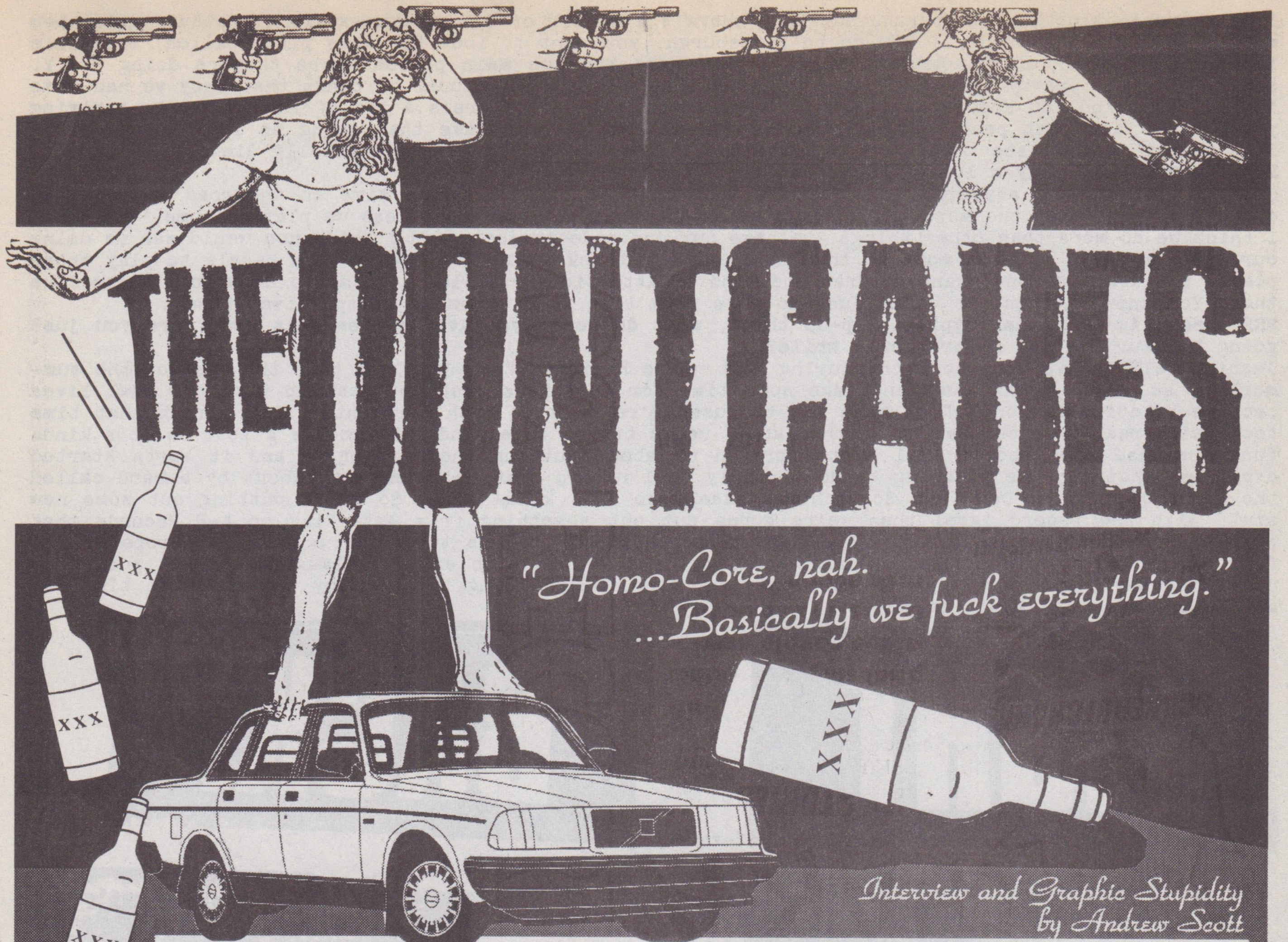
MRR: Do you guys play a lot of shows locally?

Justin: Not so much anymore. Only for the fact that we spent so much time on the road in the last couple of years that the more and more we're on the road, it seems the less we play at home. One thing I think we do more than other things, we have our own side projects and I think you would see us doing our side projects at home more so than Anti-Flag. I think Anti-Flag's more of a hassle to play those places because you don't want to draw the kind of attention Anti-Flag's going to draw to a place like that. You know. I think it would just do more harm than good, from my perspective anyway.

MRR: Yeah. As the final typical rap-up thing, what do you guys have besides this tour? Are you just going to tour on this record for a while?

Justin: Well, we've done so much touring that we're hoping, after June, to take the rest of the summer off as far as being away and take some time for ourselves just to catch up with our real lives because practically none of us have any because we're away so much. (laughter) But during that time too, we're really concentrating on the label, we're trying to expand A-F Records a lot. So it's kinda funny because some people will just approach us about putting their records, and it sorta started expanding that way. We're going to do a really cool record that we're excited about by a band called the Methadones- it's Dan from Screeching Weasel, so it's kinda cool. So we're putting out some new stuff with the record label then we're gonna put out something from Anti-Flag on A-F Records that we'll record probably in early fall. There's a possibility of us touring the U.S. or Europe in the fall. We're not sure. And there's a possibility that we won't do either. (laughter) So it's sort of up in the air right now. I think more than anything, we're going to just try to take some time off and record some new music to put out.





MRR: Band members and what they play?
Rex: well, the band memebers are: Doltz Dolores-guitar, Phukkin G- drums, me (Rex $uperior)-lead vocals/guitar and the 'new guy' who plays bass..

MRR: How long have the dontcares been around?
Rex: including the 'new guy'...hmm..a week or so, with Unhloysabertoothhellfiretiger (the old guy who played bass,)5 yrs or something. But that included the old drummer Zed Divine(who moved to the Amazonas, with this company that he works for, to cut down all the rainforest..) and our former guitarrist Glimmer Twin(who Zed killed before he left..)

MRR:. What don't you care about?
Rex : Well, Zed don't care about the rainforest. and the rest of us don't care about nothing, not even Zed.

MRR: What's the garage punk scene like in Stockholm now days? Do the NOMADS use walkers yet?
Rex: shit, the garage punk scene is crazy over here. Rumors have it that Dregen from Backyard babies will marry the princess and become the great viking leader of Sweden and with the help of Bofors mighty gunpower and trained polar bears, he will destroy and enslave the rest of the world, everyone will be forced to buy Ikea furniture and drive Volvos or else they will get their poor ass blasted by a Jas 39 gripen tie-fighter. Well anyway, The NOMADS are BIG, they have gotten so big, that even the Police or the Goverment can't stop them anymore. Jocke kills anyone who doesn't buy NOMADS records, and he drives way too fast in his Superbee all the time. The other guy in the band with the beard won't even pay for razors at the local Konsum store.

MRR: If the DONTCARES got in a fight with HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE who would win? If the DONTCARES got in a fight with DEMON SYSTEM 13 who would win?
Rex: There is a reason why HFOS are always wrapped in bandages on stage –you'll get hurt when you fuck with the DONTCARES. Dunno 'bout DEMON SYSTEM 13, they are pretty wild, but I think that it was their middle aged mothers who kicked the shit of the DONTCARES a week ago, Doltz is now hospitalised in Belgium, may god have mercy on his soul.

Did the DONTCARES decide they were a "homo-core" band before or after listening to TURBONEGRO? -And is licking each others nut sacks while bound in electrical tape a regular on stage routine for the DONTCARES?
Rex: Basically we fuck everything. "Homo-core" -nah, we dont sing 'bout lonely ass sailors and shit. We're more like "dumb-ass core" And electrical tape a regular on stage routine? ...No, that's our regular street outfit, and the nut-sack licking is just a thing that we do when we are happy to see each other.

What's the System Bolaget? And why doesn't America

have them insted of all the damn VOLVOs you keep shipping over here?
Rex: System Bolaget is the place owned by the Swedish goverment, where you can buy hard drugs, such as crack legally and the reason you guys don't have it in the states is 'cuz you got fat chics and hamburgers instead. You guys can't have it all. Also, if anyone in America who's an owner of an old Dodge -79 or older reads this and would be interested in trading it in for aVolvo 240-87 please mail Rex at this address: dontcareboutshit@hotmail.com

Making home made liquor is pretty popular in Sweden, What type of liquor do the DONTCARES brew in their bathtub?
Rex : GHB and Hojtarolja

Have the DONTCARES ever paid to ride the Subway in Stockholm? I don't think the RAMONES ever paid in NYC.
Rex : no.

That's good. What's with the Hamburgers and Roseanne Barr? Please explain...
Rex : You got the fat chicks, we got the Systembolaget...god works in mysterious ways, my friend.

Oh I see. Anyway, you guys recently toured Europe. Any plans of coming to the States? And what were some of the bands you played with on tour that you all thought rocked?
Rex : No, plans at the moment for touring in the States, but if we get the gigs we need so we can pay for our gas money and plane tickets, we'll play anywhere, even in the States. When we played in France we did 12 dates with TV-MEN(France) and in Rennes we hooked up with SINCITY6 for a gig. They where all cool people. We're probably going back down to France again, between 10th of Oct. and the 10th of Nov. with EXXON VALDEZ. But This time we're probably gonna play in Spain, Germany and Switzerland too-where we'll try not to mention the war.

You guys have got two EP's out, any plans of doing a full length?
Rex : we are recording our album at this very moment, it's going to be released by Lollipop Records (France). After it's completed, we're going to get rich like oil sheiks and go to Vegas and spend it all on poker.

Good. I was wondering how I would acquire Swedish citizenship?
Rex : Get married to Astrid Lindgren, pippeli-boy...

Hmmm, ok I'm not reall sure who that is. So why do Americans buy so much crap from IKEA?
Rex: Cuz they are afraid that one dark morning the vikings from the north will come to rape and plunder their miserable lives. So, if you got fat chics and IKEA furniture the vikings will leave you the hell alone cuz they already got your money and you've got all their crappy IKEA stuff all over your home, I think all those beautifull Ingas and Gretas you see in all the Swedish porn movies has a lot to do with it too.

Can I make fun of the BACK YARD BABIES? -ok, I will -I think they're awful.
Rex : Watch out cuz the wrath of the mighty Dregen may be upon you...

He's got a long swim ahead of him. Would you ever go see ZEKE with two drunken American baffoons?
Rex : think I already did.

Oh yeah right, you did. Most likely that was a miserable evening, I can't say that I remember too much of it. But on to other things, do you think Yingvie Malmstien ever shit his pants while in tour?
Rex : No, I think Yingvie Malmstien is so rich that he hires somebody to shit in his pants every time he's on tour.

I should of thought of that. Do you guys ever think about ABBA? And how much of an influence did that "Final Countdown" song have on the DONTCARES?
Rex : yeah, I bought that "Best of ABBA" cd, but the "final countdown track wasn't included, strange. Joey Tempest and Abba-Agneta rules by the way!!!

That's because the song wasn't by ABBA it was by the lengendary Swedish band EUROPE ...nevermind. Rex do you want to talk about Big Bongo Records at all?
Rex : yeah, that's my record label, I own it with two other guys I use to fuck in prison. We have released one 7" with a Swedish stoner/garage band called COYOTE and we're planning to release a 10" with the SEWERGROOVES as soon we get some more money..

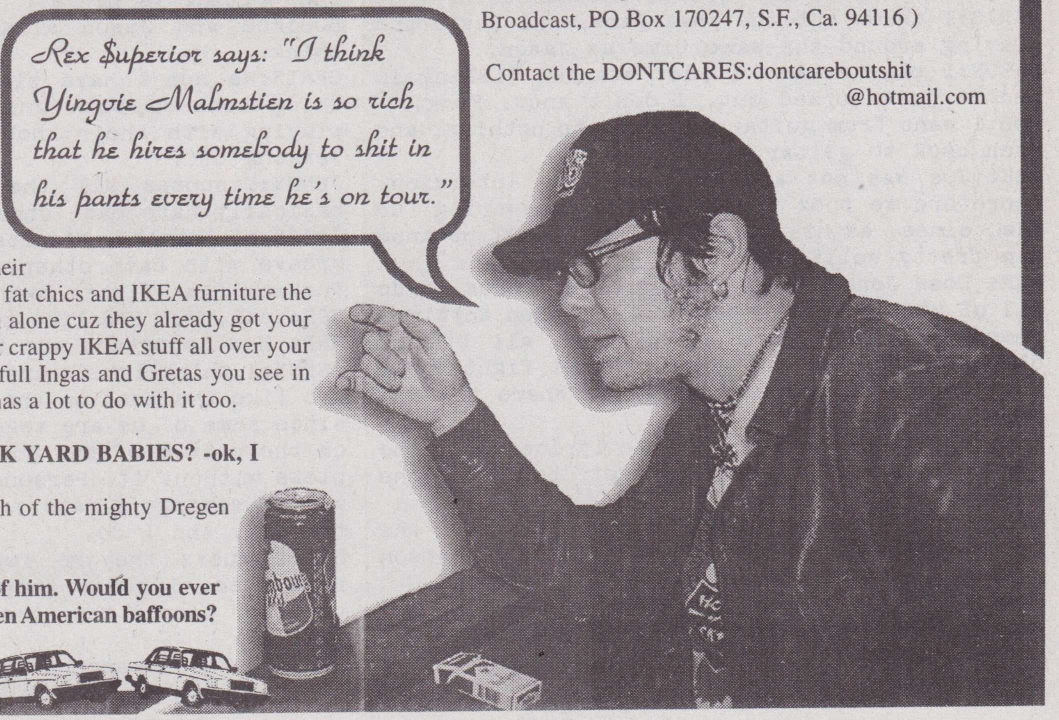
MRR: Tak Som Fan?
Rex : Tack som fan, to you.
(ed-I think that means "thank you very fucking much" in Swedish)

MRR: Please teach us something very offensive to say to a Swedish person?
Rex : (SWE)-Min morsa har knullat med alla dina kompisar och det tycker jag bara är roligt! (ENG. TRANS.)-Your old ugly retard of a mother has been fucking around with way too many friends of mine, and now Im starting to get real tired 'bout that, tell her to stop or I will kick your ass so bad, you'll have to buy meat to put in your coffin !!!

MRR: Thank you the DONTCARES are the #1 disco band in Sweden! R;Thank you, handsome American sailor.

DONTCARES discography:
"Spit in The Ass" EP ($4 to Dirt Nap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, Wa. 98111) & *"Keep'em Rollin" EP* - ($4 to Eternal Broadcast, PO Box 170247, S.F., Ca. 94116)

Contact the DONTCARES:dontcareboutshit@hotmail.com



MRR: Who does what and how did S'bitch come to form?
JENNY:I'm the one with the vocals and allergies. Sbitch formed about 7 to 8 years ago in El Paso with a completely different line up than now, except that I still sing. We've been through numerous line up changes and personal hiatuses, but this is the line up that I think is the best because I think all of our different musical tastes and influences come together in one creamy and creative concoction.
CHRIS:I throw out the phat bass, and I started playing around the same time as Jason.
JASON:I play drums. I just started filling in and it just worked out. I don't know. Fuck!
BOB:I went from guitar to drums to nothing, and then back to guitar.
JOE:(Joe was not available for the interview, therefore we took the liberty of answering for him, since, as his bandmates, shouldn't we know him pretty well?)
MRR: Does Jenny write most of the lyrics or do all of you contribute? Have there been anytimes when there have been songs which all of you didn't agree with and got into fist fights over it? If so what was the song and where was the dispute?
CHRIS:We don't know any of the lyrics until the record comes out-then we get to read the insert.
BOB:We don't see, read or even understand the lyrics. To be honest, you're the 1st person that's ever asked that.
JENNY:I write the lyrics, and the reason nobody ever sees the lyrics until an album comes out is because I don't think the guys really give a shit what I'm saying, so long as they fit to the music. These fuckers don't contribute to any of the lyrics.
BOB:Well you don't contribute shit to the music.
JASON:Yeah, we just concentrate on getting the music together. We let Jenny worry about the vocals and if we've got any beef with her after the fact, shit, too bad for us.
CHRIS:It seems like most of Jenny's lyrics are a personal thing. The music is our outlet, and the writing is her's.
BOB:Joe and Jason always disagree on everything.
CHRIS:We don't have time to argue about anything because both guitarists are constantly playing with their knobs, pushing buttons and jerking off.
JENNY:Disputes all the time, everywhere. We basically hate each other, you know.
JASON:We don't practice enough to be in a groove with each other. But we don't get into fucking fist fights over songs!
JOE:Yeah, but I'd like to kick yer' ass, Jason.
MRR: How important are the lyrics and why?
JENNY:I think lyrics are important because they are like the meat on the bones, or in this case since some of us are vegetarian, like the slime on the bottom of the pond. It wouldn't be complete without it. Personally, the lyrics are my way of saying 'I hate you' without it sounding too bad. And I do.
BOB:I guess they're important to people who read them. I guess they just mean a lot more to other people than they do to me, and that's cool.
JASON:I know Jenny has a lot to say and I know her well enough to feel confident in what she

has to say about issues that we feel are important.

CHRIS:Yeah, the lyrics are important, but if you don't read them or listen to what they are about when Jenny talks between songs at a show, you probably won't get it.

JOE:Lyrics? What lyrics?

MRR: Talk about "Slaves of our Beckoning;" Is it really only us alone which determine the shape of our lives? How?

CHRIS:Back to the second question.

BOB:I'll get back to you on that one once I read the lyrics.

JASON:I need to read the lyrics first.

JENNY:Okay already! I do believe that each of us, as individuals, ultimately make the final decision of how each of our lives are going to be shaped. Of course, everyday outside facets and encounters with others are going to affect our actions and what not, but it's you, it's me, it's him that's going to ultimately say 'Fuck it, I ain't having it this way' or in the case of the song Slaves, it's about people who aren't willing totake charge and make any decisions in life, just mindlessly going about day to day in the same numbing routines- work, families, bills, credit cards-shit like that- and allowing themselves to become slaves to things they hate, and then they die unhappily.

sitting around and just having conversation with each other and things like that. Computers seem to be having an adverse effect, thus creating geeks who lock themselves in their rooms for days at a time, pretending to be someone they're not in "chat" rooms, and becoming terribly buggly-eyed from that fucking incessant computer screen glare! Fuck! Have we been reduced to techno-hermits, people?!

JASON:All I have to say about that is realistically we can't change the world we live in, but at least we can live our own lives to our ideals the best we can. Fuck, I've given up on everything.

MRR: How fucked are we with George W. Bush in the White House? How bad did he fuck up Texas and in what ways?

JOE:I'd like to shoot that racist motherfucker in the eye!

CHRIS:Very! We all know he's corrupt, he's a cokehead, he's for the rich, and we're fucked in every way.

BOB:I don't really give a shit about any political outlook on that.

JENNY:You know how fucked we are with him in office! For one, he's a fucking businessman- an oil tycoon with an agenda. Enough said! More people were put to death in Texas when he was governor than any other state. We've got a motto for you: If you come to Texas, don't kill anyone! They like signing awaypeople's lives here like it's nobody's business. And things aren't getting any better.

JASON:He's a madman! He fucked up Texas while he was governor. Industry flourished and our ecology went to shit.

...technology makes things faster and easier for us, but the more prevalent it becomes ingrained into our lives, the further away people are driven from just actually being human beings, sitting around and just having conversation with each other...

MRR: Is it possible to "...shed the vestige of modernization..." when it all seems so ingrained into our daily lives? Why do you think it is important?

JOE:Huh?

BOB:We don't go to college...

CHRIS:Those are too big of words for us to understand.

JENNY:True! It's very ingrained into daily life, and that's what's so sad! While it's probably very hard to completely get away from all the modernization and technology of today, the point I'm stressing more is to NOT become dependant on technology as a way of life. So the Y2K scare didn't happen, but what if it did?! How ready would people be to revert back to meager survival, without the artificial comfort of their laptops- heaven forbid! Granted, technology makes things faster and easier for us, but the more prevalent it becomes ingrained into our lives, the further away people are driven from just actually being human beings,

MRR: What four bands (living or dead) would make up your perfect show and why?

CHRIS:My perfect show...the Dead Boys because they're from Cleveland- home of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame; Still Little Fingers because they were one of the greatest bands I've seen live; Kiss because they're the ultimate rock n' roll band and Ace rules!;and finally Motorhead because after 3 times of seeing them, Lemmy still has the mole.

BOB:Hmm...Rush-because I'm that old. Hickey-they're just fucken cool. Quiet Riot because mama we're all crazy now; and Civil Disobedience cuz they rock my pee-pee hard! (and Joan Jett.)

JENNY:If I have to choose you're gonna think

I'm pretty lame. Siouxsie and the Banshees because I've got this thing for Siouxsie Sioux, and they rock. The Cure in their younger suicide days because I'm a fag like that and cuz I've got a thing for Bobby Smith. Antischism because they simply fucken rule, and I had to have a tough band in here somewhere. Otis Redding for the soul.

JASON:All, Descendents, Madonna, and the Star Wars soundtrack because that's what I listen to.

JOE:David Bowie, Nine Inch Nails because I'm willing to take it up the ass from Trent Reznor, Jimi Hendrix and Brittney Spears cuz she's real perty.

EVERYONE IN AGREEMENT:Slayer!

MRR: What is the latest book you've read? What was it about?

JENNY:I'm in the midst of the Vampire Chronicles by Anne Rice. There's like 20 books in her series. Presently, I'm on my 3rd book- The Vampire Armand. Goth, yes. Cheesy, very. But I'm way into it!

BOB:The Principles of Cellular and Molecular Biology- the high school edition from when I was in high school. I'm too lazy to go to college.

CHRIS:The Hanes Ford E150 manual so that I could fix our van to make it to a show in El Paso.

JASON:I've been reading the Chronicles of Narnia because the fantasy world it sends you into makes you feel like a kid again.

JOE: (Probably reading a biography about Bowie or Brittney Spears to look at the pictures.)

MRR: What other projects are you involved with outside the band?

BOB:All Chris and I do is eat, breathe, sleep, shit and daydream about motorcycles when we're not doing bandstuff.

CHRIS:And 95% of the time we're fixing the stupid fuckers.

BOB:And Chris crashes in the rain!

CHRIS:And also coming out with the 1st issue of my zine, Horsepower, which is about motorcycles (duh), music, politics and what I have to say.

JENNY:Honestly, not much. I read a lot. I'm into corresponding with people from all over the world- most of whom are punks, so it's interesting to

find out what their scenes and lives are like. Lately I've been fucking around in the garden, swimming with my dogs, and drinking. Average stuff for an average girl, you know.

JASON:Drinking and taking up smoking.

JOE: Drinking and professionally smoking.

MRR: What is Austin like these days as a "scene" and as a city in general?

BOB:I've seen a lot of cool bands here- it's a lot better than El Paso. And lots of good

beer here.

CHRIS:There's a lot of good bands and kids are trying to do a lot of good things here. The cops like to bust up shows, so we're always looking for new spots for bands to play.

JENNY: Yeah, what Chris said. There's lots of activism going on in Austin, too. Austin is a rad place to live, but the heat and the humidity are too much for me.

JASON:There's so much shit going on in Austin that you can take the initiative to be involved in whatever you want. I'm happy here.

MRR: Closing comments, upcoming records/tours etc.

CHRIS:We have a 12" coming out this summer.

BOB:We were supposed to tour this summer, but fucking Joe can't get work off because of the movie Planet of the Apes that's coming out- his boss won't "let " him quit for the tour- he's a pussy, a hairy one at that.

CHRIS:The movie already came out like 20 years ago-why did it have to come out again?!

JENNY:Sorry, we suck at this sort of stuff. No tours or anything that I know of real soon, except maybe that 12". Contact us somehow if you ever find yourself in Austin, or need a show here or in El Paso. There's actually quite a cool little scene in El Paso, and since I'm from there, I've got to give props to my homies.They could use more out of town bands there to keep the scene alive! Or contact us if you just want to talk shit, shop, gossip, or smash the state!

JASON:Shit, we just want to play hard, play well and just everyone have a blast with us!

CHRIS:Ride a motorcycle. It's better for the environment, it's cheap and your mom will hate it!!! If you want our records or if you're interested in Horsepower zine, contact us at PMB 175/ 2002- A. Guadalupe/ Austin, TX 78705. E-mail us at Losbandidosrec@yahoo.com. Pirates never die!

BOB:I wish we could've given you a more well rounded interview, but gee kid, get outta here, you're bothering me.

JOE:I hate it when people put words into my mouth.

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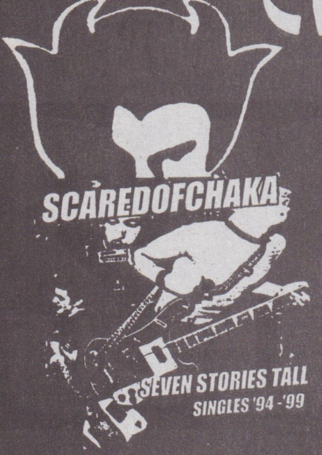

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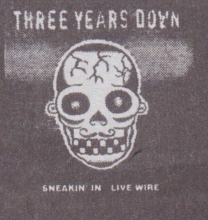

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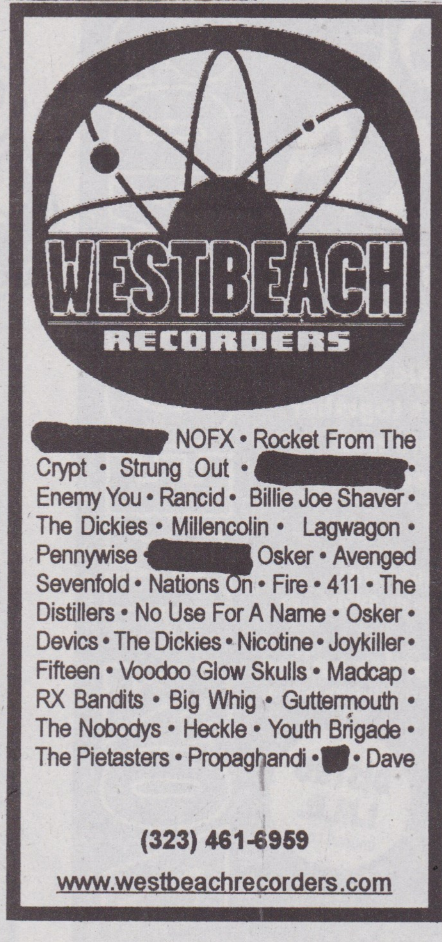

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Do or Die is a journal of resistance put out annually by an English collective. (So collective/humble/furtive in fact that they include their individual names on nothing in the publication.) The latest issue, published in December 2000, offers a smorgasbord of inside accounts and interviews from various struggles around the globe, ranging from pink-and-silver-clad samba dancers going up against riot police in Prague, to Finnish fur fighters, to "It's All Kicking Off—A Radical History of Football" (i.e. soccer, not the padded shoulders, helmet-wearing, ethnic-slur-for-team-name football we enjoy here in these United States. Nothing too radical about that kind as far as I know.)

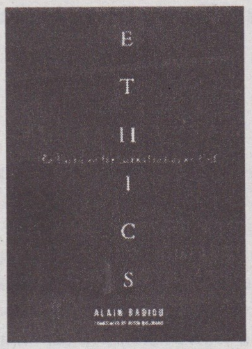
Unlike many first-hand accounts of direct action, *Do or Die's* reports are in-depth and insightful, refreshingly full of honesty and humor and free of self-referential hype. Though *Do or Die* celebrates the exhilaration of creative resistance, it also contains self-criticism of the left. I particularly enjoyed the account of May Day 2000 in London where a Reclaim The Streets guerrilla gardening action in Parliament Square went woefully, muddily wrong. "It didn't do much for our claims to be beautifying the grey landscape of urban Britain that we turned an admittedly rather sterile and antiseptic lawn into a squalid quagmire. We made it look shit, to be honest....It was all pretty much summed up by the people I saw ripping up tulips (minus their roots) out of their flowerbeds around the grass in the square and 'transplanting' them to the cracks between the paving stones, where they went brown and died."

The writing in *Do or Die* employs the laudable ethic that asking questions is more important than thinking you have all the answers. Many articles include passages about lessons learned. The journal also focuses on the big picture, often printing capsule summaries of struggles past alongside its articles on contemporary movements. I don't know about you, but having the non-fiction reading attention span of a gnat, when seeking information of a factual nature I tend to gravitate towards books whose titles begin "The Cartoon History of..." or "The Idiot's Guide to...". I therefore appreciate *Do or Die's* "A Brief Panther Chronology" which accompanies an interview with a pair of ex-Black Panthers and the two-page synopsis of the Spanish Civil War in the middle of a report on radical movements in contemporary Spain, as well as the Leonard Peltier cartoon with words by Standing Deer and art by Seth Tobocman and Barbara Lee.

Do or Die is definitely strong on graphics with many irreverent cartoons and inspiring pictures of global protesters with faces covered, fists high and, often, bottoms bared. For those of you who like to mix your politics with poetry, you'll appreciate "The Ballad of the Black Hooded Top," in which the purchase of a hooded sweatshirt turns an ordinary girl into a direct action dynamo. "I looked right—hmmm, McDonalds. Then left—an army shop./ I walked on in—then walked on out—in A NEW BLACK HOODED TOP./ Wait—just a moment. I feel—odd. The world seems new and strange—/McDonalds! Planet murderers! I must—FIGHT FOR SOCIAL CHANGE." Though her new article of clothing leads our heroine into battle, she ultimately learns the valuable lesson that true revolution comes not from the hood but from the heart.

Did I mention *Do or Die* also contains excellent book reviews, contact information for political prisoners, and handy hints on planning direct actions? There's something for everyone! Well, maybe not everyone. Neither current nor former President Bush would get a lot out of it. But almost everyone. In conclusion I liked this anti-consumerist, anti-capitalist journal so much that I'm now left in the paradoxical position of urging you to go out and spend your money on it. Well, we all live with our contradictions. *Do or Die*. Buy, buy, buy. —Melissa Klein

Ethics: An Essay on the Understanding of Evil
Alain Badiou
166 pages • $23
Verso Books • 180 Varick Street
New York, NY • 10014-4606



Philosophy is a tricky subject to wrap one's head around. It's an ever-changing, ever-evolving beast. One may have a steadfast opinion for years only to have it changed with a few minutes of contemplation over a newly discovered philosophy. For those that work and write in the field of philosophy, to bring someone over to their belief structure is a major success. In this book, Alain Badiou breaks from most Western philosophy and attempts to prove that Evil does not exist a priori, but only when preceeded by Good.

While probably unfamiliar to most Americans, Badiou is a significant player in modern French philosophy. He has authored more than twenty books and is also a professor and lecturer in Paris. *Ethics* is the third of his works to be translated to English within the past year.

Ethics opens with a rather lengthy introduction from the translator. While the introduction is somewhat helpful, it at times becomes a discussion of the translator's own philosophy and his take on how the reader should perceive and digest Badiou's writing. That's not to say that this part of the book was not helpful, for it does assist in providing a background and introduction to Badiou's philosophy. I just have to question whether a 30-page introduction is truly necessary for a 91-page essay, or is the translator a frustrated philosopher himself trying to get his own kicks at the expense of Badiou's work?

The bulk of the book is Badiou's essay, which "begins as a political attack against the ideology of human rights and as a defence of the antihumanism of the 1960's. It closes by sketching an ethic of truths..." The ideas presented in this book, as with most philosophies, are up for interpretation of the reader and their willingness to think about what they have read. What I gathered is that Western society sees Evil as something that exists without reason, without bounds and without any precursors. Badiou

takes great pains to prove this thinking wrong and strives to show that "Evil is possible only through an encounter with the Good."

It is difficult to review something of this nature and magnitude, for each reader my take something different away from these writings depending on their perception of the world around them. I found as I read that I began to question my own beliefs on certain points that Badiou states. In that respect, the book is a success.

Following the essay, there is a lengthy interview with the author. This interview helps the reader gain some further insight into Badiou's political and philosophical leaning. And while, like the translator's introduction, I found this to be dry at points, it did help to round out the big picture of exactly where Badiou comes from.

Rounding out the book is a lengthy bibliography as well as an index. The bibliography is very detailed and points out the works cited in Ethics as well as providing a lengthy list of Badiou's work.

About the only thing that may put some readers off is the underlying current of distaste for American thinking and philosophies and their influence on other parts of the world.

In the end, the author of such a book sets out to sway the opinion of the reader. If he can do so, and get the reader to look at something in a new manner, he is an unequivocal success. If the philosopher cannot accomplish that, he still remains a success if he can force the reader to at least seriously contemplate his writings. And while I am by no means a serious student of philosophy, I did find myself pondering this work for days after I had completed reading this essay. —Trent R.

The No-Nonsense Guide to Globalization
Wayne Ellwood
The No-Nonsense Guide to Climate Change
Dinyar Godrej
The No-Nonsense Guide to Fair Trade • David Ransom
New Internationalist Publications / Verso Press • 180 Varick Street
New York, NY • 10014-4606

These guides are riding the wave of recent publications about globalization—the issues, the policies, the advocates and the opponents—in the wake of the so-called Battle in Seattle. It's a bit odd, if only because the anti-globalization movement has its decades-old roots in Third World nations (those that have been impacted the most by current IMF/WTO/WB policy) but has only garnered such international attention in the aftermath of U.S./First World protests. As a result, I worry that the public face of the anti-globalization movement will be the black-clad white (and usually male) youth, rather than the less media-spectacular working people of Third World nations, and that the anarchist spectacle of the former will overshadow and even suppress the years of hard advocacy work of the latter.

These are not frivolous observations—they suggest very real inequities of power among imagined allies that will need to be dealt with, sooner or later. Keep that in mind, because it will come up again.

Each of the guides runs about 150 pages and is neatly divided into chapters and sections and clear headings. For those who are looking for specific information about a particular topic, there is a decent index. Each guide also offers a contact list of advocacy groups and organizations, as well as a concluding chapter with "what to do next" bullet points for a progressive agenda.

The guide to globalization is packed with the usual cast of characters: The International Monetary Fund, The World Trade Organization, the Bretton Woods pact, the World Bank, debt and structural adjustment, deregulation, et cetera. Offering straightforward political economy, the author avoids the academic language of Masao Miyoshi and David Harvey, but manages to reference (if obliquely) such concepts as time-space compression and flexible accumulation in less catch-phraseworthy if more lucid prose. Structural changes in the global economy in the 1970s—the creation of NICS (Newly Industrialized Countries) and "export processing zones" among them—have given rise to an ideological fundamentalism of "free trade" which has been anything but "free." Multinational corporations are given tax shelters and legal exemptions, unfettered investment and deregulation, and even supplied with military aid, in what has been dubbed "corporate welfare." This slim volume somehow manages to tackle all the relevant angles on neo-liberal globalization without seeming top-heavy or overwhelming—a helpful crash course on the history and impact of global economic policy, it might be useful to carry this one with you to the upcoming (and growing) protests, since these issues can get positively labyrinthine.

Similarly the guide to climate change is a solid piece of reporting, presenting the impact of "record-breaking" instances of extreme weather on health, farming, and wildlife. There is an extensive analysis of the international Kyoto accords, which U.S. President Bush has famously derided and infamously refused to follow.

The guide to fair trade, however, misses the mark—beginning with the foreword by Anita Roddick, founder and co-chair of the transnational corporation The Body Shop, which almost reads like an advertising pitch. Roddick takes the opportunity to plug The Body Shop's "community trade" program (also prominently featured in all in-store brochures and the on-line website)—a subcontracted network of cooperatives and collectives producing crafts and other goods for The Body Shop. As of 1995, however, this "Trade Not Aid" program accounted for approximately 1% of The Body Shop's business. Meanwhile numerous feminist scholars have deconstructed the whiff of missionary discourse in Roddick's rhetoric, a kind of "white woman's burden" for the new millennium, which includes saving the Third World with "work and not handouts," buying organic hand cream or tea tree oil for the betterment of all involved.

But of course, that's simply the foreword. The crucial question is: Does fair trade provide options? Certainly, for the workers in the most immediate sense, commensurate wages (between 15-30% of the retail price of the product) and union organizing is a material improvement. Some of the other common principles of fair trade are: no child labor, environmental sustainability, social premiums, democratic organization, et cetera, which are all wonderful things, to be sure. Thus, fair trade is by far preferable to free trade. The chapters address different parts of the Third World as well as different free trade products—Peru and coffee, Ghana and cocoa, Guatamala and bananas, and Mexico provides the "cautionary tale" with a trip to a maquila/factory. However, fair trade as a solution to the global economy presents more complications than this guide either addresses—and perhaps more than the fair trade movement would be willing to address.

For instance, the relationship between fair-trade producer and fair-trade consumer needs much more scrutiny. The ruggedly romantic portraits of indigenous farmers and artisans presented in this volume—and overwhelmingly so in the body of fair trade discourse—suggest that fair trade as uniquely capable of creating "genuine" social relations for the First World with the Other of the Third and Fourth World. That is, the relationship between producer and consumer is recuperated as one marked by equality and exchange—which is hardly outside of the logic of capitalism. And so, to allude to my initial concerns, just who is identified as the agent of social change in fair trade?

Fair trade depends upon a generalized metropolitan or First World subject who not only participates in a global community defined by consumer culture, but who (according to the discourse) provides for the disadvantaged with her purchasing power. This cultural politics of "build-

ing people to people ties" (the Global Exchange slogan), of cultural preservation and social justice, locates political activity within a public sphere of consumption but limits its exercise to an elite market. Moreover, fair trade participates in the privatization of acts of good citizenship, reduced to the issue of consumption practices. This is made inadvertently clear in the chapter about blue jeans—in which the search for a "non-exploitative" pair eventually costs $100 (and that was on the low end) for a hemp version of the popular fashion staple. The ability of fair trade to change the face of the global economy thus depends on the continued accumulation of wealth and discretionary income in the First World in order to provide a market for Third World goods. This necessity describes a situation that does not necessarily empower the Third World worker and yet locates the First World consumer as the agent for social change.

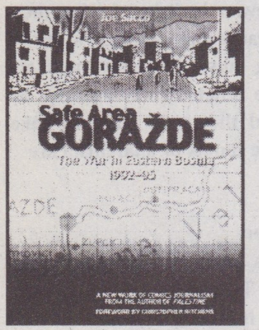
Meanwhile The Body Shop and Levi's—companies with "community trade" or education programs for their workers—blur the line between the corporation and the NGO. A non-profit called PEOPLink provides web access and Internet skills to artisan cooperatives for their goods, earning high praise from former U.S. President Clinton for their efforts in aiding the "less fortunate" to pull themselves up by the so-called bootstraps. And in spite of the critique of neoliberalism, fair trade still a) qualifies as the privatization of social services and aid and b) fosters a politics that locates empowerment and equality in producer participation in the market system.

In the end, a solution that requires "good people with good money" is not any kind of solution at all. Fair trade is the weak link in the anti-globalization agenda, and exposes the asymmetrical relations of representational and material power that still undergird the movement.

As a whole, the no-nonsense guides are useful maps of the contemporary economic and political order. Clear and concise, the first two are a great introduction to the issues at hand, while the last provokes (if not deliberately) the need for a more critical analysis of the imagined solutions we pose, and how we do so. —Mimi Nguyen

Safe Area Gorazde: The War in Eastern Bosnia 1992-95

Joe Sacco
225 Pages • $24.95
Fantagraphics Books • 7563 Lake City Way NE
Seattle, WA • 98115



Joe Sacco has been one of my favorite comics artists for a while now—he is basically a war journalist and he has a knack for using the medium of comics to represent the underdog while keeping himself just barely out of the line of fire. *Safe Area Gorazde* takes place during the Bosnian War of 1992-95 while the Muslim poplulation of Eastern Bosnia was being brutally exterminated by the Serbs. Eventually the UN declared the towns that the Muslims still held to be 'safe areas' although they were the most dangerous places to be. Sacco gives a voice to the Muslim population of one of these small towns which—surrounded by Serb occupied territory—became the unwilling target of much larger political agendas. These are the people whose stories were not told by the mainstream media.

Safe Area Gorazde is 227 pages of intense and painstakingly drawn comics—an historical and beautifully reproduced hardcover book that emphasizes the personal point of view and brings the idea of the human condition within a state of war into the perspective of the average person. You realize that this could happen anywhere and that these people are real. They could be your neighbors—your family—you.

I first got seriously hooked on Sacco's comics in the mid-nineties when I read his Palestine series. I had seen his work before and liked it but the Palestine series was like a bomb—a well researched and beautifully drawn book that completely blew me away. Originally it was released as a series of nine comic books and later as a two volume collection (also by Fantagraphics) in 1996. Palestine is a drawn account of interviews conducted by Sacco with Palestinians living under Israeli occupation during his two month visit to Jerusalem, the West Bank and the Gaza Strip.

Safe Area Gorazde is also based on personal interviews. Sacco first visited what was left of the town in 1995—hitching a ride on a UN relief convoy traveling the 'blue road' through Serb occupied territory ('cleansed of Muslims') bringing supplies to the beseiged Gorazde. While most journalists based themselves in the safer and more comfortable city of Sarajevo, Sacco returned to Gorazde for three more extended visits to complete his interviews—sometimes risking his own safety. At one point he was almost stranded as the relations between the UN and the Serbs deteriorated. *Safe Area Gorazde* opens with an almost cinemagraphic view of entering the town—hyper-detailed black and white ink drawings of the long line of trucks passing houses that have been shelled and blasted—the kids running out to greet them—the entire population of the town out on the street to receive the much needed supplies and to talk to the few journalists who were willing to leave the spotlight of Sarajevo. The people were desparate for news and just simple contact from the outside world—recognition that they are alive.

During this initial trip Sacco met several of the people who would later become focal points of the book. The major character is a school teacher named Edin who became host, translator, storyteller and friend to Sacco—introducing him to the people of the town helping him get their stories straight. One friend of Edin's appears frequently —a muslim soldier named Riki who obsessively sings cheesy 70's rock songs at the top of his lungs and is constantly having to go back to the frontlines. There is a dinner party with some 'silly girls' who have all the concerns of teenagers—like boyfriends and clothes and worrying about the future—especially trying to survive the Serb offensives. There are people who have escaped to the 'safe area' from other towns now occupied by Serbs. There are doctors, teachers, nurses, laborers, students, young and old—all with a story to tell and they are desparate to be heard.

As with the Palestine series Sacco's approach is to bascially hang out and socialize with the folks—to actually see and hear the reality of the situation. Gorazde is—or was—a town of relatively normal people living relatively normal lives and suddenly they were bombed back to the 19th century and had to survive in precarious isolation with no electriciy and no running water but plenty of snipers. Maybe because the stories come from an intimate firsthand contact and because they are so personal, they have incredible intensity and power. Couple this with Joe's compelling graphics and it becomes larger than the sum of its parts. Sacco, who cites R. Crumb and Bill Elder (EC Mad comics) as influences, has a richly organic drawing style that pulls you in with its animated lines and cinemagraphic points of view—black and white pen work done completely by hand with 'super black india ink!'

It's also a hard book to read—because of the overwhelming violence and tragedy of the war in which the Serbs basically attempted to carry out an agenda of 'ethnic cleansing'—this book made me want to cry more than once—it made me want to be sick many times and it made me angry.

There are horrific accounts of having to hike many miles through the Serb-controlled territories in the dead of winter to get food. Many people would die in the attempt but in 1993 they were cut off from all supplies and the people in the town were starving. Trying to stay warm was another ordeal.They had to hike miles for their wood and haul it back to the town and not everyone was so able-bodied—much of the poplulation was older or too injured to do much physical labor.

Throughout the book Sacco includes sections that outline the history of the conflict—complete with maps—from the formation of modern Yugoslavia after WW II which combined territories of Croats, Serbs

and Muslims. In 1941 the Croat fascists exterminated Serbs, then the Chetniks—Serb nationalists and royalists—slaughtered Bosnian Croats and Muslims. Meanwhile the Partisans and Communists led by Tito were comprised of Serbs Croats and Muslims. Tito eventually united Yugoslavia but the ethnic tensions were never fully resolved and eventually came to a boiling point under Serbia's president Slobodan Milosevic. Croatia and Slovenia declared independence from Yugoslavia in 1991 provoking the Serb population of Croatia to ethnically cleanse their areas of Croats. In 1992 the Bosnian Government was split between Muslims and Serb—the Muslims wanted sovereignty frm Yugoslavia while the Serbs argued for an ethnic division of Bosnia. On April 6 1992 the European Community recognized Bosnia as independent and immediately the Serbs declared their own independent state.

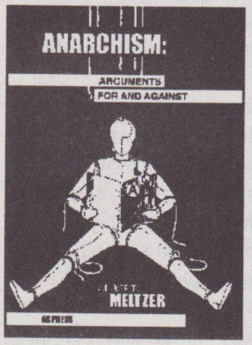
Meanwhile on the local level tensions had been building between Serb and Muslim neighbors and on the morning of May 4 1992 all the Serbs had dissappeared from Gorazde. Soon after this the attacks began. One older man tells of witnessing the slaughter of 200—300 Muslims on a bridge in Visegrad (another town near Gorazde). He himself was beaten savagely but then saved from being killed by a Serb who had been his neighbor.

Sacco is unrelentless in illustrating in gutwrenching detail the many atrocities and somtimes it gets a little overwhelming. luckily there is a little bit of comic relief with Riki and his repetoire of pop songs,the 'silly girls' and their wartime parties by the woodstove, the long line of girls wanting to talk to Joe to win his favor so that on his next trip he will bring them jeans—'levi's! original 501s! American made! Make no mistake!'

During the whole book there is the underlying threat that Gorazde might be traded to the Serbs for an overall peace deal. The people live with this possiblility that they might at anytime lose their status as a 'safe area' which only adds to the stress of trying to figure out on a daily basis how to get food and stay warm. But on Nov 21 1995 the balkan leaders initiated an overall peace settlement There would be a narrow corridor that would link Gorazde to the rest of Eastern Bosnia—in Gorazde the war was over.

This is where *Safe Area Gorazde* begins and ends. Obviously I can't say enought about this book! Sacco's artwork and journalism combine to create an important and beautiful document of a devastating situation. I want to tell you all the details of all the stories in this book but I'm just gonna shut up now and let you read it yourself—it is some serious shit. —Fly

Anarchism: Arguments For And Against
Albert Meltzer
96 pages • $5.95/£3.95
AK Press, PO Box 40682, San Francisco, CA 94140-0682, USA
PO Box 12766, Edinburgh, Scotland, EH8 9YE



Albert Meltzer was born in London on January 7, 1920, and until his death in 1996 he worked tirelessly to organize and define anarchism in the context of its contemporary relevance during his own lifetime, and also as he believed it should be organized and utilized for future workers movements—especially those with revolutionary implications. Of course, that doesn't even scratch the surface of all the many angles from which Albert Meltzer's life could be viewed and analyzed, and it's also the case when dealing with his arguments for and against anarchism.

Philosophers have a way of writing that usually gives new meaning to the term "'run-on sentence," and in the case of political philosophers, the reader must prepare himself for an edited journey along the writer's line of thinking that can result in what could be termed a run-on paragraph. All angles and side notes are dealt with directly and footnotes are left to revisionist versions of said texts a lifetime after their first printing. I developed an undiagnosed phobia of revised printings of publications penned by philosophers after an initial failed attempt to tackle a footnote-filled version of Plato's Republic. Thankfully, *Arguments For And Against Anarchism* manages to keep the run-on sentences to a minimum, and furthermore, it proves that concision in editing and layout can make one's navigation of this pocket sized publication much less daunting that might be assumed by the book's title.

Anarchism: Arguments For And Against, spends most of its time dealing with Anarchism in all its different incarnations, and although I become apprehensive whenever I'm confronted with the multitude of labels of ideological definitions that were awaiting me in Albert Meltzer's book, I managed to hang in there long enough to learn quite a bit about Revolutionary Anarchism, especially as it relates to class struggle and trade unions. For instance, back in high school when I was reading The Communist Manifesto by Marx and Engels, I, being a fly-on-the-wall punk rocker, used to have trouble coming to terms with Marx and Engels' arguments against anarchism, as well as what seemed to be an exclusion of the kind of people I encountered on a daily basis in a Marx/Engel's worker's revolution. Meltzer counters much of what I read way back then in my formative years in the chapter titled "Class Struggle":

> As we have said, Marxists accuse the Anarchists of being petty bourgeois. Using the term in its modern sense, it makes Marx look ridiculous. Marx was distinguishing between the bourgeois (with full rights of citizens—i.e. self-employed workers and merchants) and the minor citizens—i.e. self-employed workers. When Marx referred to the Anarchists being 'petty bourgeois' he was expressing something that was happening, especially after the breaking up of the independent Communes of Paris and Barcelona, and the breakdown of the capitalist economy, in his day. But, with the change of meaning, to think of today's Anarchists as frustrated bowler-hatted bank managers turning to violence because they have been forced into industry is straining one's sense of the ridiculous.

In the chapter entitled "Inalienable Tenets of Anarchism," I found the subheadings to be even more relevant in light of what took place at this year's Liberatatia (a Pyrate Punx gathering which grew out of the Bay Area punk scene, and involves camping, music, film showing, sharing, and in a larger sense a practicing of the tenets described here by Meltzer - www.danger-island.com/pyratepunx) that took place in Lake County, in Northern California. The inalienable tenets of anarchism are:

- That People are Born Free,
- If People are Free, Slavery is Murder,
- As Slavery is Murder, so Property is Theft,
- If Property is Theft, Government is Tyranny,
- If Government is Tyranny, Anarchy is Liberty.

Like I stated earlier in this review, one cannot really begin to scratch the surface in the space provided here, but I want to point out that what made this book enlightening to me was the way it was inclusive, as well as up front in its objectives and purpose. Albert Meltzer is quick to point out that the way he describes something like Anarchism's relationship to unions and workers (for example) might not be how other anarchists describe it, but in the end it is all about semantics, and that the objectives are still the same. If not, then they probably should be. One last note. Even though I'm not currently involved with any study groups or book clubs, this book would probably be best experienced within the context either of those. —Jay Dead

MOVIES

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

How Would Your Dick Looked Dipped in Plaster?

The whole idea cracks me up. A girl who wants to have sex with rock stars concocts an idea to combine her art class with her obsession. It seems harmless enough, even though I never really understood the idea of the groupie. Someone who loves rock stars so much that he or she wants to sleep with them. For me it would have been, I love rock stars so much that I went out and became one. Cool by association just doesn't cut it for me. I have to admit, though, that at least Cynthia Albritton, a.k.a. Cynthia Plaster Caster, was creative with her groupie pursuits.

Plaster Caster: A Cockumentary Film is a look at Cynthia's work. She casts in plaster her favorite rock stars dicks. The story is told from the present, where Cynthia is fairly well known and still doing her thing. The most fascinating part is that she casts two penises for the camera. One is the outgoing Danny Dollrod of The Demolition Dollrods, and the other is the very shy Bill Dolan of 5ive Style. Director Jessica Villines has fun with the subject and Cynthia Plaster Caster has fun with her work. As a result it is a very fun film to watch. I kept talking about it for hours after seeing it.

Cynthia was a Chicago art student when she began her quest for rock stars. Her art teacher had given her an assignment to make a cast of something hard that would keep its shape. She immediately thought of a penis even though she had never seen one. She combined her assignment with her love of rock music and set off to test her theories. She and a friend made business cards to introduce themselves as the Plaster Casters of Chicago and were easily admitted to the star's hotel rooms.

The first rocker she attempted to cast was Mark Lindsay of Paul Revere and the Raiders. Things didn't work out with the cast, but she ended up losing her virginity to him. She then went on to cast images of Jimi Hendrix, Noel Redding, Wayne Kramer, Dennis Thompson and other '60s luminaries. She met up with Frank Zappa (never cast), who found her work fascinating. He wanted to help her out by funding her projects. After her apartment was burglarized (though none of her casts were taken) she allowed Zappa's manager Herb Cohen to keep them for her in his vault. He wouldn't give them back. After twenty years of legal battles with Herb Cohen, she finally won back possession of her "babies"—her way of addressing her casts.

Cynthia is a very open and honest person. She talks very frankly about being a groupie. She doesn't have any objection to being called one. That's what she is. Even now, with her notoriety, she still has a hard time approaching rockers she wants to cast. The camera follows her through a crowded club as she approaches Bill Dolan to ask if he would be interested. She is shy and a bit embarrassed to be asking. She acts like a teenager. He is shy too, but he agrees to have it done.

Later, at her apartment, we get a rundown on what will happen. She uses algenates, a dental material she gets from her dentist, to make the mold. Algenates are difficult to use. They harden very quickly, so the subject has to be ready to go when Cynthia has the mixture ready. That's why there is usually another girl present, called a plater. The plater gets the subject hard. When she started, there were two Plaster Casters—now she prefers to use the subject's wife or girlfriend, although she sometimes performs the plater role as well. Cynthia has a routine. She wears, for an apron, a pant leg that used to belong to Keith Moon. He gave it to her when she needed an apron to cast him and she has used it ever since.

I really enjoy the comparisons between Bill Dolan and Danny Dollrod's casting session. Bill is very shy and won't let the camera film him naked. The first attempt doesn't work, so they set up another appointment. The next time he brings his girlfriend to help out. It works. Everyone seems pleased. Cynthia brings his cast to the bar where he is working. He is very embarrassed and doesn't want to touch it. The guys sitting at the bar have no such qualms. They examine it and pass it along to the next guy. A girl at the end of the bar doesn't want to hold it.

Danny Dollrod is extroverted. He allows the whole thing to be filmed. They arrange to do the casting in the exact hotel room where Cynthia cast Jimi Hendrix. She describes everything that happened that night, recollecting that Jimi was very into it. His pubic hair even got stuffed in the cast and had to be picked out one by one. He didn't care. He just kept fucking the cast until the girls had him free. Danny gets very turned on by the idea of reenacting the scenario. He has no problem with his cast. It's fascinating, but also very creepy to watch.

Between these castings, Cynthia is preparing for her first gallery exhibit of her work. Three very stereotypical art gallery people show up at her apartment to discuss the exhibit. Cynthia is very serious about her pieces and knows exactly how she would like them displayed. She is very professional and business-like when dealing with these people as well as with the factory that is helping her recast some of her more famous pieces. Even when the factory workers start jerking her around and you think she might lose it, she manages to stay together.

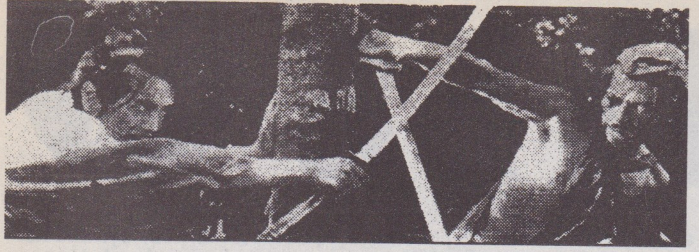
As a girl, I think the best aspect of **Plaster Caster: A Cockumentary Film** is the way the guys react to their casts. It is funny to see these rock stars suddenly getting very defensive and even humbled by the way their portrait turns out. Momus starts getting all intellectual about why his is so small, rambling on about it being an statement about post modern Englishmen and then catches himself when he realizes that he is just try to make up an excuse. Others try to justify why they didn't want their cock cast. Cynthia explains repeatedly that she is not a size queen and finds them all wonderful. That's nice, but I had to know who was the biggest. It looked like Jimi Hendrix to me, but others have said it is Jon Langford or Ronnie Barnett. After doing some research, I came across an interview with Nardwaur where Cynthia admits that Jimi Hendrix is the widest, but Clint Poppy of Pop Will Eat Itself is the longest. Glad to clear that up.

I could write about dicks all day, but I just want to mention one other short film, **Pie Fight '69**, a documentary short of a publicity stunt by a San Francisco film production company called Grand Central Station. The filmmakers of Grand Central Station were having trouble getting funds to make their films and were outraged at the pretense of the San Francisco International Film Festival, which wasn't supporting independent films. They arranged a pie fight at the opening night gala of the 1969 festival. One of their crew pulls up to the red carpet in a van wearing a baker's outfit and proceeds to carry a tray of pies to the front door. Another member of the crew walks down the carpet and bumps into the baker, knocking pies out his hand. The fight begins, shocking most of the people attending the festival. Everyone else is waiting in the crowd and joins in the pie fight.

The prank was filmed, but since the production company never went anywhere, it was forgotten. Filmmakers Christian Bruno and Sam Green found the footage. They interspersed the film with an interview of one of the members of Grand Central Station and local news coverage. The film is only eight minutes long, but very enjoyable. As everyone probably knows, I hate those damn film festivals. Seeing all those people dressed up in their fancy clothes covered in pie is a great thrill. I can't believe I've never heard about this.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, I'd like to see it. Send a copy to me c/o MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. —Carolyn Keddy

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



Wrestling With Reality: Corporate Greed, Japanese Female Wrestling, and Cannibalism

In the accelerated world of dot.com fever, where everything is obsolescent in three years, comes Startup.com, a documentary which may be almost too topical. But with the NASDAQ in free-fall and internet startups failing like Windows 2000 workstations, there's nothing obsolescent about this film.

Startup.com is, basically, a "how-not-to" of internet business practice. Account executive Kaleil Isaza Tuzman—a burly young guy who's all ego and grit—has quit his day job at a prestigious investment firm to join his longtime friend, Tom Herman, in launching a revolutionary internet service. Do you have parking tickets? An overdue library book? Need to pay for a hunting license? Well, Govworks.com is the middleman between you and the red tape of local government. It's a great concept. It may even have worked great if Tuzman and Herman weren't behind it.

Tuzman's girlfriend sums the situation up as well as anyone. "With their suits...they look like such grown-up gentlemen. But you know what? They're not."

Her words are like an oracle. First, there's a huge corporate crisis over what they should call the business. The decision is so momentous that Tuzman has to go into prayer meditation for an hour. Their first contact tells them that they're doing everything wrong. Tuzman and Herman really don't have a clue.

They finally get venture capital, and their employee list swells from a dozen to just under a hundred. Tuzman—who's long since taken over the role of company spokesman—wins front page coverage in tech journals and TV shows. Govworks even gets a surprise visit from their main competitor, who's remarkably relaxed and cordial (despite the fact that they're deadly rivals for the same niche market).

Then there's a break-in. (Their kindly competitor? The film never spells it out, but it's hard to draw any other conclusion.) Tuzman's computer has been stolen, and with it all of their most sensitive company contacts and technology. Whoever broke in know exactly what to take. It's the kind of industrial espionage that turns the tide, even though the crew at Govworks.com are the last to realize it.

Directors Chris Hegedus (*The War Room*) and Jehane Noujaim are always in the right place at the right time with their digital cam, capturing the inflation and deflation of the tech bubble before our eyes. You can be certain that every Silicon Valley AE is going to find his way to see the film, if only for instruction. For the rest of us, it's a tense and often funny drama that rings true.

Gaea Girls is an astounding documentary that deals with the unlikely and strangely engrossing subject of Japanese female pro wrestling. But before rushing into the ring with this one, a few things need to be clarified. First, Japanese wrestling, unlike its cheesy American counterpart, isn't pre-scripted. Second, it's violent; no fake blood-packs here—these girls bleed the real stuff. Third, victory and defeat isn't taken lightly. One of the stars of this film, legendary wrestler and Gaea Girls stable-master Nagayo Chigusa, once broke her back a third of the way into a match. She spent the next thirteen minutes of the bout wrestling while holding her back in place. She was in traction for the next three months.

The word "Gaea" refers to the Greek goddess of titans. Gaea Girls, directed by Kim Longinotto and Kim Williams, covers a season of training in their rural training camp, where wrestlers and trainees alike abide by the highest standards in Japanese courtesy in their daily lives while learning to unleash violence on their female opponents in the ring.

The film quickly finds its bearings by concentrating on one girl in particular, Saika Takeuchi, a trainee whose timidity keeps her from letting loose on her training partners. She's also easily given to tears, but her sparring partners won't (and can't) give an inch of sympathy. As Chigusa tells her: if she isn't brutal in training, she'll be annihilated in a real match.

Takeuchi's test comes in a kind of final exam where she has to face each member of the team consecutively without getting pinned. Her teammates are fresh, but as the final goes on, she's obliged to face increasingly stronger opponents. Her last challenge is Chigusa, whose personal version of being cruel to be kind leaves Takeuchi squirming on the mat again and again. When she fails, Takeuchi is obliged to train from scratch, accepting a regimen of running, weight training, and punishing sparring matches.

Both girls showed up for my screening (and received an enthusiastic ovation lasting several minutes). While Chigusa is an imposing woman, it's astonishing how tiny Takeuchi is in comparison. Apparently, she's done well for herself career-wise, picking up a series of wins (including one against Chigusa herself) in the process. She's still meek...but now you can detect a streak of self-confidence behind the reticence.

Gaea Girls is definitely a film to seek out. Never mind that he's a noted artist and anthropologist, that he's written books and given lectures for over forty years. The one question people always ask is, "Did you really eat human flesh?" It's one of the questions **Keep the River on Your Right: A Modern Cannibal Tale** tries to answer.

Tobias Schneebaum takes it all in stride. Advancing years and declining health has all but threatened to silence him for the current generation, so filmmakers David and Laurie Shapiro have taken on the job of telling his story. It's a tale that makes modern-day primitivists with their tattoos and piercings seem like poseurs.

These days, he's almost dead broke ("I'd never have it any other way"), and makes his living giving lectures on cruise lines. He patiently relates his adventures to an audience of retirees and blue-hairs, concluding with a native chant nobody understands. You get the feeling nobody really wants to understand him as person, either.

Droll, gentle, and diminutive, Schneebaum gives no hint of his adventurous nature from his appearance. His first journeys were into primitive New Guinea and Peru (well before any Western influence). He not only drew and wrote journals of the natives' daily life, but actually participated in tribal rituals. He discovered that men would have a number of wives and male lovers at the same time; Schneebaum, himself a homosexual, became the lover of one of the chieftains.

He returned to America, appeared on *The Mike Douglas Show*, wrote books. But his greatest adventure would take him deep into Peru, where no white man had ever been before. Once there, he had no maps or tour guides. One local said simply, "Keep the river on your right." It would lead him right into the hands of one of the last cannibal tribes in South America.

It's hard to imagine this retiring, almost professorial soul surviving an encounter with this violent people. On one of his first days there, natives daubed him with paint and led him running into the domain of a neighboring tribe. The raiding party killed everyone there. One raider put a spear in the anthropologist's hand and helped him thrust it into the body of a dead man, but he was never himself forced to kill.

And then there's the whole cannibalism issue. Yes, he did eat human flesh. (He says it tastes like pork.)

Revelations like this are sometimes mercilessly ironic, like when we see Schneebaum joining his family in a Passover seder shortly after telling us about cannibalism. Schneebaum is nothing if not a knot of contradictions: a shy adventurer, a man tied to his own urban roots, yet drawn to the most isolated stone age cultures

There are times when the filmmakers are clearly prodding Schneebaum to places he doesn't want to visit again. He's reluctant for good reason: one slip in the forest and his repaired hip would be beyond all remedy. Like any adventurer, he sticks it through, but unlike many, he looks back on his accomplishments with modesty and regards the people he's met with reverence. —Steve Spinali

Comments? E-mail me at spinali@postmark.net

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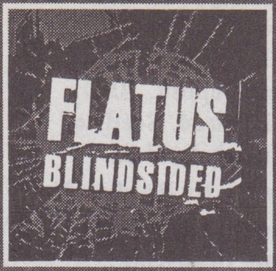

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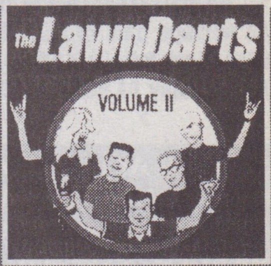

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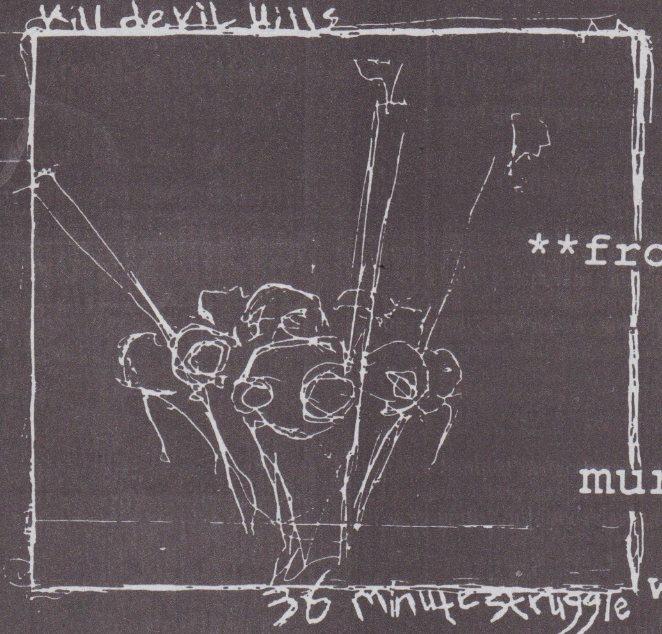

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3RD MAN IN - "Forget what you Know" CD

Five tracks of Southern California surfer/snowboarder punk from Las Vegas? Well, the drive really isn't that long. Fast drum beats, four chords plus the octaves, snotty lead vocals and harmonizing backup vocals. It's a pretty basic formula. (PA)
(AVD, 8370 W. Cheyenne, Box 109-22, Las Vegas, NV 89129, 3rdmanin.com)

ADVOCATE - "Sell By" EP

Wow, this is pretty fucking amazing! ADVOCATE reminds me *a lot* of *Protestant*-era RORSCHACH, only a bit faster throughout and a little more frantic. But the vocals are almost a dead ringer for Charles Maggio. The bottom line is this: if you like RORSCHACH or any sort of technical-hardcore, this record is fucking essential. End of story. (SP)
(Dead But Dreaming, 44 Gesler St. Third Floor, Providence, RI 02909)

ALLERGIC TO WHORES - "Shadows in the Killing Field" CD

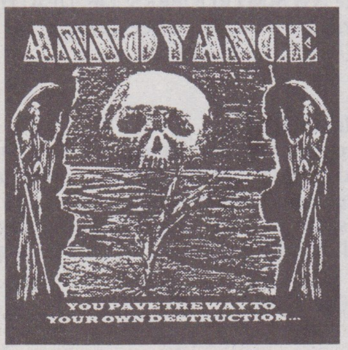
Nice to pick up a Sound Pollution release—with the history that Ken's maintained, it's sorta reassuring to know both that it will be fast and top quality. This is some pretty amazing stuff—there's a use of melody that doesn't slow it down, but gives the songs some hooks that sheer speed often misses. Dual vocals, although one will be the hoarser of them at the end of the night! Really, really quick for employing so much structure—their inherent tightness makes the speed that much more effective. Wish the package was a bit more substantial—things like the band info, lyrics, and that were pretty difficult to discern—regardless, another essential Sound Pollution release. (TM)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington KY 41017)

ALLI WITH AN I - "Long Story Short" CD

I really enjoyed this—very heartfelt dilletante punk rock that mixes equal elements of bands like FUEL, ALKALINE TRIO and MONSULA. Yeah, it's East Bay out the wazoo. The production is perfectly rough and the lyrics walk the line between corny and emotive without ever setting foot in the latter's territory. Check these guys out; bands like this need to be encouraged to not just come and go. (RD)
(Out of Boredom, 5208 Coffeetree Drive, Raleigh, NC 27163)

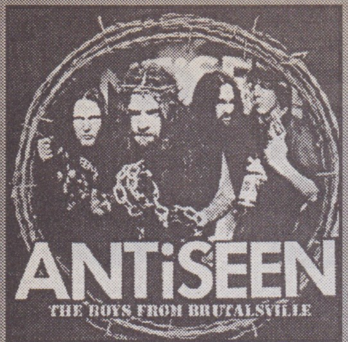
ANNOYANCE - "You Pave the Way to Your Own Destruction..." EP

The name says it all. It's punk rock that's really grating. Guys and girls singing like they got rocks in their throats, following the guitar lines. Boring drum parts. Oh, they don't like racism, police, or America. Cool! This just seems stale and overdone. Maybe someone would listen to their opinions if it was possible to listen to their record without wanting to shove a screwdriver through your ear, deep into your brain, and twist it until everything's all fucked up in there and you never have to listen to another bad punk rock band. If this is the opposition, I'd rather stick with capitalism. (WT)
(Inane, 8822 Gerhardt, Utica, MI 48317)



ANODYNE - "Berkowitz" EP

Whoa, I'm might have missed the word on the street, but where did these dudes come from? Ripping fast grindcore/hardcore from the East Coast.....it must contain some ex-members of someone (due to such a strong debut) but I can't place the names. Four songs of fast blast beat thrash. No lyrics....I want to hear more. (MW)
(Alone, Po Box 3019, Oswego, NY 13126)



ANTiSEEN - "Boys From Brutalsville" CD

These guys haven't done it for me for awhile and this continues the trend of "eh". Their early records really deliver a punch and I always dug playing them back-to-back with RANCID VAT. This record features a big blurred-out guitar sound with no real snarl or fuzz with Jeff Clayton's vocals sort of stuck on top rantin' about how people are trying to run his world. Do what ya want, I ain't stoppin' ya... (RW)
(TKO, 4104 24th St., #103, San Francisco, CA 94114, tkorecords.com)

ANTiSEEN - "Boys From Brutalsville" CD

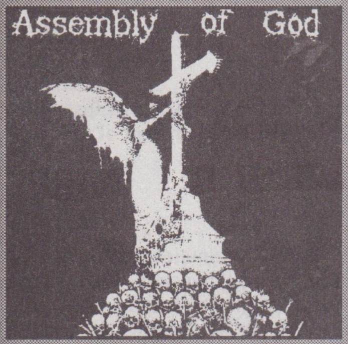
Truth be told, ANTiSEEN has never made a bad record! You either like this kind of raw shit or you don"t. Anyone who appreciated the early records should be able to understand where this band lurks eighteen years later. The new album "Boys From Brutalsville" is chock full of sledgehammer Scum hits such as "Melting Pot", "Guns A Blazin", and "Babyface Killer", plus a Destructo Rock version of "Commando" that has Joey Ramone sitting bolt upright in his fucking grave! The song "Run My World" is one of the best ANTiSEEN songs written in the last decade- this fucker will chew your god-damn ears off!!! If you like ANTiSEEN go get this record! This is also available in vinyl and picture disc format. (BR)
(TKO, 4104 24th St., #103, San Francisco, CA 94114, tkorecords.com)

APOCALYPSE BABYS - "Full Metal Racket" EP

Poppycock! This UK band does a lovely glammish ballad about the evils of cigarette smoking, an odd choice, I feel...whatever happened to the loneliness of life on the road...and how being a rocker is like being a cowboy or whatever, "Home Sweet Every Rose Is Wanted Dead Or Alive". C'mon! The flip is alright just a couple mid-tempo pub-punk tunes, very pleasant. (RY)
(F.U.G., PO Box 11157, Pensacola, FL 32524)

ARTHUR'S DILEMMA - "1978 NYC Killed by Death Punkrock" LP

From an era when there was not yet a punk rigeur, when bellbottoms and tanktops could still be worn onstage and the thought of that not being cool never entered one's mind. The Max's scene led a punk innocence, and the DILEMMA, like their compatriots the VICTIMS (NY), played a trashrock that was more punk in attitude than what later came to be a recognizable punk musical style. Prime example: "Gang Bang", whose twisted lyrics are belied by the sax solo and hint of rockin' boogie. Cool document of a missing link era. A live side proves the band could aptly entertain. Great packaging, awesome color insert. Only neg is that the LP title felt compelled to say *Killed by Death* to sell more records, yet I think the stuff, while pretty good, isn't quite twisted or incompetent enough for *KBD* status. (HY)
(Alternative Action, PO Box 174, 11101 Rihimaki, FINLAND)



ASSEMBLY OF GOD - "Assembly Line" EP

Chad, formerly of BROTHER INFERIOR, pens the words and sings, pissed, screamy, scratchy—awesome. A single guitar does the work of two, sounding full while keeping a fast, rolling pace. The omission of any fancy stuff quickens your pulse and keeps this steady all the way through. The lyrics (except for the "another day to dread/wishing I was dead" couplet) are critical, if not totally original. I can picture them in Mission Records now, barely contained by the stage. Hope they come through soon. (AC)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

ASTRID OTO - "Apology" EP

Four really driving and catchy punk songs with off-tune female lead vocals—a sound very similar to their last three EPs. I can't get enough of that high-hat. I imagine them as really energetic and good live. You even get a little zine about cops with the lyrics to "Sirens." Simply catchy and good. (SR)
(BBT, no address)

ASTRID OTO - "At Home With" EP

I think that of all the *Cometbus* projects, ASTRID OTO is my favorite. This 45 continues the run of quality 7"s by this fine little band that plays early Lookout/East Bay style pop punk. Yes, with Cindy's vocals, Aaron's lyrics, and fine basic punk musicianship, ASTRID OTO will have you bouncing around your house like the true geek that you are. Well, at least that what this record did for me. (JF)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

THE ASTROGLIDES - "Penetrate With..." LP

"Israel's only surfcore band (and of course the only Israeli band that plays surf)..." What the heck, I'll take their word for it. The instros are chockful of theremin, bringing to mind MAN OR ASTRO-MAN?, and aggressive surf guitar, the vocal numbers tend to be heavier and weirder (especially "Silence!—a children's Chanukah poem," which sounds like STORMTROOPERS OF DEATH with a break copped from a pre-synthesizer Italian horror film, no kidding). I'd love to see these guys at a party, as long as the floor doesn't wind up caving in or elsewhere.(DD)
(Fast, no address, astroglides.com)

BANTAM ROOSTER - "Mexican Leather/Summer In Hamtrack"

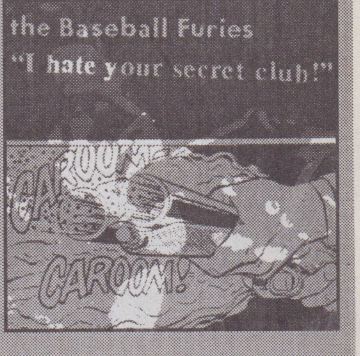
As it says here, this is BANTAM ROOSTER's first release with new drummer, Mike Alonso. He sounds pretty good. He can keep a beat. I bet it must be hard to be the drummer in a two piece band, but Mike seems to do it well. Side A is a fast rocker with pounding drums, distorted guitar, and echoey vocals. Side B is a slow, sultry, spy movie type tune. Mike gets to show off some jazzy drumming, singer Tom Potter gets to whisper his vocals, and producer Jim Diamond adds some sax. Fans will not be disappointed. (CK)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195, bigneckrecords@usa.net)

BANTAM ROOSTER - "Fuck All Y'all" LP

I'm allowed to change my mind about a band, right? In the past I've only had reluctant praise for these two guys; their music just seemed too sludgy, repetitive and testosterone drunk, much like a lot of the old AmRep bands. Well, here's where I eat my words..with relish. This fucking record tears up everything in its path, and leaves listeners in a bloody, drooling mess on the floor. Did me, anyhow. This is what MUDHONEY were trying for, but they lacked the raw creativity and true desperate abandon of these guys. Picture JON SPENCER backing prime STOOGES-era IGGY and you get a little of the picture. There is also a largish '60s garage rock influence present. I dig, I dig. Pant, pant, bark, bark. And it's produced by Jim Diamond, whose name has been creeping up on the back of every cool raw rock record lately. So quit wasting time trying to understand the latest post punk, prog influenced mess and get your gut cut open with pleasure from these two dangerous fuckers. (BG)
(Sympathy For the Record Industry, sympathyrecords.com)

BASEBALL FURIES - "I Hate Your Secret Club" EP

I was beginning to wonder if the BASEBALL FURIES where still around, seeing how it had been a couple of years since their 10" had come out. Combining elements of early NEW BOMB TURKS and some of the dirtiness of TURBONEGRO, this Buffalo quartet is ready to kick your ass. I am happy to say that the BASEBALL FURIES are back and they have come out to play. (JF)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)



BATHTUB SHITTER - "Wall of World Is Words" 10"

OK OK OK, so about 6 years ago or so I would have thought that this was the shit... total monster vocals, MAN IS THE BASTARD style drumming and bass work, tons of sludgey stoner parts but man today I just can't deal with this stuff anymore. If you still like all the prior mentioned stylings you'll certainly drink this down like Dean Martin or Floyd at happy hour! (MT)
(Farewell, c/o Micha Meyer, Gustav-Freytag-Str. 18, 47057 Duisburg, GERMANY)

BETERCORE/POINT OF FEW split EP

Jesus Christ. One more time... JESUS CHRIST! Due to the incomprehensible lyrics and the fact that both sides of the record have 6 songs, I'm having trouble distinguishing who's who. And while I'm sure it would offend the bands—they sound really similar. Except for the fact that one of them starts off with a crazy children's show theme song organ... yikes. Totally pummeling hardcore madness with amazing breaks and perfectly timed dual vocals and tempo changes, a la the OATH and fellow Dutch thrashers BGK. One of the bands has a funny CRUCIAL YOUTH posi-core motif in the insert, which is a funny change of pace. Why didn't they send a fucking reviewer's copy??? (RD)
(Balowski Records, Roy Meijnen, Haarweg 287, 6709 RX Wageningen, NETHERLANDS)

BETWEEN US - "What's Right" EP

OK, I admit I have grown tired of the slowed down, over-produced, and redundant '88 youth crew revival, but every now and then something comes along that grabs me by the neck....and this is one of them. Faster and more direct than your normal run of the mill, and at times this sounds like YOUTH OF TODAY's *We're not Alone..* LP. Seriously. Thick production, tons of picks slides, fast beats....but all tied in with the formula. Good shit. Put out by the band too. (MW)
(No Comply, Moreg 10 2tr, 118 27 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

BEYOND DESCRIPTION - "Acts of Sheer Madness" LP

After numerous appearances on comps dating back to the early '90s, as well as splits with DETESTATION, ABSCONDED, and others, this is the Japanese four piece's first full length, and about time, too. Heavy, heavy hardcore that's a consistent mid-to-fast pace—they don't fuck around with dramatic changes or speeches, but stick to a handful of hard-hitting, brutal condemnations in each of the seventeen songs on this record. A solid piece of business, on incongruous rainbow stained-glass vinyl. (AC)
(Farewell, Gustav-Frevytagstr. 18, 47057 Duisburg, GERMANY, farewellrec@plastic-bomb.de)

BLOODRED BACTERIA - "Talking Time" EP

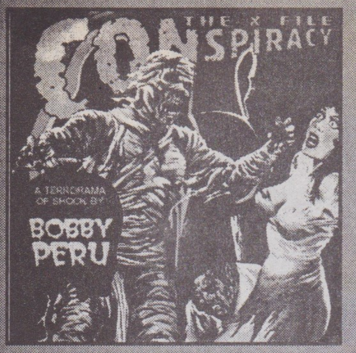
After all the pointy-logo, metal-esque looking records I've had to review this month, I was reluctant to review let another badly recorded blur-fest. But this record really surprised me: Its fast, its tight, its heavy, its pretty crushing. BLOODRED BACTERIA obviously benefited from good production here, pounding your eardrums with eight songs of straight ahead thrash with a tinge of metallic guitar work. Plus, they're German dudes singing in English, you gotta give them points for that. An excellent EP. (SP)
(Bacteria, c/o Christian Bab, Kurt-Schumacher Str. 182, 46539 Dinkslaken, GERMANY, ChrisBacteria@aol.com)

BLOODRED BACTERIA/TOTAL FUCKING DESTRUCTION - split EP

I'm having a hard time classifying these bands, but I'll give it a shot. Both bands play grindy stuff. Although I enjoyed what BLOODRED BACTERIA was doing more musically, TOTAL FUCKING DESTRUCTION won me over this time. The best description I could think of is that it sounds vaguely like music that might be written and played by goblins. Like little goblins wearing robes and with big eyes and green skin and living in caves. And any band who has a song called "Kill the Jocks and Eat Their Brains" gets my vote. If you're in the mood for German growly stuff, check this shit out. (WT)
(S.O.A., Paolo Petralia, via Oderisi da Gubbio 67/69, 00146, Roma, ITALY, soa.records@iol.it)

BLUEBALLS - "Stretch" EP

Pretty cool stuff that reminds me of that old Sub Pop band the FLUID. Detroit derived but with a lot of garagisms as as well as punk rock. A pretty good Iggy-esque singer, cool riffs and a very solid mid-west circa-early '70s feel here. Sound here is more loose and swinging not your solids wall of distortion guitars thing, a little lighter but no less rocking. "(Let's do) the Ball Gag" is a pretty badass tune with attitude that rocks. Makes the record for me at least. (JY)
(Destroy All, 3818 Sunset Blvd. Los Angeles, CA90026)



BLUTT - "Bing-Bang-Boum" EP
The inside of this 45 lists the complete ouvre of the Royal Records label and I forgot how many great records they've done...at least 10 great 45s most of which are now out of print. NO-TALENTS, KIRKS, CRASH NORMAL, SPLASH FOUR etc. Now it's 11 great EPs and counting, this is a great three-track rocker with good vocals and perfect production that defies catagorization. Kinda garage, kinda new wave, just good and soon to be gone. (RW)
(Royal, 7 Rue Tholoze, 75018, Paris, FRANCE, royal_records@yahoo.fr)

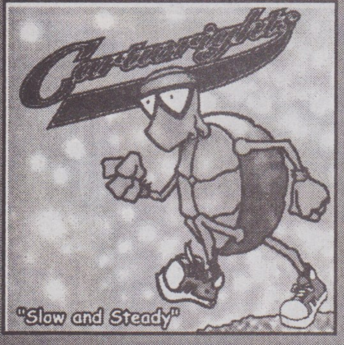
BOBBY PERU - "The X-File Conspiracy" 45
Things I like about this record: that guitar sound I can only call crunchy, a bass line that is on the low end of the scale, screechy and frantic vocals, and liberal use of the crash cymbal. Things I don't like: there are only two songs. They really went all out on the packaging for this record with a "Tales of the Crypt"—style lurid cover and thick picture disc, and since I'm a sucker for that kind of stuff, off I go to Amoeba to get my very own copy. (DP)
(Strange Fruit, Achim Roschmann, Silcherstr.31, 73329 Kuchen, GERMANY, strangefruit.de)

BRASSKNUCKLE BOYS - "American Bastard" CD
Penitentiary songwriting from this "No Coast Working Class Street Rock 'n' Roll" band, complete with songs about being sent to prison, being in prison, and all the bullshit and gnarly characters that tend to go with it.The guitar sounds very similar to HUDSON FALCONS, but I'm a little curious as to what this band stands for... especially when the final track is a semi-cover of SKREWDRIVER's "The Voice of Britain" with BKB anthemy lyrics... ?? (EM)
(Haunted Town, 1658 Milwaukee Ave #169, Chicago, IL 60647)

THE BRISTOLS - "Tune In With..." LP
Well, this has to be the second or third record from England I've heard lately that combines '60s beat pop with '77ish punk and throws in a little new wave for (relatively) good measure. There are some obvious KINKS, BELLE & SEBASTIAN, and NICO-era VELVETS influences here. I could listen to this only on certain occasions, in certain moods, but for those occasions/moods it would be perfect. A couple songs could be honest to goodness radio hits, they should be. I'd much rather hear any of the songs on this LP than what's being played on the radio today. I'd recommend this to select individuals. (BG)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London, E17 9GH, UK)

BUDGET GIRLS - "I Like Going Topless, Sunny" EP
Ho hmm, another record that tries to be humorous by talking about sex and all. Yes sex is funny, with it's corny pickup lines and yogaesque positions and all. Unfortunately, the BUDGET GIRLS sing over music so basic and uninspiring it's about as fun as a lifetime with only the missionary position. Sorry kids, the PHANTOM SURFERS can pull this shit off, you can't. (JF)
(Voodoo Rhythm Records, voodoorhythym@bboxbbs.ch)

C.J. SLEEZ - "Rock Action" CD
You've seen the look Nikki Sixx, Cee Cee Deville and that lot are sportin' these days—the smushed cowboy hats, fake fur, big hoop earrings, etc.. Makeup toned down to eyeliner and some powder to cover the pock marks. Hair in those spikey JOHNNY THUNDERS meets LIZA MINELLI do's. Right? So know you have the look of this band. C.J. SLEEZ is their Pam Anderson clone singer with a deeper (but crap) voice. And...get this: they're fucking *CANADIAN!!* The only thing not wrong with this is that the music is inoffensive straight-forward rock 'n' roll. I wanted it to suck so badly too, alas. (RY)
(Other Peoples Music, Box 227, Sta. P, Toronto, CANADA M5S 2S7)



THE CAMAROS - "Crank" EP
This is the Norwegian take on the stoner rock revival. Thick, trashy, blues-heavy rock 'n' roll—FU MANCHU, basically... I like this stuff, but it's all pretty interchangeable to me. It needs to have a lot of personality to stand out. Essentially, it's just grunge all over again. Are the kids really that complacent? (AM)
(Eldorado, PO Box 360, 1753 Halden, NORWAY)

THE CANCER KIDS/MELEE - split EP
MELEE have a lo-fi recording of some metalish, heavy hardcore with bleak-assed lyrics. The CANCER KIDS blitz through seven hardcore tunes with crunchy guitars and blazing drums. Both bands have a tune referring to a duel against each other. MELEE's lyrics are better, but the CANCER KIDS' music is waaaay better. The CANCER KIDS get my vote. This copy's on blue vinyl! (HM)
(Endless Knot, PO Box 230312, Boston, MA 02123, endless-knot.com/melee)

THE CARTWRIGHTS - "Slow and Steady" CD
CDEPs really bug me. Five songs? What's the point??? Well, in retrospect pressing this on vinyl would have been just as big of a waste. Generic pop punk with generic vocals, and generic lyrics and generic back ups. Yawn... wake me up when this whole generic movement ends. (BM)
(Penny Back, cartwrightsrock.com)

CATHETERS - "It Can't Stay This Way Forever/Means to an End"
Nice packaging on this one. A black embossed sleeve that folds at the back. Impressive. Musically this sounds very much like ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN when they were at the height of the career. "It Can't Stay This Way Forever" rips off the the chords for "Detroit Rock City," but is sung in that disaffected, but slightly optimistic New York City rocker way, but CATHETERS are from Seattle. Confused? Don't worry about it. "Means to an End" is more anthemic, but with the same style. (CK)
($4.50 ppd: Kapow, PO Box 1287, Lake Forest, CA 92630, clownbait@hotmail.com)

CAVITY – "Miscellaneous Recollection" CD

This is a collection of sixteen tracks from some unreleased, out of print, and early recordings. CAVITY has always been at the top of my playlist, wedging their musical style somewhere between 16 and EYEHATEGOD. Their teeth rattling riffs and scathing vocals jolt the listener around in a mess of distortion and turmoil. Not only does this CD include their cover of "Shutdown (Annihilation Man)" by the GERMS, but it also includes their first demo as well! This retrospection is a good insight into this awesome band and apparently they have a full length coming out soon on HydraHead, so be on the lookout for that as well. (RC)
(Kapow, PO Box 1287, Lake Forest, CA 92630, kapowrecords.com)

CECILIA ET SES ENNUIS - "Avec Les Garçons" EP

"Ennuis" means "problems;" Cecilia means business—this is their fourth EP in two years. Upbeat go-go garage with crystal recording, theremin, and cymbals, this is fun stuff, sung in French for added ooh-la-la, perfect for toenail-painting parties, etc. Enjoy. (AC)
(Hillsdale, 4200 Park Blvd. #158, Oakland, CA 94602)

CHELSEA – "The BBC Punk Sessions" CD

I'm glad these types of Peel Session recordings are finally coming out legitimately. With all the lame thievery boots coming out, it's good to see the bands of yesteryear involved to some degree. Here we have four Peel and other type sessions and a live broadcast concert recording from 1977-1979. The sessions are great for any CHELSEA or CLASH-like punk fan although the concert is a little disappointing sound and performance wise. A worthy release for CHELSEA completists. (RL)
(Captain Oi, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK, captainoi.com)

CHERRY LANE - "30" CD

I was expecting something really redundant and generic, judging from the name and cover art, but CHERRY LANE really impressed me here. Really well-developed song writing, with intricate quiet parts jumping into heavy-yet polished-loud parts at just the right places. While HOT WATER MUSIC-esque at times, CHERRY LANE does a good job keeping their sound relatively distinct and difficult to really place them lock-step with any one band. My only real complaint is the production which could be better (the overly fuzzy guitar sound, and the vocals being just a little too buried in the mix). Despite this, CHERRY LANE are a band that I would definitely expect good things from in the future. (SP)
(Thinker Thought, 1002 Devonshire Rd., Washington, IL 61571, thinkerthoughtwrong.com)

THE CHERRY VALENCE - LP

So this is hot shit? Abso-fucking-lutely! This is my first listen, and I can see I won't be shakin' this record loose for a while, it's just goddamn incredible rock and roll. Multi-gendered vocals administered by kids who can really sing and got *soul* to spare. I can't do it justice you've *got* to expose this shit to your own ears. The notion that I can't walk out of here with this record today makes me want to cry, I won't make it to the record store fast enough. Fans of NOW TIME GEN, TIGHT BROS, SPEEDBALL BABY/DIRTBOMBS—I'm talkin' to *YOU*!! This goes down real easy, better than expensive tequila. Number 1 with a bullet! (RY)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125 Bellingham, WA 98227)

CHORDS - "At the BBC" LP

Stunningly packaged Peel sessions and then some from the '79-'80 period show these classic modsters at their peak, with different enough renditions ("Maybe Tomorrow" and "It's No Use" are standouts, natch) to warrant the purchase. Novices might want to start with the retrospective on Captain Oi and then the one on Polydor, but this is an essential companion to those—great liner notes and photos of the band in session—a contemporary of the JAM and every bit as vital. Be warned that there are only 8 tracks here. (HY)
(Detour Records, PO Box 18, Midhurst, West Sussex, GU29 9YU)

CITIZEN FISH – "Life Size" CD

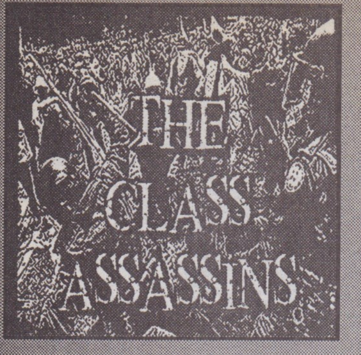
Dick on Fat Wreck? Will someone please tell me WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?!? Actually this is great, no shit, if you forget who what why when and where, it's just straight-up good shit. The ska is all but gone (like a bad hangover after a couple of beers) (God, let's all take this time now to pause and look back on the whole ska thing and promise each other that we will never *ever* let that happen again...) (OPERATION IVY non-applicable of-course.) there's the odd bit here and there, but not enough to bring up breakfast. In fact the music is rather...modern sounding for want of a better word, not unlike some other bands on Fat to tell you the truth. Of-course Dick (formerly of the SUBHUMANS and CULTURE SHOCK) is one of the best lyricists in punk, Hell, music period, and he shows no sign of letting up here. "I've been watching too much telly, almost turned my brain to jelly. Now I'm playing my cassettes, get back to the music before before you forget! Turn it off!" It's tough remaining revolutionary as you get older. Wow—this is good. Possibly the best Dick I've had since the SUBHUMANS. (Ho ho.) (AD)
(Honest Dons, PO Box 192027, San Francisco, CA. 94119 USA)

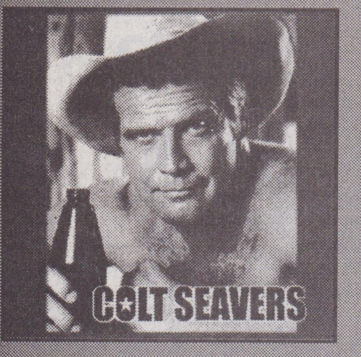
THE CLANCY SIX - "Process of Corpse Decomposition" CD

What's the story with the heavy lyrical emphasis on hospitalization and medicine? "Scalpels", "scars", and "exo-skeletal remains"? Very interesting, indeed. The CLANCY SIX have a pretty unique sound, with a tempo and general song-structure reminding me of BLACK FLAG, yet with the occasional ultra-chaotic moment. The vocals are filtered/distorted, easily bringing PG 99 to mind. I would highly recommend this. (SP)
(Blood Beat, 28 Piney Hill Rd., Airville, PA 17302, theclancysix@aol.com)

THE CLASH - "Live at the Roundhouse" LP

Can't see buyin' this kids only because this has an auditorium-like sound quality to it, and it really does dull the senses. Recorded in 1976, it includes fifteen of their earliest songs, so if you classify as a CLASH diehard this wax is for you. (DL)
(Brigade Rosse, Piazza Renato Curcio P 38, 50103 Firenze, ITALY)





THE CLASS ASSASSINS - EP

Finally, a new street punk band with their heads screwed on straight. I predict that it wont take long for these Canadians to join the ranks of COCKSPARER, THOSE UNKNOWN, HUDSON FALCONS, REDUCERS SF and other Left wielding street punk bands with intelligent lyrics worthy of singing along to and waiving a fist at. Working class anthems written, played, and especially sung with the intensity and passion that too many new bands lack. Buy this. (EM)
(Soap and Spikes, 561 Brant St, Box 85021, Burlington, Ontario L7R-4K3 CANADA)

CLONMACNOISE - "Memorie E Colpe" LP

Good Italian hardcore. This album's tunes range from mid-tempo deep and dreary sounds to fast and furious pounding drums with awesome guitar and bass "chug chugs". Really well recorded. Check it out. (SR)
(Step Ahead, c/o Filippo Pani, Via Sassari 98, 09032 Assemini (CA), Sardinia ITALY, stepahead@tiscalinet.it)

COLT SEAVERS - "The Cat" EP

You figure thirteen songs is short, but somewhat appropriate for your average punk full length, yah? Well, how 'bout thirteen on a 7". If you gave BORIS THE SPRINKLER or the AUTOMATICS a whole bunch of speed and let them reek havoc in German, this is a pretty good assumption of what you might get. The same brash humor is there with songs about girls ("She's a Slut... and I Like Her"), food, aliens, sleeping, and just getting the short end of the stick; funny and fast... stuff just about anyone can identify with. (EM)
(Kindspech, Lindenstr. 32, 49593 Bersenbruck, GERMANY)

CONTENDER - "Scenic Overlook" CDEP

Brash, thoughtful pop punk from Colorado that is rough around the edges and the better for it. The songs are very catchy, with all the necessary punk getup and go to them. The bass playing stands out with some nice elastic and driving melodic lines. At six songs, this is the perfect dose of these frantic, romantic punks. (BG)
(Not Bad, PO Box 2014, Arvada, CO 80001)

THE CONTROL - "Sidearm" EP

It's cool. I like it. You know how there's some bands who sound really good on record, but you know you would have to see them live to really know if you like them or not? The CONTROL is definitely in this category. They're playing fast hardcore which is somewhat melodic on some songs. I don't dig the mid tempo stuff as much as the faster stuff. I have the feeling that these guys would be really good live, but they're from the Netherlands, so chances are that I will never find out. (WT)
(Reflections, Spoorwegstraat 117, 6828 AP Arnhem, THE NETHERLANDS, info@reflectionsrecords.com)

THE CREATIONS - "...To Whom It May Concern" EP

I'm a sucker for garage/rec room/bedroom recordings of angst-ridden teens (as opposed to the bedroom recording Alterna-stars who were some kind of rage a few years ago), so don't expect my critical faculties to be in full working order. "Soul and Feeling" and "Better Watch Out" are bluesy dirges *a la* THEM with a rave up in the former and some refreshingly reckless guitar leads in the latter. "To Whom It May Concern" is a standard "meet the band" vamp (a good one at that), and "I'm Mad" is a great folk-punk number with another great rave up in the middle. A great specimen of untainted genius at work. (DD)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y., 10276)

CRIPPLE BASTARDS – "Almost Human" CD

The kings of mincecore are back, except this time most of the stuff on this CD has already been released. There are a multitude of songs from various splits and compilations, plus a couple of unreleased songs and a live recording from a show in Holland. By this point you should know the story with their music. Fast gnarly grindcore with even gnarlier vocals. Totally unrelenting speed and power! It is all good, except the one thing that threw me off. The CD came with a one sheet. Now I have seen a million one sheets in my day, but a one sheet for CRIPPLED BASTARDS? Hmm, do I really need a breakdown on the "selling points" for this CRIPPLED BASTARDS CD? What are next, glossy 8" x 10" photos? (RC)
(Obscene Productions, PO Box 28, CZ-53341 Lazne Bohdanec, CZECH REPUBLIC)

CRIPPLED BASTARDS - "Misantropo a Senso Unico" LP

I reviewed the CD version of this last issue, but it's awesome to see this crazy full-color gatefold with booklet and poster. CRIPPLED BASTARDS have really topped themselves, for while some of their earlier releases are hit or miss, this is about the fiercest grindcore that they have done. Damn good shit. (MW)
(EU Productions c/o Giulio Baldizzone, via Manzoni 24, 141 00 Asti, ITALY)

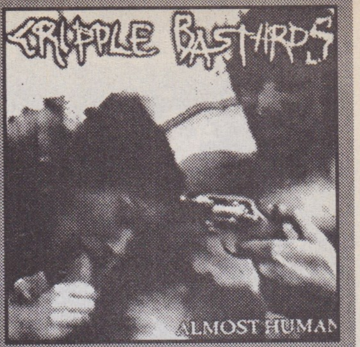
CRUDE – "Attitude" CD

This is mental! Crazy fucked up Japanese thrash punk in the vein of a pile-up between MOTORHEAD, CONFLICT, and DISORDER, with hints of CRADLE OF FILTH in the wailing, over-the-top, almost operatic guitars. Relentless screaming and pounding drums bring to mind other Jap heroes like LIPCREAM and SYSTEMATIC DEATH. There's not much info with this, just let me say that this is the craziest thing (narrowly beating the SCROUNGERS at the post) I've heard in quite some time. Mad! (AD)
(Straight Up, No address, JAPAN)

DMZ - LP

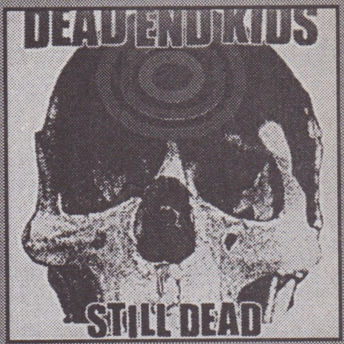
Bootalike of the '78 flawed garage classic, whose production was marred by the TURTLES' Flo and Eddie

and a cover art that tried to "pretty boy" the band. Lotsa good tunes tho and the wild energy does come thru, tho I'd point to the DMZ live LP on Crypt that came out in '86 or so as the better document of this pre-LYRES band. The Mono Man (Jeff Connolly) whoop superimposed on spicy organ fills and JJ Rassler's gtr licks are audio verite to the genre. (HY)
(no address)



DANKO JONES - "I'm Alive and On Fire" CD

Fill me in, here. This is a collection of shit from 1996-1999, by DANKO-who?? Is he a guy? Are they a band? No photos, no old records around here (OK, one 7" from who knows when, in a plain white paper sleeve), no fucking info at all. It's damn good, too. It's like, THIN LIZZY-meets-ZZ TOP-meets-LAZY COWGIRLS-meets-RAILROAD JERK. 'Scuze my ignorance, I'll pay better attention in the future, I promise. (RY)
(Bad Taste, Stora Sodergatan 38, S - 222 23 Lund, Sweden)

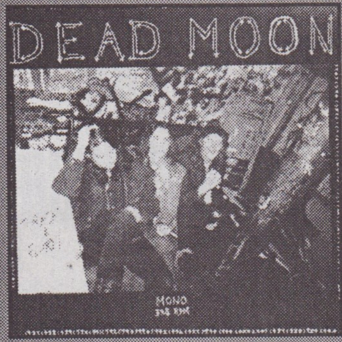


DEAD END KIDS - "Still Dead" CD

OK, this is the deal. No one should do SEX PISTOLS covers. Especially bad covers of "Rock and Roll Swindle" with the aftersong banter word for word. Unfortunately, it's the best song on this disc. I'm not really sure what's wrong here; the songs are well put together, but the lyrics sound like they're being read off cue cards or something. (DP)
(F.U.G., PO Box 11157, Pensacola, FL 32524, fugslam.com)

DEAD MOON - "Trash and Burn" CD

More of the weird haunting songs that you've learned to love and expect from Fred and Tooty. Fragile, hopeful, creepy, all that shit is there and even despite the vocal-heavy CD mix, there's more emotional highs and lows than one can expect in yer average punkrock slab. When you hear Fred singing "I wanna live these times for you" (in "These Times With You") there is no mistaking the emotion. Music is appropriately sparse and lo-fi, pretty straight ahead and effective in supporting that Fred Cole testimonial, stylistically somewhere between death blues, psychedelia, straight rock, the WIPERS, etc. Could be an acquired taste for most but does the trick for me. Just listen to something like "40 Miles of Bad Road" and be touched. (JY)
(Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

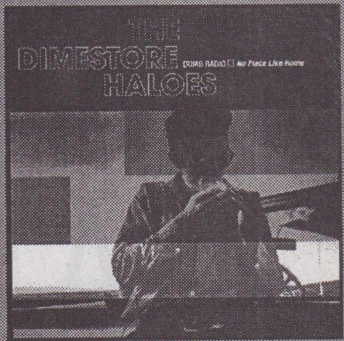


DETROIT COBRAS - "Life, Love & Leaving" LP

After a couple of lean months (hell, a lean year...let's be honest) it's a pleasure to hear a solid hand's worth of decent LPs in one sitting. The SCREWS, les SÉQUELLES, and Exhibit A: the DETROIT COBRAS' *Life, Love & Leaving,* a goulash of well-selected and well-played blues, soul and country cover tunes (OTIS REDDING's "Shout Bama Lama", RONNIE MACK's "Cry On", IKE TURNER's "Can't Miss Nothing"), a real slew of esoterica to make your head spin. The COBRAS are more than up to the task at hand and bring top-notch chops and real charm to the material. Large part of the credit goes to lead vocalist Maribel Restrepo for pouring plenty of soul (if you will) into these songs and showing off her considerable range. Odd to hear such shameless emoting on what's ostensibly a "punk" album by a "punk" band, but I'm getting more used to it with each passing note. I like. (JH)
(Sympathy, sympathyrecords.com)

DICK PENNER/RAY GARDEN - split 7"

Here's my take on this whole rate-a-record gig: music falls conveniently into one of two viable categories: good and bad. I'm wiling to stand as an arbiter of which label best applies, if you'll indulge me. Norton's series of vintage Sun Records reissues are uniformly *good* in that they embody traits (brevity, skillful songwriting, simplicity, and a real sense of forward drive) that equal good rock 'n' roll, regardless of era. Listen closely: DICK PENNER's "Move Baby Move" will make you do just that, and RAY GARDEN's "That Chick" will get you jumping all over the juke joint (even though it sounds like he's singing about a "chicken"). Real lost sounds. (JH)
(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)



DICK SPIKIE - "The Birth of the Dick Spikie" CD

A Japanese Oi! band sounding like they're singing in English. Lots of good harmonies and perfectly meaty production. Brings to mind bands like the DISCOCKS and TOM & the BOOTBOYS. I've heard of these guys for a while, and the over-the-top Cockney accent is totally classic... I'm sure these guys tear it up live. I dug the opener, "Please for Give My Selfish." (RD)
(no address)

DIGGER – "Trainwreck" CD

I've always liked these guys, although I thought they lost a little on the last full-length. Considering a main member passed away it was certainly understandable. This six-song release seems to have more of that early energy. This is more of their WESTON style of pop punk. Shit, WESTON doesn't even sound like WESTON anymore! Good stuff. (RL)
(Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409)

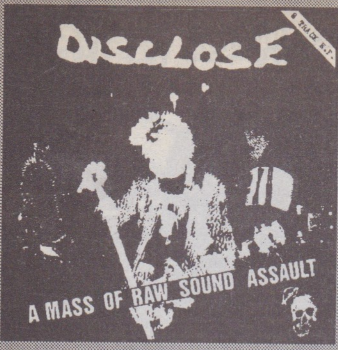
DIMESTORE HALOES - "Dumb Radio/No Place Like Home"

The HALOES' latest leads off with a catchy anthem on Big Money on the airwaves, a mid-speed pop-punker with early NO ALTERNATIVE-ish vocals and muscular powerchord guitars—a decent tune. The flip is more of the same, except faster and a little less catchy. A pick to click for college radio airplay, where record company weasels have less say on the playlist. For me—it's about average. (SS)
(Wax, thetelegraphcompany.com)

DIRT BIKE ANNIE – "Superscope" EP

I've always liked these guys from their Mutant Pop stuff and such although I have not kept up with every release. This is another fine pop punk release with good girl/guy vocals and a good mid tempo pace

that makes for a fun listen. I swear one of these songs even features a "I Could Never Take the Place of Your Man" rip-off riff. A good record from a good pop label. (RL)
($3 ppd: Break Up, PO Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215)



DIRTBOMBS - "Ultraglide in Black" LP

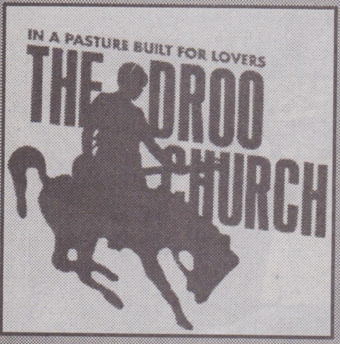
There must be something in the air these days that's causing all these great garage-soul bands to pop up, like the GREENHORNES, the COME ONS and the NOW TIME DELEGATION. On this second DIRTBOMBS album, Mick Collins and his Detroit all-stars deliver the goods on twelve covers of classic and obscure soul stompers, including tunes by MARVIN GAYE, CURTIS MAYFIELD, STEVIE WONDER, the PARLIAMENTS and SMOKEY ROBINSON. In the hands of a lesser musician, this could be a boring exercise in nostalgia. But Mick's version of soul music includes layers of fuzzed-out guitars, group backups, thundering basslines, Mick's powerful voice, and even a nod to "Bela Lugosi's Dead." Plus, he throws in a THIN LIZZY cover for good measure. A testament to the staying power of great rock 'n' roll. Can I get a witness? (JG)
(In The Red, 118 W. Magnolia Blvd, PO Box 208, Burbank, CA 91506)

DISCLOSE - "A Mass of Raw Sound Assault" EP

The kings of Discore have cranked out eight more songs of pounding punk just for your listening pleasure. Of all the DISCHARGE clones, they do it best. Hissing guitars, spiked leathers, and lyrics about "mass death and destruction"....it is all here! This fucking rules! Now if we can only convince them to tour the USA. (RC)
(MCR, 157 Kamiagu, Maizuru, Kyoto, 624-0913 JAPAN)

12 AULLIDOS - "Busca y Captura" EP

At first I thought it was Mark McCoy sprawled out on the cover, but it turns out to be a '70s Spanish swinger ala El Starsky and El Hutcho....my mistake. Where the hell did this band come from? Chaotic, ripping hardcore that sounds like MOHINDER meets OTTAWA. The layout could deceive you (especially their fanatical attempt to make sure you know who wrote the song and who owns the "rights")...but this is devastating to say the least. I love surprises like this. I know nothing else about this band. (MW)
($5 ppd: Puto Jefe Records c/o Daniel Ferrero, Isla de Hierro 1-3°A, 29640 Fuengirola, SPAIN)



DROO CHURCH - "In a Pasture Built for Lovers" CD

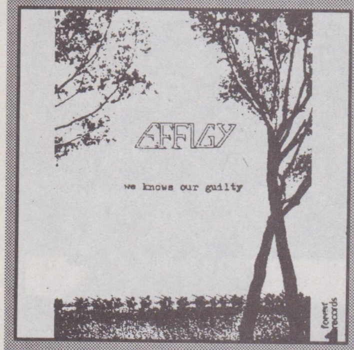
More Seattle/Canadian (though to be honest, it's possible they're from somewhere else) type goofball kinetic-punky pop music. It's got the goofball songs, slow country-ish vamps, boogie rock asides, and the squeaky vocals alternating with the earnest singing. Muzak is mostly fast pub-punk with irreverent overtones. Though more in an alternative rootsy way than sly, smartass punk. Can't say that these guys have much in the way of real songs that catch my attention. And as I listen to this, I imagine the eventual effect will be for me to take a knife to my own throat. Pleasant and fun for them, I take it. Can't really say that listening to it. (JY)
(Hall Of Records, PO Box 69281, West Hollywood, CA 900069)

DUESENJAEGER - "Maulwurf" EP

Rousing melodic punk with a "big rock" sound, kind of like ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT (no brass or incendiary guitar work though). This is really good—energetic, anthemic, and powerful. Wish I knew what they were singing about. Worth looking into. (AM)
(Chief, Peter Richter, Grüne Gasse 13, 48413 Münster, GERMANY)

JACK EARLS/RAY HARRIS - split 45

.......split 45 on Norton's "Sun Records Jukebox Series"... fourteen all together, so collect 'em all....mostly rockabilly stuff, but that shit's still hip, ain't it???? (SW)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)



EFFIGY/ÄPÄRÄT - split EP

Watch out mother fucker cause here I come with my war hammer! That's the sort of feel the EFFIGY stuff gives me, total UK stench like fucking AXEGRINDER or maybe a slower AMEBIX. Totally killer! Flip that puppy over and we have ÄPÄRÄT, who just crank out the full on DISCHARGE power. Give you two guesses what the lyrics are about—and it ain't fuzzy kittens! Great stuff! (MT)
(Forest, c/o Hideyuki Okahara, Ceramica V #30, 2-1-37 Minami, Kokabunji, Tokyo 185-0021, JAPAN)

ENDLESS BUMMER - "Where the Action Is" CD

This is really boring for me to review—it sounds at its best moments like they have listened to THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN and were into the fuzzy guitar thing, but the tempo is uniform in every song and it is way too easy. No emotion whatsoever. Tons of things to say, but little interest in anything. (JT)
(Compulsive, PO Box 15440, San Antonio, TX, 78212, texasrawart.com)

THE FABULOUS SHOCK WAVES/IAN & THE BARNETTS - split 45

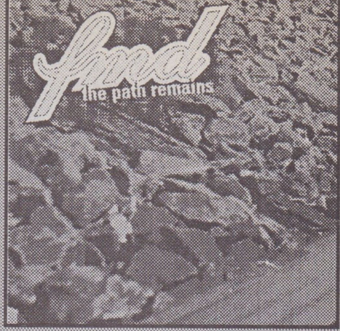
Flying surf shitz com'n at ya by IAN & THE BARNETTS—their side of the 45 with it's twangy reverb guitars could've been stuck into the *Pulp Fiction* soundtrack and no one would of noticed. In other words it's done well. The FABULOUS SHOCKWAVES offer up a much trashier version of what the BARNETTES are doing on the flip side. If you like the surf rock, this is the good stuff dog. Get on it, shaka bra, hang loose, and quit drinkin my beer you barneys! (AS)
(Boom Boom, 20720 S.E. 192ND Street Renton, WA., 98058)

FORGOTTEN – "Singles Collection" CD

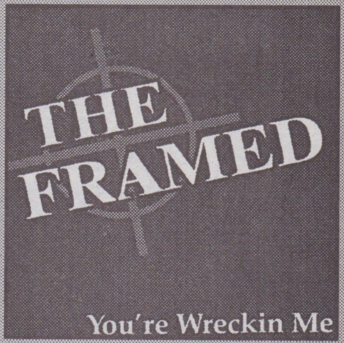
From the title you pretty much know what is going on here. From the band that stormed onto the scene with the great *Class Separation* you have all their vinyl EP releases on one CD. One of the best street/oi bands from the US around, this is good for you late bloomers who caught onto these guys late.

Also a ripping disc to boot! Pun intended. (RL)
(Bad Dog, PO Box 61 06 41, 10937 Berlin, GERMANY, info@coretexrecords.com)

FOUND MY DIRECTION – "The Path Remains" CD
You may remember FOUND MY DIRECTION's EP that came out on 625 Productions a while back. Well, if you missed it the first time around, it is available on this CD as well as seven new songs by the band. Originally FMD were a solid youth crew hardcore band, creating some fast and fun tunes that were cause for some serious fingerpointing. Well with the seven new songs, the band's sound has definitely "matured." The production is a lot heavier and more modern sounding. A lot of the speed and energy are still there, but the difference is obvious. I am not saying the new stuff is bad, but I frankly enjoyed their earlier material more. (RC)
(Resist, PO Box 372, Newtown, NSW AUSTRALIA 2042, hardcore@resistrecords.com)

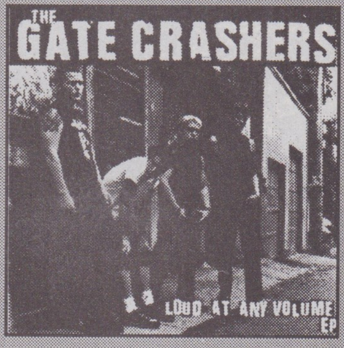


FOUR LETTER WORD – "The Band That Time Forgot" LP
As time goes by and the all around standard of punk music gets lower and lower, it's a good thing that bands like this continue to exist, especially in parts of the world where you can still earn a beating (or simply be ignored) for looking and acting out of place. Welsh sheep-worriers FOUR LETTER WORD have been around for some time now (frontman Welly seems to have been around and active forever) playing thoughtful punk rock with smart and inspirational lyrics. Last year they got screwed out of the right to use their own name thanks to some oozing scum boy-band from the USA who decided to call themselves "Four Letter Word." (I shall now activate my teenage sleeper agents across the nation to track them down, night and day, through rain and snow, and shoot them down like rabid dogs. Fly my little ones...) This is a shame as it seems that even their older material (two great albums on BYO) now have to be removed from the shelves. Anyway, this record is a kind of public service announcement by the band and their supporters at JSNTGM to get the word out about the band's plight and to arouse some concern about the increasing corporatization of music. It contains the first EP from '95, a couple of unreleased tracks, a lengthy spoken word about aforementioned subject, and a lovely punk rock cover of BILLY BRAGG's classic "World Turned Upside Down" all on nice day-glo green vinyl. The music is top notch melodic punk—think a political FACE TO FACE with balls. Hopefully the bullshit will only strengthen this great bands resolve and FOUR LETTER WORD will be around in some shape or form for another ten years. (AD)
(JSNTGM, PO Box 1025, Blackpool, FY3 0FA, England, UK fourletterword@btclick.com)



FRAMED - "You're Wreckin' Me" EP
THE FRAMED is playing mid tempo, storytelling, harmless, melodic punk rock. It sounds British, sure, it sounds a little like SOCIAL DISTORTION or the slower RANCID stuff. It just doesn't stand out, but it's not terrible. I'm just not shitting my pants, and I really want to get a record that makes me shit my pants. I hate to sound like an *MRR* reviewer and say "a solid effort," but who am I to resist? A solid effort. (WT)
($4: Lucky 777's Records, 3617 12th Ave. S #3, Minneapolis, MN 55407)

FUNERAL – "16 Song EP" 12"
DISCHARGE DISCHARGE DISCHARGE DISCHARGE DISCHARGE DISCHARGE DISCHARGE DISCHARGE DISCHARGE DISCHARGE. (AD)
(PO Box 40112, Portland, OR 97240-0113, USA)

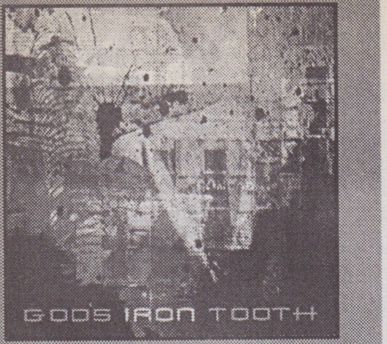


GARLIC BOYS - "Death Match" CD
This one is a bit difficult to pin down. They begin with a song that has equal parts RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE and early SMASHING PUMPKINS. From there the record moves toward "melodic hardcore" with some group chanting in the backing vocals. Then there comes some pop radio style rock tunes, followed by some screamy hardcore, followed by tough guy metal, hardcore with wanky guitar solos. This all sort of repeats itself for 23 songs, and if you're confused right now, then think of how I must feel. (PA)
(Wolverine, Kaiserswerther Str. 166, 40474 Dusseldorf, GERMANY, wolverine-records.de)

GATE CRASHERS - "Loud at Any Volume" EP
Whoa. This kicks some serious ass. It's ironic that they have a song called "Fuck 1988" criticizing bands who are still living in the past, because this is some of the most "authentic" hardcore I've heard in years. No trimmings, no prog rock pretensions, no metal leanings—this is a ten song EP which sounds like any number of East Coast hardcore bands from the early eighties. They thank bands like the NEOS and DYS (and cover them here as well), so it's certainly not an accident. Awesome stuff. Great to see the lyrics/explanation to "Who Makes Your Decisions" as well—taking an independent stand on something so heated shows some kinda verve. Among the best hardcore records I've heard this year. (TM)
(PartsUnknown, PO Box 4835, Toms River, NJ 08754)

GIRLUSH FIGURE - "Target You" CD
Three girls from Richmond, VA, playing riot girl garage. BIKINI KILL/HOLE influenced. The lyrics are honest and pissed off, about rednecks trying to lure the pretty high school girls into their big trucks (this brings back such sweet memories for me as well!), and wanting to shoot a beauty queen (as illustrated to us literally on the CD's cover photograph, with the band holding guns and looking cute, then on the back a handcuffed figure is lying on the ground in a bloody white t-shirt, while you see the band in the background wearing striped jackets with shotguns). Revenge. Are they the Mafia? (JT)
(no address, girlushfigue@hotmail.com)

GLENN'S ARMY - "Band in RI" CD
I recognize this intro.... out wait, wrong CD! Sorry about that... This is going to sound weird but this vocalist reminds me of Davy Havoc singing with the NOBODYS. I hate to admit it but this is really fun. High school pop punk done very well, with dueling vocalist that remind me of the B-SIDES. Pretty



catch and really fun, the kind of songs you write when you're waiting for class to end and Friday to come. (BM)
($1 ppd: 8 Roger Williams Ct., Portsmouth, RI 02871)

GOD'S IRON TOOTH - "The Last Vista Session" CD

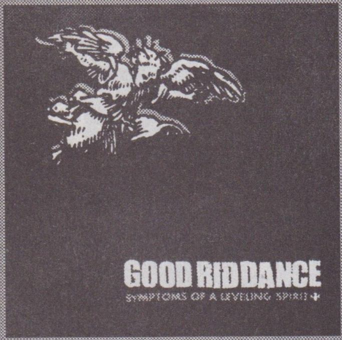
Heavy as holy hell, this Southern California outfit pounds out three tunes in the vein of EYEHATEGOD or CAVITY, but with that "riding your steed through the apocalypse" kind of feel. It's got the two most important qualities that a record like this needs: lots of low end, and lots of hate. Looks good, sounds great, and I have no idea why they didn't include more than three songs, as they are certainly worthy of it. Wish I knew what the dude was saying though, you'd think that with a six-panel CD layout, they could have squeezed in the lyrics to three songs, but that's just me. Good shit. (WN)
(9411 Hunting Cr., Villa Park, CA 92861, hereticproductions.com)

GODSTOMPER/FUCK ON THE BEACH - split EP

Wow! A blistering thrash double header. The scourge of Silicon Valley, GODSTOMPER, launch five volleys of vitriol, taking straight edge, conformity, smoking, and emo to task in one fell swoop. Flip it over, and Japan's FOB unleash a blurry hardcore assault not unlike the sound of a food processor on "dice" being thrown down a spiral staircase. (AM)
(Get The Axe, PO Box 3019, Oswego, NY 13126)

GOOD MORNING - "Iconoclasm" EP

Angry sloppy crust core from small town Minnesota. While I can't really say that I like listening to this...their hearts are certainly in the right place. The lyrics and the booklet that accompany this record are great, classic punk layout (hard to read "fuck the government" stuff), and the music is not by the books crust at all; there's a lot of dynamics, and some of the stuff sounds like old UK punk...but it's all painfully sloppy, and it kind of hurts to listen to it. This record gets an A+ for effort, a B+ for being punk as fuck, and as for the quality, the fast song with the female vocals on side B is really great. (WN)
(427 W. 5th St, Winona, MN 55987)



GOOD RIDDANCE - "Symptoms of a Leveling Spirit" CD

For a pleasant change of pace, GOOD RIDDANCE pays homage to their true favorites with their covers of ANTI-CIMEX, DISCHARGE and BATTALION OF SAINTS. Just kidding. Dear god, why me? These guys have been consistently hammering nails into the coffin of punk rock with every subsequent release. Lots of pretentious lyrics, like "beware the opulence inherent in confusion." Who do they think they are, fucking BAD RELIGION? Oops... yeah, they do. Check this out if you're fanatically cataloging all the records Bill Stevenson produces. (RD)
(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119-3690)

GREEN HORNET - "Rejected #5

......Dutch band....not bad '60s-ish....organ, horns....nothing to write old Mom about, but....the flipside is an old MEAN RED SPIDERS tune called "Rejected At The High School Dance," done here by these boys real slow and full of feeling....not bad, not great.....can't say it's worth a blow job...maybe a hand job.....from your papa.... (SW)
(High School Reject, Berlageweg 12, 9731 LN Groningen, NETHERLANDS, ktvs@yahoo.com)

GRIZZLY ADAMS BAND - "Stoopid Group I Go!" EP

German band that's got all the old school moves down and is downright convincing as well. Fevered punk rock power-chording that does the trick and big highway sized hooks that sticks in your head. Almost a combo of old SOCIAL DISTORTION crossed with the PAGANS or something. What else can I add to convince you: great guitar sound, pretty hot performances, hooks, heart and induced head-swaggin' all here. These guys are certainly hitting the mark with all 6 tunes being pretty killer, not a weak one in the bunch. Count this one as a good one and pay these guys the attention they deserve, okay? (JY)
(Chief, Peter Richter, Grune Gasse 13, 48143 Munster, peet@muenster.com)

GUIDING LINE - "The Boyscout Revival" EP

First off, screw the boyscouts, little fucking homophobic shits. But I don't think the band drew on the negative aspects (ie, patriotic, homophobic, traditional values...), so I let them slide. This is extremely positive fast youth crew with some melody, reminds me of the first TURNING POINT EP. They are long gone (members went onto OIL, THE OATH plus others....) but their style is one of the better Dutch '88 style bands. Good shit, and I must say that Third Party has existed through thick and thin, and has always supported the underground positive hardcore scene...so check out other releases as well. (MW)
(Third Party, 21 Nancy Ln, Almherst, NY 14228)

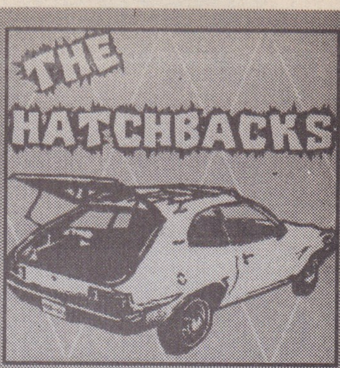
HAPPY NOISE/ MINNIES – split CD

Two Italian bands on one disc. HAPPY NOISE sound a little like DILLINGER 4 on first listen, which is no bad thing. Also very Southern California (does that mean anything these days? Y'know- older Epitaph, newer Revelation) they sing in English and Italian. MINNIES sing solely in Italian and sound more skateboard video/Fat Wreck Chords if you know what I mean. Both bands play well and sound good, both have good production and lots of energy... it's just that I'm such a jaded and cynical old bastard who thinks he's heard it all before... I'll give this a C+. (AD)
(Riot Records, Viale Monza 26 -20127, Milano, ITALY)

HATCHBACKS - "Ain't No Bitch" EP

"The live streaming endless drone of life brought to you in burst's(*sic*), short, fast, and loud. The HATCHBACKS come on like an evil little kid, with a handfull(*sic*) of m-80's(*sic*) and a book of matches." While their press release writing skills could clearly use a little proofreading, the HATCHBACKS' credo isn't the empty hyperbole that such verbiage usually turns out to be. In other words, this four song

disc really does indeed rock. They even manage to pull off an original blues number, and how many rock bands have ever been able to do that? (Answer: a very small percentage) Deserving special mention is the hand-clapping slop of "Hit the Road," which would be hit record material in a more rock and world than this. Congratulations, gal and guys! (DD)
(Turkey Baster, PO Box 222059, Dallas, TX 75222-2059, hatchbacks@hotmail.com)



HAWG JAW - "Believe Nothing" LP
Damn, what is it about New Orleans bands that make them all sound so fucking dark and depressing? HAWG JAW take a nod from their hometown influences and crank out some knuckle-busting sludgy ass punk rock. If my memory serves me correctly, there is an EYEHATEGOD member in this band, and with that said it is hard to dismiss their influence here. Heavy duty back breaking tunes that will reel you in and take you down with a vicious bite of southern-fried venom. (RC)
(Deep Six, PO Box 6911, Burbank, CA 91510)

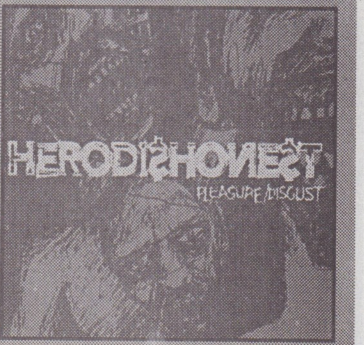
HEAD - "Total Commitment" EP
Haven't heard this band in years. This is kind of weird because I just got one of their old LPs back from an ex-girlfriend... Even weirder it sounds just the same as their old stuff; really RAMONES driven, sort of dumb but in a good way. I miss their second guitar player, Mr. Giggles, but hey what can I really complain about? After a long hiatus of about four years members do leave bands, I can accept that. (BM)
(Evil Clown, PO Box 9144, Seattle, WA, 98109)

HEARTFIELD - "Il Mio Silenzio" EP
This is excellent. Four fast Italian '80s-esque hardcore tunes with dual emotion-filled vocals. Yes please! (SR)
(Cracks in the Sidewalk, c/o Mario Lapecorella, Via Principe Amedeo, 347 70123 Bari, ITALY, mlapecorella@hotmail.com)

HELLACOPTERS/ADAM WEST - split EP
Two things that pretty much always make me depressed are punk rock band reunions and punk rock bands covering other punk rock bands songs. It seems like they can never really get the song right. They will play the parts right, but it won't have the same energy or charm as the original. Here is a record of the HELLACOPTERS and ADAM WEST covering songs by this rad band called the DAMNED. Ever heard of them? If not, check them out first. (WT)
($4: Fandango, 3403 Mt. Pleasant St., NW, Washington DC 20010)

HERODISHONEST - "Pleasure/Disgust" CD
Frantic, acidic hardcore delivered with plenty of angst and energy. 27 songs, barely over a minute each (average) and it shows. For being so quick and pointed, the songs show a maturity that many bands can't achieve with songs three times as long. Breaks, hooks, aggression—this has it all. Lyrics are up to the music—examinations of today's society (inside and outside hardcore) including tackling some tougher topics like homelessness, rebellious conformity, and economics. Top notch stuff. (TM)
(Ifsociety, Kauppakartanonkuja 3 f 70, 00930 Helsinki, FINLAND)

HOLY MOLAR - EP
Youth Attack offer yet another heavily CHARLES BRONSON-flavored band (you didn't expect that, did ya?), but since these guys hail from San Diego, they've got some weird LOCUST synth action and semi-witty NAKED LADY WRESTLERS banter ("I'm gonna shove this bass so far up your ass you'll need a colonic!"). Truth be told, it's not completely my thing. I expected it to be little more than a throwaway, and I got just that. Red vinyl and, supposedly, recorded at a prison. (RD)
(PO Box 126321, San Diego, CA 92112-6321)

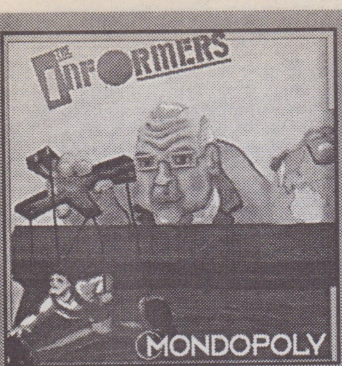


ID/PANTALONES ABAJO MARINERO - split EP
ID play really fast bass-less grind, pretty by the books, but still pretty good. The entire lyrics to their second song are: "you fuck a lot of girls really goddamn hot ones too you'll catch AIDS asshole!" I'm not sure whether to laugh or just shake my head. PANTALONES are way more blurry, so fast it all sounds almost computer generated...wait, scratch the "almost," it all sounds computer generated. Nine songs on this side, you know the drill. (WN)
(Discos Al Pacino, Box 3051, Burnsville, MN 55337)

IMMORTAL FATE - "Beautiful" LP
IMMORTAL FATE was a death/grind band from Redwood City, California who existed in a small window of time during the early nineties. Members of the band went on to be in NO LESS and other various RWC outfits. This record was supposed to come out more than five years ago, but has only recently seen the light of day. In that respect, the record is relatively dated, but if you're a fan whose tastes lean more towards "grind" akin to that of CARCASS, or if you just want a piece of West-Bay history, than this is essential. As bands like CATTLE DECAPITATION gain popularity by introducing more and more hipsters to death metal, its important not to forget that bands like IMMORTAL FATE existed for sheer "brutality" long before the light was shone on such "extreme music". (SP)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413, 625thrash.com)

IN DECAY - "Livin' With L.E.S." EP
"Whoa-oh. Whoa-oh."—IN DECAY. At first, I thought the first RANCID EP, early AMERICAN STEEL, with IN DECAY's combination of hardcore's rough edges, pissed convictions, and serious, serious pop. On the second listen, the pop waved its flag a little faster, leading me to a comparison closer to KRUPTED PEASANT FARMERS, which in my opinion is great stuff, but can easily be shoved into sheer obnoxiousness with even a hint of fancy production. Gabe says the ska-like parts are acceptable because they're slowed down, and for the most part I agree. To make a long story short, I like my pop DIY, fucked up, and dressed in rags, and then I love it, and this it it. IN DECAY, from the L.E.S., sings

about the squats, the squatters, the streets, fuckin' Giuliani, fuckin' punk rock forever. Buy it. (AC)
(Tent City, 175 5th Ave. Ste. 2341, New York, NY 10010, aliad@erols.com)

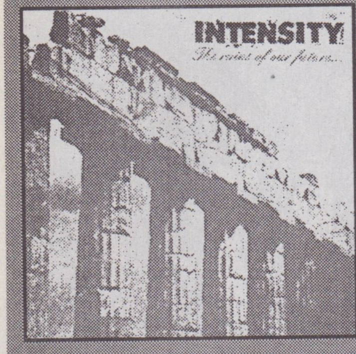


THE INFORMERS - "Mondopoly" CD

Possibly their first release since 1996! The INFORMERS have upgraded their music and kept their lyrics political and relevant. The INFORMERS maintain their old sound, but they've included more breaks and styles. The vocals have maintained the foreign accents, odd meter and croon about issues as current as "Rumble in Seattle" to history lessons as in "Wonder Women." (HM)
(Negative, 80, Avenue de Saint-Ouen, 75018 Paris FRANCE, the-informers.fr.st)

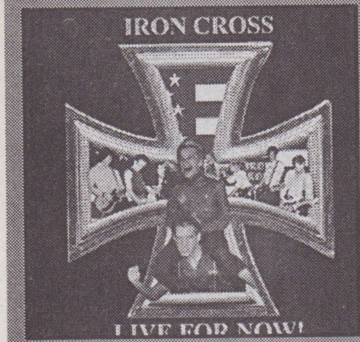
INSPECTION 12 – "In Recovery" CD

The latest group of pop punk kids doing it BLINK 182 meets later BAD RELIGION style. Although they have been around since 1994 and have four LPs out, they are new to me. In fact, their drummer recently passed away in a car accident. As for the music, pretty eclectic sounding with the occasional keyboard and such. I really want to like this and I do, but I'm not completely won over as a whole. There are some great tracks on this, though, for those who don't consider the FAT/HONEST DON sound a bad thing. For the most part a good release. (RL)
(Honest Don's, PO Box 192027, San Francisco, CA 94119, honestdons.com)



INTENSITY - "The Ruins of Our Future" CD

Promotional version of this release, so I'm not real sure what the finished product will look like. The info on this was minimal, so hopefully there's more to come. Another cranking release from these Swedes either way—sixteen songs, quick and effective. They've managed some serious hardcore in the past, and this is certainly continuing the trend. The production is huge, which certainly helps to keep things on the loud side. Singer has a great hoarse voice—when they slow things down, he can carry the songs in a way many can't. Good stuff. (TM)
(Bad Taste, St. Soderg 38, 222 23 Lund, SWEDEN)



IRON CROSS - "Live for Now" CD

Man oh man, I haven't thought of these guys in awhile. See, I moved to DC shortly after they broke up, and there was still a lot of controversy in the air when I got there. Were they skinheads or not? Racist? Didn't at least one of them get caught beating up gay men in Dupont Circle? etc. etc. But they were part of the extended Dischord family, and being a teen in love with all things Dischord, I bought their *Hated and Proud* 7", and liked the tracks on *Flex Your Head* well enough. Still, I wondered about their obvious skin/oi trappings. Listening back, I can't say this stands the test of time too well (musically, or especially lyrically). I mean, there's something cool about the repetitive sludgy bar chord guitar that refused to play any notes, and Sab Grey's sandpaper growl, but ultimately this material is very dated and too full of macho bluster. Tracks like "Live for Now," "Gray Morning," and "You're a Rebel," are dark, urban and deceptively anthemic. The rest of the songs should have been left in the vault. And I'm sorry, I just can't appreciate all the testosterone and gang mentality. NEGATIVE APPROACH pulled this style off better, and without all the vague racist/homophobic overtones as well. (BG)
(GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

HAROLD JENKINS - "Rock House/Crazy Dreams"

Well, this here is a reprint of a couple old Sun sides by passionate rockabilly singer HAROLD JENKINS. It seems that once again, Norton has dug up another series of impossibly hard to find lost classics, this time by a mix of knowns (CARL PERKINS, ROY ORBISON) and shoulda been knowns (all the rest). Mr. JENKINS has a real nice, if not groundbreakingly original instrumental backing to his songs, but his singing is what makes this move. His voice has a great mix of laid back cool and urgency. The "Crazy Dreams" B-side is especially compelling with its slower pace and sweating intimate and lonely vibe. The only problem I have with the Norton 7" reissues is that in faithfully reproducing the old school layouts, you get absolutely no info on the artist or session. Still, I'd highly recommend anything in this series. It's hard to believe that there's still such a wealth of long out of print gold like this. God bless Norton for releasing this stuff. (BG)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

THE KAMIKAZES - "Time for Rock 'n' Roll" EP

.....fucking cool....low-fi HUMPERS style with good fuzzy guitar pussy licks.......I like....... Oh yeah, the second song is so good too....good hooks...some nice cock action going on here.....so where are these fellows from???????.... there's a German address on the sleeve.....hmmmm, I wonder....side two is the ballad....REAL KIDS...., for sure....but it's good....wait!!!!...I hear an accent....maybe these guys are Germans...... fourth and last song is fist fucking heavy, fast RNR.....makes you want to party!!!!!... fuck some chicks, have a good time....this record gets an A+, and that's rare for me...... (SW)
(Alien Snatch!, Moerikeweg 1, 74199 Untergruppenbach, GERMANY)

KEELHAUL - "Keelhaul II" CD

I can't figure out what it is with "modern" hardcore bands that makes them not want to include their lyrics, but man, when I was fifteen, sitting down with the words and following the whole thing from start to finish was the greatest fucking thing in the world. KEELHAUL offer up eight songs of pretty mathy rock, with lots of parts and really mature songwriting, and an amazing recording as well (as we would expect from a Hydra Head release). It's like TIME IN MALTA but way more "rock," or like CAVE IN without the metal or the indie rock, and then there's that part in the second song that totally reminds me of BORN AGAINST. That make any sense? If you liked the first KEELHAUL disc, then this one will floor you, and if you thought it was just so-so (like I did), then this one will impress you. (WN)
(Hydra Head, PO Box 990248, Boston, MA, 02199)

KENT BROCKMAN - "Crustcoreviolence" EP

I guess the title says it all. Crazy fast crusty grindcore from five kids who have spent a lot of time listening to SPAZZ and INFEST records. Tough as nails and as fast as fuck. Enough said, now buy it! (RC)
(Hombre Lobo, Kaiserlauterer Str. 11, 66123 Saarbrucken, GERMANY)

LAZY AMERICAN WORKERS - "Another Half-Assed Job Well Done" CD

The sophomore release from these Toledo lazy asses starts off blazing with speed and enthusiasm, but by the third tune, it sounds rushed, possibly too fast for its own good. Half of the seven tunes hold their own and offset the rest making this an half-assed release. The bonus track "Retard Helmet" is a half-assed effort itself. (HM)
(Biscuit Scrubbers, PO Box 6487, Toledo, OH 43612, biscuitscrubbers.com)

LES SEXAREENOS - "Can You Do the Nose Mustache?" EP

When I reviewed a 7" of theirs last year, it flat out blew me away with its amped up extra raw garage punk. While this one doesn't quite cut through my head with as much manic insistence, it still kicks out king-sized jams. "Ruby D" is a high-octane rockabilly riff beaten into submission. Their messy version of "Mojo Working" is fun like a derailed train. The other two songs sound like lost tracks from the *Nuggets* collections. These guys have to be amazing to watch, deconstruct live. (BG)
(Telstar, PO Box 1123, Hoboken, NJ 07030)

LET IT BURN - "This Is the Sound" CD

The first thing I noticed is that this band features Will from SUICIDE PARTY, an excellent band that I saw last summer. So that immediately put them ahead in my book. LET IT BURN is playing hardcore core punk rock, kind of reminding me of KID DYNAMITE, and also the EXPLOSION. The vocals are cool. There are nice little breakdowns. So, this isn't amazing, but if you are currently residing on the East Coast, I would go check these guys out. And let me know what you think. And my friend was right, East Coast bands do swear more than West Coast bands. Punk fucking rock! (WT)
(Metro, PO Box 1108, Pt. Pleasant bch., NJ 08742, letitburn13@aol.com)

JERRY LEE LEWIS - "Wild One/High School Confidential"

Didn't they make a movie about Jerry and his kissin' cousin? This has been bugging me for a few weeks. At both of my day jobs the radio is set to AM oldies so I get my fair dose of JJL, and I really wish they'd play this too. This guy is rock and roll, frantic, fun and fer Christ's sake he kicks his f-n piano! How cool is that?? What we got here is an alternative take of "High School Confidential" (complete with false starts and fuck ups), and "Wild One" (for those punx out there, this is the song IGGY POP covers [although I'm not sure if this is the tune he sings in that Old Navy commercial]). How can a record cut over forty years ago rock harder than the stuff coming out today? Either you retro fun boys had better either take a note from ol' JJL or just stop making records. (BM)
(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, nortonrecords.com)

LIESELOTTE / BAGGER - split LP

LIESELOTTE sound much like MONSTER X, and while I'm not personally into this sort of thing—those of you who are will eat this up like apple pie. Flip it over and we have BAGGER who sound like they have Shari from HARUM SCARUM singing next to this dude that sounds sort of like a monster... run Shari run! I like the BAGGER stuff alot more—driving crust sort of stuff with a good melodic thing going on. Pretty solid stuff and the more I listen to the BAGGER stuff the more I like it. (MT)
(Sorry, Tellstr. 19, 8004 Zürich, SWITZERLAND)

LIMITPOINT - "...It All Takes Time" EP

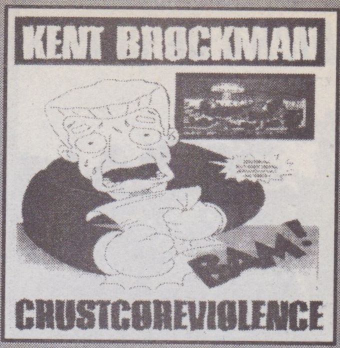
Pretty useless "powerful" pop punk. Can you really blame them? Growing up in SoCal, listening to FACE TO FACE and PENNYWISE all day while you wax your car. Having good intentions, but not quite understanding what punk rock is all about. This could be arena rock, and I'm pretty sure these kids wouldn't be totally against the idea. Here's three pretty boys with their hair spiked just enough to hold onto their jobs, playing what my friend once called "hat punk". If you've ever experienced the Warped Tour, you might understand what I'm talking about. This album is not offensive in the least, and that is what offends me the most when a band like this is dubbed "punk."
(Limitpoint, 1520 Diamond Ave., South Pasadena, CA 91030)

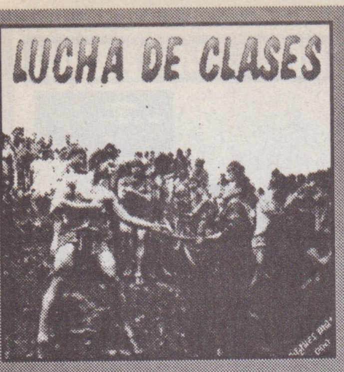
LIMP WRIST - "What's Up With The Kids" EP

I remember the issue *MRR* put out with these guys on the cover, but don't recall being particularly moved to check them out. Foolish, foolish human. In case you didn't figure it out then (like yours truly), the order of the day is homo-punk. But not the cliched, obnoxious repetition that bands like PANSY DIVISION offer... these guys dish up a brutal JERRY'S KIDS meets early FREEZE slab of hardcore. I'm really reaching for comparisons (the vocalist sounds like the singer from URBAN WASTE), but all that's coming to mind is stuff like the (NY) MOB. That's not good since the style, while classic, seems totally fresh and non-derivative. The lyrics are totally brilliant, attacking stereotypes and dominant fashions (both clothing and otherwise) in the queer scene, the punk scene, and the practically non-existent queer-punk scene. I imagine it's tougher to deal with these things than most stuff any of us have to go through on a day to day basis, and they shy away from being a "statement only" band. This could be the band that saves hardcore. (RD)
(Paralogy, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

THE LOUTS - "The Pissed and Loud EP" CDEP

Straight up, medium paced street punk without an edge. I don't think there is an original idea for a song on this album... even though they are timeless topics: being blamed by society (after all punks and skins are angels you know...), turning off the TV, working, oh and don't forget your mandatory drinking anthem... hey, where's the soccer songs?
(Murder and Mayhem, 1500 Miriam St., Garner, NC 27529)



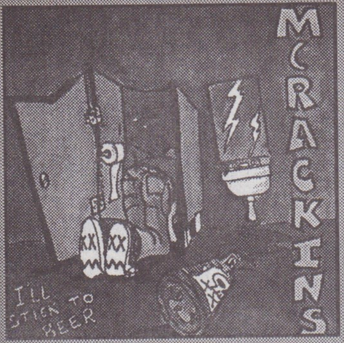


LUCHA DE CLASES - "Estado De Necesidad" CD

This is strong beefy hardcore with a touch of metal and good solid production. The vocals are powerful and the music has an overall feel that reminds me of thick-necked East Coast hardcore. Fortunately they avoid the beatdown styled lyrics and go for move of a political edge. And all the lyrics are translated into English for us non-Spanish speaking types. (RC)
(La Idea, Ref. 10, Apdo 18251, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

MCRACKINS - "I'll Stick to Beer" EP

This band has put out so many records, they should have their own section in the *MRR* collection. They certainly do know how to put together catchy pop songs, but their lyrics show that they are running out of stuff to write songs about (eg. "Puppy Mill"—sad, sad). Too much time spent in the recording studio, perhaps? (DP)
(No Frills, 9237-117 St., Delta, B.C., V4C 6B6 CANADA)



MEDIA WHORES - "1984/Cult of the Psychic Fetus"

Straight up melodic and sorta punky rock 'n' roll reminiscent of early GOO GOO DOLLS on side A. Side B sort of goes off into a GUN CLUB direction, yet still gets in a little melodic chorus in the midst of the cow-punk thang. Not a bad record at all. (AS)
(Break-Up!, P.O. Box 15372, Columbus, OH., 43215, breakuprecords@yahoo.com)

MEDIA WHORES - "Feel It/Can You Keep a Secret?"

Pop-punk from Columbus, Ohio. A side is your hooky pop-punk thing that's okay. B side is a bittersweet acoustic pop tune that actually got my attention cause' it was so blatant. Unapologetic pop always gets my respect especially this one that does such a good balance between parody and pop pathos. Anyways, if these guys could figure out how to combine the A side and the B side thing here, they would leave their impression on the world (or on me at the very least). In summary: A side is okay, B side rocks my world and makes me all teary-eyed as well (sniff, sniff...) (JY)
(Break-Up!, PO Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215, breakuprecords@yahoo.com)

THE MOB - "Let the Tribe Increase" 2xLP

Hey hey! It's the ultimate dance party feel good album! Actually, it's every song ever released by these prototypical anarcho punks. Stripped down and dreary, their songs painted a picture of a gray, miserable, narrow-minded England, and an unemployed squatter underclass suffering on the fringes of the Thatcher/Reagan Cold War regime (or worse, living in fear of an actual war that could destroy us all at the push of a button). The first disc is the original LP of the same name, while disc two completes the package with all their singles and comp tracks. Two LPs is perhaps more of this stuff than I can handle at one sitting—if I felt like the world had changed drastically for the better since these songs were originally released, I could enjoy the music as a quaint document of a bygone era—unfortunately, I feel like the world has gotten worse in a lot of ways, and many of the emotions conjured up by this album are just as relevant today. It makes me feel like slitting my wrists. All the artwork from the records is reproduced here too, but I would have liked to have seen some liner notes: a history of this important band, perhaps some perspective on where they fit into the early '80s anarcho scene, or maybe even an update on what they're up to now. Still, if you're not familiar with this band, or just want to complete your collection, check this one out. Team it up with the ZOUNDS double LP and make it family class war night in your household! (AM)
(Broken Rekids, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402)

MONSTER X/CAPITALIST CASUALTIES - split EP

Apparently this is posthumous release of MONSTER X material as they did break up a couple years back. I thought I had heard the last of them, but apparently I didn't. Either way, they bring four tracks to the table in typical MONSTER X fashion. They use plenty of drawn-out blast sections with a few mid-tempo time changes and employ those damn Cookie Monster vocals that, while some people may find that sort of thing interesting, most of it bores the hell out of me. Compared to MONSTER X, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES is a breath of fresh air. Like MONSTER X, they have their trademark sound, but unlike MONSTER X, their sound stands the test of time. After hearing these three new tracks of hyper-sixteenth thrash from these veterans, I think I will like them just a little more than I have in the past. (SP)
(Hater of God, PO Box 666, Troy, NY 12181-666)

MÖRDER PARTY - "I Hoits Nimma Aus Es Discoscheissa Heres The..." CD

This is some sorta allstar Austrian group(s)? The singer from Chuzpe, possibly all of Böslinge, Beich, and Mörder Party all contribute to play old hits and possibly new tunes for this Austrian collaboration. DIRT SHIT's "Discoscheissa," KLEENEX AKTIV'S "Arsch Abschiessen," CHUZPE's "Nervengas," BÖSLINGE's "Scheiss Kibarei," and "Sonic Reducer" are among the old hits. Don't try and figure it out and just enjoy a fine CD. (HM)
(Rattlesnake, Vienna AT-H76, Mariahilferstr. 117, 1060 Vienna AUSTRIA, how.to/moeder-party.com)

MOTORMUSCHI - "Guts Problem/I Hate Music"

MOTORMUSCHI is a solid sounding band from Germany. This slab offers two upbeat shit dripping rock tunes in the vain of maybe ....hmmmm the SUPERSUCKERS. Side two is a cover by the MAD. Thumbs up to you snotty Germans! (AS)
(plastic-bomb.com, fartcore-tonstudio.de)

MY MINDS MINE/IDIOCY OF GROTESQUE - split EP

Energetic grindcore from Netherlands and Japan. MY MINDS MINE have had some noteworthy previous output, and this continues in that vein, with 7 songs of frenzied grindcore, including a decent cover of "Repeat at Length" from the Japanese thrashers S.O.B. It's certainly ground that's been well covered, but they do a reasonable job of it as well. IDIOCY OF GROTESQUE make it a point to announce their intent on the cover and their label—"Killer Straight Forward Disgusting Cool Mince Grindcore".

Seems about right—I will mention that their use of pace (blurr to slow) was more engaging than a pure blitz—the obvious structure made the songs enormously more memorable. (TM)
(My Minds Mine, c/o Shantia Fardin, Haedstrjitte 74, 9008 ST Reduzum, NETHERLANDS)

NAKED RAYGUN - "Free Shit" LP
This is a live recording of NAKED RAYGUN's Chicago reunion show in November of 1997. I was at this show and it was rad. I sang along and jumped around to every damn song. NAKED RAYGUN is a band that I saw at least once a month growing up in Chicago. NAKED RAYGUN is a band that everyone in attendance at this show saw once a month in Chicago in the late eighties. They were the hometown heroes, so needless to say the energy level at this show was off the hook. Honestly, it gives me fucking goose bumps listening to this record, –this was the soundtrack to my adolescence. NAKED RAYGUN was the first punk band I ever saw ten years earlier in 1987. Do I really have to review this record? I love NAKED RAYGUN, what do you want me to say? If anything at all this record's a greatest hits collection of of RAYGUN tunes on one single slab of vinyl. You've heard all these songs, it's a live recording, but it's done well. If you need to have everything by this band, you'll probably need this too. (AS)
(Haunted Town, 1658 N. Milwaukee Ave. #169, Chicago, IL., 60647. hauntedtownrecords.com)

NEIGHBORS - "Negative Attraction" LP
Some blazing San Diego hardcore from the Six Weeks compound. There's a certain thickness to this that not everyone can manage - the dual guitars probably has something to do with that. I thought 'POISON IDEA' when I was listening, but that's not exactly what I mean. Enough on that—suffice it to say that this is ferocious "traditional" hardcore—it's quick, it's unrelenting, and there's no long intros or other crap to suffer through. Lyrics work some familiar topics—punk (the state of, politics within etc), society (work, hatred, abuse) that everyone can probably relate to. Excellent. (TM)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931)

NEON MANIACS - "Rip 'Em Up" EP
The NEON MANIACS play a real classy 1979 UK style of punk with lots of hooks, solid snotty vocals, and good melodies. This record was recorded down in Fullerton, California last summer and the punk-with-attitude vocals push it into the high-end of the bar-room fun meter. "The Ripper" has a good combination of street violence lyrics and polished punk-rock music by people who can really play their instruments . For their next song, the NEON MANIACS cover the NEWTON NEUROTICS great number "Hypocrite." The lyrics on the NEON MANIACS original "Soldier" deal with the futility of war and the innocents who are killed. A damn decent record! (BR)
(Puke & Vomit Records, PO Box 3435, Fullerton, CA 92831)

NEW GRANADA - "Full Power Trip" EP
Five songs of pretty straight up screamy hardcore. The vocalist moves in between yelling and screaming (there is a difference) while the guitarist plays mostly strait power chords and the drummer sticks mostly with fast driving beats but there are just enough hooks and changes to keep it interesting. If your looking for a reference this sounds similar to the FAITH but with a slightly more polished recording. (PA)
(Council, P.O.Box 220691, Chicago, IL 60622)

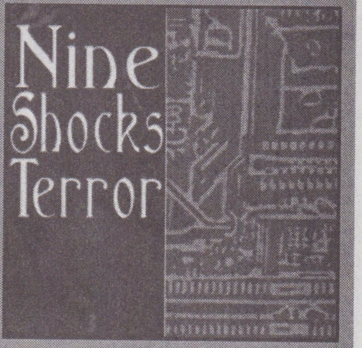
NEW TOWN ANIMALS - "Lose That Girl" 7"
This is pretty good. It really reminds me of the POINTED STICKS in a lot of ways... well maybe not so much on the power pop side, but definitely on the rocking side. Catchy, peppy, and with a bit of an accent that i can't place if it's fake English, or French Canadian ....hmmm, you decide. Good stuff man. (BM)
(Mint, PO Box 3613, Vancouver, BC, V6b 3Y6, CANADA)

NEW YORK DOLLS - "Endless Party - 1973 Sessions" 2xLP
........jeezus, yet another re-ish of.....this..!.. these here recordings have been bootlegged proper over the years.....there's one paticular one out there with a really nice cover, I wish I had it....this one on Munster is a gatefold with the same old boring pix......yaaawwwnnnnn!!!!!..but, it's got big old thick vinyl and that seems to be the trend these days, but why should I bitch, at least they're still makin' LPs.......Norton just did the CD version.... with better pix, and liner notes..... any-old-how, you can fuck well to either format.....so enjoy.... (SW)
(Munster, PO Box 18.107 Madrid 28080, SPAIN, munster-records.com)

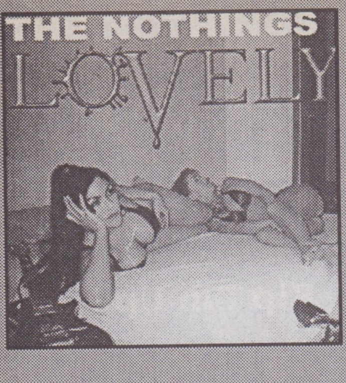
NIHILISTICS - "Vaginosis Volume One" CD
Long time East Coast shock jocks deliver a live CD recorded in 1984 and '89. All your faves: "Touch Me", "Pimp in Service", "Low Life" and lovely medical textbook cover art. There is also an interview. Period. I'm just a Left Coast loser, I guess. Boring. (RW)
(Yeah Mate, PO Box 1744, Collingwood, Victoria, 3066, AUSTRALIA)

NINE SHOCKS TERROR - "Paying Ohmage" LP
Well shit....what the hell could I possibly say about this release that could either do it justice, or tell those of you who already know NINE SHOCKS what you already don't know.... Thick production, driving guitar, drumming that takes its cue from Japanese HC, shit man. This is fucking greatness, or the closest we're gonna get this millennium. Lyrics that take jabs at everything laid over the best damn four chords you ever heard. You're fucking stupid if you don't seek this out as quickly as possible. (MW)
(Sound Pollution, Po Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)

NO SIDE - "Comp 95-98" EP
This is some fucking killer punk rock! These guys jumpstarted the resurgence of "old school" (think 1982-'83) punk rock in Japan a few years ago, by putting out some amazing tracks on some impossible to find releases. Now we are fortunate enough to have Acme Records reissue a couple of their songs from



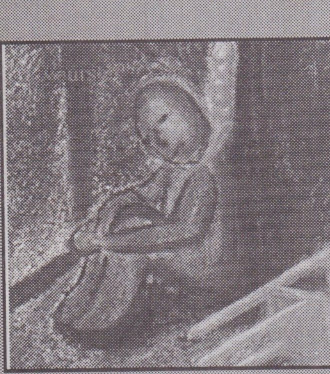
various compilations. This is ripping thrashy punk that sounds like it was pulled straight of one of those amazing *We Got Power* compilations that were on Mystic Records. Pumping bass lines and distortion filled circle pit madness! Now if you are all lucky somebody will put out NO SIDE's *Depressing Day* EP domestically as well. Doubtful, but you never know! (RC)
(Acme, PO Box 441, Dracut, MA 01826, acmerecords.bizland.com)



THE NOTHINGS - "Lovely" CD
Just 'cause you've got Steve Jones from the SEX PISTOLS playing guitar on some tracks doesn't mean you can sell your CD for $20 fucking bucks to the kids. Melodic, mid-tempo, straightforward punk rock. "I Love Women" gives these guys a chance to affirm their heterosexuality and "That Girl's a Slut" helps spread stereotypes about women through the use of names such as "liar," "slut," and "bitch"—furthering the spread of patriarchy within the punk scene as well as beyond. Please don't waste your hard earned $20. (SR)
($20 ppd: Galaxy, 17048 Baltar St., Van Nuys, CA 91406, galaxy-records.net)

NO TIME LEFT - "Zero Effort Solution" EP
The new millennium is upon us and the new generation of thrash bands just keep coming. NO TIME LEFT is no exception, and is hardly jumping on any sort of bandwagon. This band falls right in line with the usual suspects, but sort of has a more positive stance and a bunch more shout-it-out choruses than the rest. If you're following this scene, this is yet another record to add to your quickly growing collection. Bandana not included. (SP)
(Third Party, 21 Nancy Lane, Amherst, NY 14228, thirdparty@hotmail.com)

OFFYOURSELF - CD
A lot like a male DISCOUNT. That would mean like CRIMPSHRINE, right? Nah... the production is too airtight and the singer is way too tone-deaf (I know, I know—but not in an endearing way). Weepy and self-deprecating, but it's nowhere near spirited enough to capture my attention. Not bad, by any means; they can play their instruments and it's not hackneyed. Still, it's just missing that extra oomph that gives bands of this genre the necessary edge. (RD)
(Fudge Sickill, 444 S. Illinois, Villa Park, IL 60181)



ROY ORBISON/GENE ROSS - split 45
From the Sun Records Jukebox series comes ol' ROY ORB singing "Domino" a song that the CRAMPS made famous to punk rockers everywhere. What can I say this is a great tune and if you don't got the original you damn well should. On the B-side is GENE ROSS sparking up the dance floor with a swing-a-billy little number that explores the perils of having a beautiful girlfriend. (DL)
(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

THE PAGANS - "The Pink Album" LP
Holy Moley, what can you say about a slab like this? If you want to be persnickety, it's for the most part the post-PAGANS PAGANS, but this is essential stuff by any name. Mind you, any youngsters who haven't gotten any of the previous reishes and Just Don't Know should make the *Shit Street* companion LP the priority purchase, but these concurrent releases stand as a great public service. Salute! (DD)
(Crypt, 3 Reading Ave, Frenchtown, NJ 08825, cryptrec@concentric.net)

THE PAGANS - "Shit Street" LP
Time for another PAGANS repackage. No complaints, and a review of this one is kinda pointless. Arguably the best "garage" punk band in the USA around 1978 or '79. Mike Hudson personifies punk vocals. Get this, the companion *Pink Album* and a six pack and yer ready to bounce off the walls in 4/4 time for the rest of your life. Oh, I think the cover art is ugly. Psss. (RW)
(Crypt, 3 Reading Ave, Frenchtown, NJ, 08825)

THE PANICS – "1980-1981: I Wanna Kill My Mom!!!" CD
A good disc except for the so-so quality live tracks. From the hey day of Gulcher Records outta Indiana and the scene that brought us the GIZMOS and the JETSONS, this is fueled by the PANICS great first single and their "Red Snerts" comp track. Sloppy and raucous punk for collector types. (RL)
(Gulcher, GulcherRecords@aol.com)

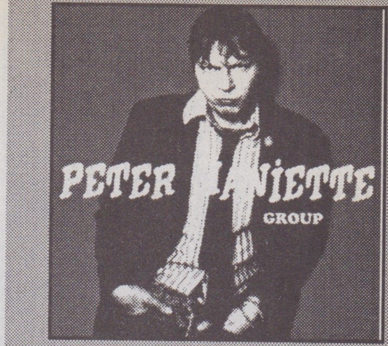
THE PATRON SAINTS - "The Carbon Monoxide Soaked 'Garage' Sound of..." EP
Despite the "garage" in the EP's title (then again, it's in quotes, like "butterscotch" morsels), there's more of a rawk feel with a few squigs of psych influence, which isn't too surprising since that was a common style of garage, semi-garage and formerly garage bands in (oh what a night, back in 19..) '93 when this was recorded. The uptempo original, "Friday the 13th" is a fine sort of whacked out rocker, their reading of the STARFIRES' "I Never Loved Her" is interesting but too BLACK SABBATH-like without the sense of economy that made SABBATH work, and I can't even imagine why anyone would be doing such slow versions of "My Flash on You" and "He's Waitin'." Too bad they didn't have more originals. (DD)
(Stool Pigeon, 621 W. Middle, Chelsea, MI 48118)

PEELANDER-Z - "Rocket Goldstar" CD
Never a student of Japanese popular culture, I nonetheless am familiar with the concept of *kawaii* (which translates roughly as "cuteness") and which PEELANDER-Z own in spades. On the cover they're decked out in oversized sunglasses, color-coordinated uniforms, and what appeared at first glance to be fancy cold-weather headgear but are apparently plastic beehive wigs. Did I mention that it also depicts them aboard a spaceship in orbit? Wild! Fortunately, their music is rough and loud in the best Japanese tradition...brings oldsters GENBAKU ONANIES to mind, though I'm sure they'd be greatly offended by the comparison. Lyric-wise they're all about "Jack & Beans", "Drill Man", "Anyway Sushi", and "Happy Tanx" and even include English translations so the listener can twig what they're on about. Warning: this

CD contains a video for a tune called "Panda Punk" that I'm not (yet) man enuff to watch. (JH)
(MicroMusic, 5-2-22-306 Daita, Setagayaku, Tokyo, JAPAN, peelander-z.com)

CARL PERKINS/KEN COOK - split EP
One track each from Sun recording sessions by the two above early rocker-cum-rockabilly dudes. This stuff and jazz is the gunk that makes the USA unique from any other country kids, real soul oozing thru your brain. If you have *any ear at all* for the early rock 'n' roll sound you are set. Hopefully this record was made from recycled STRAY CATS vinyl. (RW)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY, 10276)

PETER MANIETTE GROUP - "Robber" EP
This is really bluesy '60s style garage rock. As I'm not really into this kind of music, it doesn't really impress me. The songs are typically structured—song titles include "Rockin' with the Boys," "Back to Zero," and "Back on the Street." For anyone that's into this sort of thing I'm sure it is great. (JT)
(Low Impact, PO Box 475, 701 49 Orebro, SWEDEN, lowimpact@ hotmail.com)

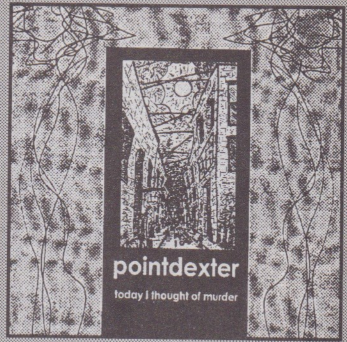


THE PINHEADS L.V. - "You Can't Drink from My Cup" CD
Word on their web page is that they're through! All the crunchy guitars, amazing bass runs, driving drums, hooks, and active backup vocals. You'd think a good Christian band would be able to overcome their differences. Maybe it has something to do with not sharing... as in cups and shit. Really good CD even with the Jesus song! (HM)
($7 ppd: AVD, 8370 W. Cheyenne Box 109-22, Las Vegas, Nevada 89129, thepinheads.com)

PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS - "Fuck With Fire" CD
I swear No Idea is the present day label that Lookout Records was in the early 90's –a label that almost every release is honestly worth checking out. This release is no exception to the rule, PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS is a band that's sure to be big, and for good reason. This CD's great, and so fitting for my mood the last month. It's emo, yet keeps an essential dark and angry edge to it. The production sound quality is crisp and clean, the guitars and bass are tuned low, and the vocals are hoarse. The more I listen to this CD (and I have been listening to it all month) the more it reminds me of the first the first SAMIAM LP (yet more pissed), early HOT WATER MUSIC (yet more frustrated), and NEUROSIS (yet less crusty). This will be in my top ten for the month, with out a doubt.(AS)
(No Idea, P.O. Box 1436, Gainesville, FL., 32604)

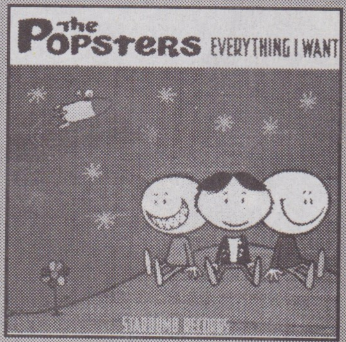
PLANKTON/MILKMAN - split EP
Former band included a disclaimer on their lyric sheet referencing the fact these were old songs, and they didn't print the lyrics to save embarrassment. As the music goes, they're busting along—it's really raw, but in that endearing "recorded in a basement" way that I love. When you don't even attempt production, it can work in a totally different manner! Great, basic, unpolished hardcore. The PRIEST riff had me laughing. Flip has production—works for them though. MILKMAN use a distorted guitar sound that provides a wall of noise background—the singer is up front, vocals right in your face. Longer songs, more structure, also with a lot of energy, so it works as well. Excellent split! (TM)
($4 ppd: Jelle Smit, Beeksestr. 76, 4841 GD Prinstenbeek, NETHERLANDS)

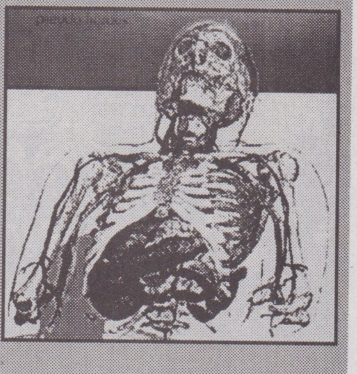
POINTDEXTER – "Today I Thought of Murder" EP
I can't figure out if these guys want to sound like a Gilman band circa 1989 or if they are bad at sounding like the ATARIS. Poppy stuff with the most off-key vocals I've heard since JABBERJAW. I was pulling for an unprofessional charm but the vocals just got to me. Oh well. (RL)
(Clabbered Milk, 300 Criqueside Dr. #53, Morehead, KY 40351, pointdexter01@hotmail.com)



POLICE LINE - "Mutual Silence" EP
Ok, any band that pulls out a LÄRM melody is OK by me. Fast crusty thrash from Albany, NY. A one sided three-song EP from an old line-up that don't disappoint. Although I don't think they are going for the "crusty" thing, their music reminds of NAUSEA mixed with some straight forward HC. Thick. Limited to 300. (MW)
(Human Stench, 14 McKinley Terrace, Pittsfield, MA 01202)

POPSTERS - "Everything I Want" CD
The POPSTERS are an aptly-named pop-punk trio from Italy that specializes in fast and catchy tunes with English lyrics to make singing along easier. They cover the DESCENDENTS' "Silly Girl" and it fits in perfectly with the band's original songs. And they even toss in the occasional acoustic guitar to keep the kids guessing. The CD includes their earlier single on Gonna Puke Records. (JG)
(Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS)





PSUEDO HEROES – "Maps. Math. Violence and Silence." CD
This month has just been a winner as far as CD's go, and PSUEDO HEROES do nothing to break that string. Hailing from Pennsylvania, the PSUEDO HEROES sound like they would fit perfectly on a bill opening for the THUMBS or DILLINGER FOUR, just a little less political than those two bands. Still once you get by the weird four minute opening noise piece you will see they have a less straight ahead sound structure, with lots of catchy hooks thrown in that remind me of the two aforementioned bands. So get out your wallets and send money to…(JF)
(Chumpire, PO Box 680, Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680)

PSYCHOHOLIDAY PROJECT - "Incompletodisordine" EP
This Italian band takes a strong fast hardcore backbone and combines it with a slight touch of melody to create some solid tunes. The vocalist has a powerful voice and he screams the words in his native language. Overall this is solid release that wouldn't be out of place on Indecision Records, but instead it is on.... (RC)
(Goodwill, Dario Adamic, C.P. 15319, 00143 Roma Laureatiao, ITALY, move.to/phphc)

THE PUTA-PONS – "Return to Zero" CD

With two girls cranking out a HANNA-esque drawl, this has Kill Rock Stars and Slampt written all over it sonically. A trio that does good dissonant Riot Girl-type of stuff. Although this misses the media boat by nine years or so, this still kicks ass. Is it time for a Riot Girl revival already? We could do worse. (RL)

(Vinahyde, PO Box 470583, Chicago, IL 60647, theputa-pons.com)

RANDOM TASK - "The Dividing Line" CD

RANDOM TASK play part pop, part punk in that indie rock sort of way. This is very reminiscent of earlier JIMMY EAT WORLD. The songs still have fast punky parts but the vocals are clean and well harmonized and the CD has many tame pop parts as well. Most songs are up tempo and a bit more complicated than your basic pop song. Well played, well recorded and well mixed. (PA)

(Random Task, random-task.com)

RADICAL UP - "Never Enough" EP

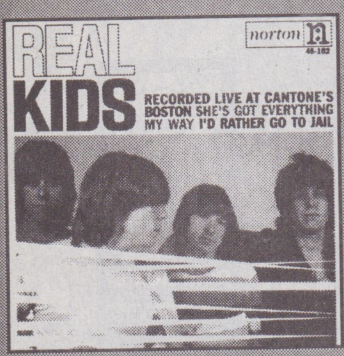
I haven't heard of this Japanese trio before, so I should probably consult Dr. Dante before going any further. They seem to be inspired by the JAM and the mod sound of the early '80s. "Dancing With You Tonight" is a fine power pop tune, but it's a bit too clean and restrained for my tastes, almost as if the guys are scared of breaking a guitar string. I'd like to hear them recorded with a little rawer sound and more energy, because their songs are pretty catchy. (JG)

(Sick, 1-8-75-107 Kasayama, Kusatsu-Shiga, JAPAN)

REALLY RED - "Discography" CD

Finally back in print after being hard to find when it was originally released back in 1995. The score: one of the 20 or so punk compilations you need on CD, up there with BLACK FLAG and GERMS for early American punk. 32 track comp touches every record this primal Texas unit put out (except for the band-detested first promo 7") from 1978-'83. Reviews like this are really directives: *buy*! (RW)

(Mailorder: undergroundmedicine.com)



REAL KIDS - "She's Got Everything" EP

Live from Cantone's Boston 1982 comes the REAL KIDS rockin' with a bouncy rendition of the KINKS' "She's Got Everything." Following with footstompin' "My Way" and " I'd Rather Go to Jail," this sounds like it was a totally fun, sweaty night for shaking your head and ass around. (DL)

(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

THE REAL MCKENZIES - "The Clash of the Tartans" LP

This LP came out on digital format quite a while ago and I immediately bought so I could recall what the REAL MCKENZIES sounded like when I am not intoxicated. Let me be the first to tell you, while the REAL MCKENZIES may be one of the best live bands today, this record doesn't capture that spirit at all. In fact, on "Clash of the Tartans", the bands furious live bagpipe, Scottish driven punk seems quite dull. Save your cash for their live show, you'll need it for alcohol, and skip this LP. (JF)

(Social Bomb, PO Box 100 205, 47002 Duisburg, GERMANY)

THE REAL MCKENZIES - "Same" LP

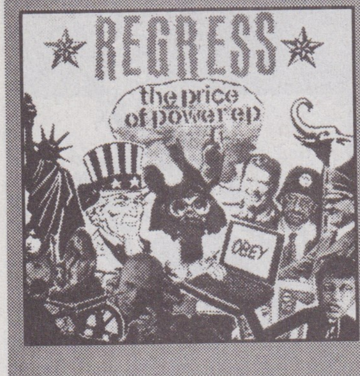
This record ends with two silly covers: Hendrix's "Fire" as "Pliers" and the traditional "My Body Lies Over..." as "My Bonnie." Without any liner notes or credits, all ten of these tunes could all be covers for all I know. Overall, it's what you'd expect from the REAL MCKENZIES... plenty of solid, rockin, street punk type punk with that Scots edge (funny accents and bagpipes!) Well done and worth its weight in Scotch whiskey. (HM)

(Social Bomb, PO Box 100 205,47002 Duisburg, GERMANY, plastic-bomb.de)

REAL REGGAE - "Maze and the Best" CD

Compilation CD from these long lived Japanese thrashers—going all the way back to their *Over Stay* EP in 1995. Over the years they've certainly made themselves known through their comp tracks—with contributions to such notable releases as the *Snarl Out* comps, *Tomorrow Will Be Worse* box set and *Blleeaauurrgghh* comp. This is everything you've been waiting for—the inevitable 40+ song collection of all that is REAL REGGAE. Short, rough, sporadic songs tempered only by a vocalist with a throat that's simply impossible to imagine. Playing this fast and having structure is an impressive feat. (TM)

(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142)



THE REDS/SWEET J.A.P. - split EP

The REDS, from Texas, released their full length record on Rip Off Records last year. Here are two new songs. Rockin late '70s RAMONES style. SWEET J.A.P.—from Minneapolis—is trashy, sort of reminding me of Brit pop singalong style songs. Mixed tempo. Speeding up and then slowing down. It's pretty good. (JT)

(Nice And Neat, PO Box 14177, Minneapolis, MN 55414, nice-neat.com)

REGRESS - "The Price of Power" EP

Wow. It's like a blast from the early eighties from the Reagan song, "Reagan's Disease (We've got)", right down to the political collage cover. REGRESS has also captured that recorded-in-the-garage hardcore sound with cheap PA sounding vocals. Pretty smokin release with promise of a quick follow up! Check out the new old school. (HM)

(Boot Camp, PO Box 379463, Chicago, IL 60637, cattivonation@yahoo.com)

RELITH/PARENTAL ADVISORY - split LP

RELITH kick the door down with a raging barrage of crust-filled grindcore. This sounds like it was squeezed straight out of the bowels of Minneapolis, but in fact they are from Portugal. Lots of time

changes ranging from d-beat to blastbeat and harsh throat clenching vocals create a mess of noise and mayhem. PARENTAL ADVISORY, who are from Brazil, go straight for the kill with some stench-filled grindcore. They occasionally throw in some interesting hardcore influences, but it doesn't take long for the grind to wind back up. Solid effort from both bands (RC)
(Luna, Caixa Postal 2480, Brasilia, DF, 70849-970 BRAZIL)

RENEGADE YOUTH/PARA LA GUERRA split EP
Damn, this reminds me of EXTREME NOISE TERROR. Both bands, in fact—RENEGADE YOUTH is just a lot thinner sounding due to the production. Actually, that makes them sound a lot like REAGAN YOUTH playing live in a trash can near you. Fun, noisy, and 100% culturally irrelevant. (RD)
(500 Atlantic Vie, St. Augustine, FL 32080)

RETARDED - CD
This kicks ass! These Italian punks take a cue from classic RIVERDALES, BEATNIK TERMITES, and SCREECHING WEASEL. 1,2,3,4... The RETARDED define RAMONES-CORE! Simplified, glorified, and fucking turned up all the way! Joey would be proud of these! Lace up your Chucks and go get this album... (EM)
(Stardumb, P.O. Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS)

RISE AGAINST - "The Unraveling" CD
Pretty predictable. I think the kids still call this stuff "melodic hardcore." A mixture of influences from PENNYWISE to GOOD RIDDANCE, and so on. Most of the songs are fast and fall on the heavier side of the melodic hardcore spectrum. The vocals are a mix of singing and screaming. As with everything on Fat, the songs are tight and the disc is well recorded. (PA)
(Fat, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119-3690, fatwreck.com)

ROCKET 69/DION BLADE - split EP
ROCKET 69 from Virginia, play hard rock that's not terribly exciting, at least within the one-song-limits of this record. DION BLADE, however, manage to tear shit up in a short amount of time with a fast and furious drunk-punk ditty. Decent enough. (RY)
(Rockin' House, PO Box 12705 Reading, PA 19612-2705)

RÖVSVETT - "Rövsvett I Nacken" EP
Back from the dead and limited to 500 copies, this puppy comes roaring at you like your face stuck in a blast furnace... totally fucking solid and not missing a beat from their earlier records-. Complete with NEGATIVE APPROACH and KAFKA PROSESS covers. Can you really go wrong with a band that dedicated a record to POISON IDEA. (MT)
(Elderberry c/o Karlsson-Hakeskog-Ammar, Hërmansvägen 94 kv, 553 54 Jönköping, SWEDEN)

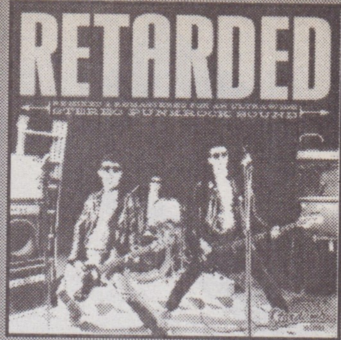
RUIDOACTIVO - "Carcel De Libertad" CD
Please, if you see this record, do not let the cover fool you. I thought I was in for a generic death metal record, and I could not have been more wrong. This is great Spanish political hardcore full of passion and intensity. The appear to be pals with fellow Spaniards SIN DIOS, and if you know them then you've got the right idea, although RUIDOACTIVO are more melodic than that. Nineteen songs here, with awesome lyrics and translations for the benefit of whitey. The recording is great, showing off the subtle metal background of the guitarist...OK, not so subtle, but it fucking rules. International hardcore for fucking ever man, this shit is great. (WN)
(La Idea, C/ Santa Barbara, 7.915321630, Apdo. 18251-280280, Madrid, SPAIN)

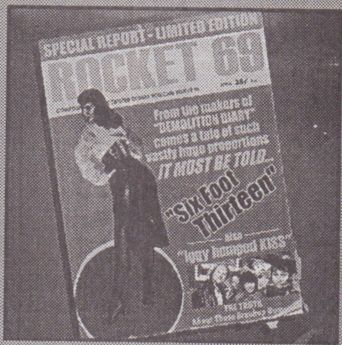
RUPTURE - "Soap Farm" EP
One of the worst records I've ever heard. They say this record is their reaction to "PC" people calling them Nazis, and so they go the route of singing songs praising the SS. One being a sorta SS lady fetish song and the other about how the SS just do their job—making "...soap products for the master race, baby skin gloves for my girlfriends paticular taste..." This complete with some of the worst music I've ever heard in my life and a swasitka intertwined with a Star of David on top of a porno photo of some woman going down on another woman. It's all supposed to be "offensive" and "funny," but somehow the joke is lost on me. There's just something about genocide that just leaves me with the inability to laugh. Call me crazy. They're not Nazis—just idiots. Mail sacks of shit and other random body fluids to... (MT)
(Mortville c/o Andy Koettel, 713 Grace St., Ottumwa, IA 52501)

THE SAFETY PINS - "Punk Rock Disasters Pt. 1" CD
Here you got the SAFETY PINS stickin' you with their fav Americano punk tunes. They cover punk greats like THE LEWD, THE NUNS, VOX POP, FUCK UPS, BLACK FLAG, DEADBEATS, WEIRDOS, TSOL and REDD KROSS, and manage to do 'em justice with Spanish accents included. The SAFETY PINS got good taste. Bravo. (DL)
(Munster, PO Box 18107 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

SANDIEST – "Madness Seventeen/You'll Never The Score"
Mod out of Japan. The A-side is early JAM type of stuff. A decent tune. The B-side has a POLICE sound going on which leaves something to be desired. So-so for this type of stuff. (RL)
(Sick,no address)

SBITCH/FOILIN' THE WORKS - split EP
For those too young or sensible to have heard of primal scream therapy, that was where you paid a "therapist" a healthy wad to guide you in releasing the primal pain of being born, in short. Jenny, SBITCH's singer, pulls from that concept, but does it DIY style. Why pay somebody to listen to you scream? She screams (of course) about an emotional void, a spiritual vacuum. I wish, when punks became





concerned about the state of their souls, that more of them would put out rockin', gritty hardcore records like this one than (shudder) *converting to Christianity*. "From the stale, catshit filled basements of Minneapolis—to the oppressive borderland of Texico..." FOILIN' THE WORKS have crawled, singing lullabies of 40s and 64s, subsequent hangovers, and the sticky miserable details of frustrated lives. This is organic, sloppy, interesting, I like it, but it could stand a little more rock to fill out the, uh, conceptual parts. And please, no more sampling from *Barfly*, nobody, please. Apple-green vinyl. (AC)
(Jenny Sbitch, PMB 175, 2002-A Guadalupe, Austin, TX 78705)

SCAT RAG BOOSTERS - "I'm Coming On" EP

Well I'm not gonna try to make sense of this band's name, because all you really need to know is that these French boys got pizzazz. At their best they sound OBLIVIANS-esque. Chaos plus some R&B thrown in equals one fuckin' good time. Rad. (DL)
(Yakisakana, 51 Rue Pierre Renaudel, 76 700 Rouen, FRANCE)

SCORNED/HELLBOUND - split EP

Minneapolis… what a sick and twisted land, home of so many wondrous bands which run the gamut of the punk spectrum. SCORNED is one of many such rippers from this fine city. Rising from the ashes of STATE OF FEAR (who are back together now, so I guess this is more like sort of a side project) and not sounding too much different than them they tear through four ass-thrashers, taking aim at corporate greed, cops, and the agony of day to day life. Included are translations in French and I believe, Japanese. Flip this puppy over and we gots the brutal d-beat, dual-vocaled attack of HELLBOUND, hailing from Montreal (which is sort of like the Canadian Minneapolis/Portland). Two tracks, a little more drawn out than SCORNED but just as awesome. Solid stuff that would make crust gods smile. (MT)
(PO Box 8172, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

SCREWS - "Shake Your Monkey" LP

The SCREWS are a band that have always sounded better on paper than in person (at least to my world-weary self), despite Mick Collins winning vocals and gold-plated star quality...that said, *Shake Your Monkey* is a fine listen from note one, and I can't wait to delve deeper. In the best tradition of the GORIES and BLACKTOP, the SCREWS blend urgent rock and roll with down, dirty and heartfelt blues. Listen to their reading of "In Case You Need Love" and you'll be thoroughly clued. Listen to their cover of the CONTORTIONS exhortation to "Flip Your Face" and you'll understand their reverence for all of rock and roll's off-road attractions. I'm less fond of the tunes where guitarist Terri takes the vocal lead, but I was never keen on the RED AUNTS, either. We do what we can in this life, and in the SCREWS' case 80% brilliance is more than enough for a passing grade. (JH)
(In the Red, 118 W. Magnolia Blvd., PO Box 208, Burbank, CA 91506, intheredrecords.com)

THE SCROUNGERS – "Weak as Piss" EP

Totally mad shit from Down Under. This band went from 1991 to '97 and only ever released a split EP with RUPTURE. It's a shame they're gone, this is great. Crazy very fast fuzzy punk with snarling pissed-off Australian vocals. The Australian accent is made for punk rock, don't you think? Anarchist lyrics on a anti-work/exploitation theme. The whole package is really cool, think a turbo-charged Aussie CRASS in a bad mood after a few cases of beer. Streuth! (AD)
(Mortville, 713 Grace St, Ottumwa, IA 52501, USA)

SCUMBRIGADE - "Negative Hardcore, Destructive Youth" LP

Why this is coming in for review now, I haven't a clue, as this is a 500 press LP for SCUMBRIGADE's summer 2000 US tour, but that aside, it is absolutely essential. Ten songs, mostly in the classic European male/female crust vein, that destroy everything in their path. It may take a little searching to find this record, but please do yourself the favor, as they are well worth the effort. Awesome political lyrics that stray beyond the trite "government bad, anarchy good" cliche, and top notch presentation as well. The fast stuff will take your head off, and then they slow down and it makes my jaw drop. An amazing record, delivered by some of the best people who have ever slept on my floor. Readers: get this record. SCUMBRIGADE: come back to the States, you are missed. (WN)
(Box 172 10, S-104 62, Stockholm, SWEDEN)

SECRET AFFAIR – "Glory Boys" CD

Finally out on CD after many years of being a mod classic collectable. Originally out in 1979, this band was one of "the" bands in the UK mod revival in the aftermath of the *Quadrophenia* movie. Great Rickenbacker guitar mod with a soulful pop feel from the occasional horns. Along with the LAMBRETTAS' first LP (where's that reissue?), the CHORDS, and the JAM, this is one of that short-lived movements shining moments. A couple B-sides tacked on too. (RL)
(Captain Mod, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK, captainoi.com)

LES SÉQUELLES - "Et Tant Pis Si Cela Vous Déplaît" LP

You don't know me, but know this: I'm a confirmed ham for '60s pop 'n' roll of the French variety, and les SÉQUELLES are close enough in sound and spirit to earn most-favored nation status in my book. Tunes like "Ça Vous Amuse", "Mon Loup", "On S'en Fiche" and "Everything's Just Fine Baby!" sound and pound just right, and their discerning selection of cover material (the '60s gem "Girl" by les LUTINS, among them) show a real healthy respect for rock en français as well as an ear for a good hook. They're from Montréal rather than Montrouge, but (JH)
(Grenadine, PO Box 42050, Montréal QC, CANADA, grenadinerecords.com)

LOS SINNERS - "Rebelde Radiactivo" 45

From what I know about this label, I am guessing this is a Mexican band from the '60s. My Spanish sucks, but on the back there is an interview with Luis Buñel about this song which is used in his movie *Simon Of The Desert*. Sorry, I have no idea what he is saying. There are two different versions of the same

song. Both really great trashy instrumentals, contradicting the picture of the band on the cover with a singer. He hoots and hollers a bit. Amazing stuff. (CK)
(Electro Harmonix, PO Box 10107 Madrid, 28080 SPAIN, munster@munster-records.com)

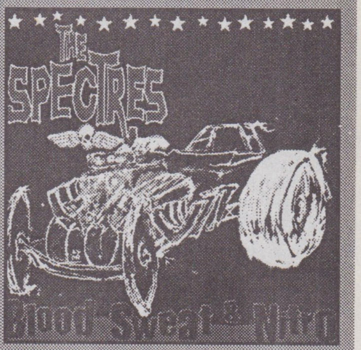
SISSY BARS - "Ew Ew Ew/Jamie's Red Eye"
Very average indie rock in the vein of ORANGE PEELS and "name any twee band." Boy and gal vocal mix which usually sucks me in but this has no groove. Not to be confused with the much better LA band SISSYBAR. (RL)
(Big Wheel Recreation, 325 Huntington Ave #24, Boston, MA 02115, bigwheelrec.com)

SNUFF – "Blue Gravy" CD
Damn, I'm diggin' SNUFF these days. When they came out, I liked them, but they weren't my favorites of the UK pop punk movement. But now with the mixing in of horns and keyboards, they just smoke on the pop front. An EP pushed to nine tracks with a couple of live recording and a couple of re-recordings, this really hits at times especially with the first track "Slipt." In a time when many pop punk bands grow tired or redundant, these guys have gotten better with age! (RL)
(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119, fatwreck.com)

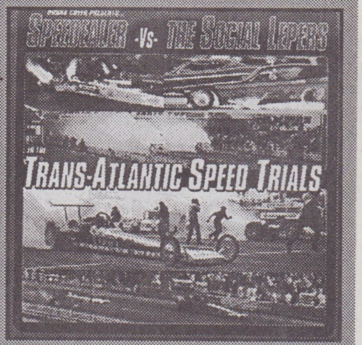
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS AKA QUAKERS - "Growing Up Moving Away" LP
Total... uhm... crushing grindcore. Do the kids still say powerviolence? Coz that's all I'm feeling. Damn good stuff along the lines of SPAZZ, DESPISE YOU, and whatever other 625 or Slap-A-Ham band you like that does the tempo shift thing really well. Fucking awesome full-color cover of an Indian scalping a paleface. You already know if you want this. (RD)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

SPECIAL DUTIES/VIOLENT SOCIETY - split EP
This is a new release featuring songs from 1998. SPECIAL DUTIES always had the stalwart journeyman approach to punk. They have built up a substantial following over the years. The singing and guitar playing work together well. The SPECIAL DUTIES do "I Wish It Could Be '77" first and this song passes muster as a proper punk anthem. The cover of the ADVERTS "Gary Gilmore's Eyes" is decent and will appeal to fans of TV Smith's songwriting. The VIOLENT SOCIETY songs are rollicking punk rock with fast drum, guitar, bass and shouted punk vocals. You get: "The Blind," "Somethings Going Wrong," and the band's anthem: "Violent Society." Pennsylvania's VIOLENT SOCIETY has been punking their asses off for years and this record captures them at a good time. (BR)
(Soap & Spikes, PO Box 85021, Burlington, Ontario, L7R 4K3, CANADA, snspikes@netcom.ca)

SPECTRES - "Blood, Sweat & Nitro" CD
Schnapps-and-schnitzel-fuel rockabilly from this three-piece that sport some elaborate skin art and lay down some fancy picking on stand-up bass and/or guitar as the case may be. "Hell Bent" quotes the MISFITS' "All Hell Break Loose", which should give you a fair notion of where these boys' interests lie: voodoo chic, dragstrip riots, vampires with machine guns, blown tires, indoor tennis matches. The works. I desire and require a little more perversion in my psychobilly (something like the REVEREND BEATMAN's go-go dancing nuns and audio samples, or EXTREME ELVIS' pants-dropping), but I'm sure the SPECTRES are big fun in their natural habitat. (JH)
(Crazy Love c/o Guido Newman, An der Schmitte p, D-42781 Haan, GERMANY, crazyloverrecords.com)



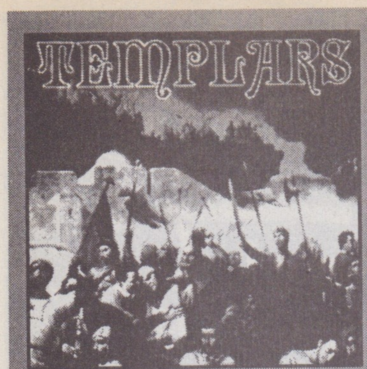
WARREN SMITH/MACK VICKERY - split EP
Norton continues to do rock 'n' roll fans a great service with their no-frills Jukebox Series of reissue singles. First it was LINK WRAY, then the SONICS, the WAILERS, CHARLIE FEATHERS, and now a series of rare Sun Records sides from the '50s. WARREN SMITH was one of the label's strongest second-stringers and his "I Like Your Kind of Love" is a cool mid-tempo rockabilly raver in the vein of Sun labelmate JERRY LEE LEWIS. On the flip, MACK VICKERY does a supposed original called "Fool Proof," but it's actually just a passable rip-off of ELVIS' Sun ballad "Tryin' to Get to You." If I could only buy one of the fourteen singles, I'd go for the SONNY BURGESS one. (JG)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

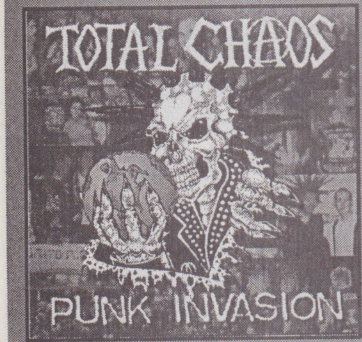


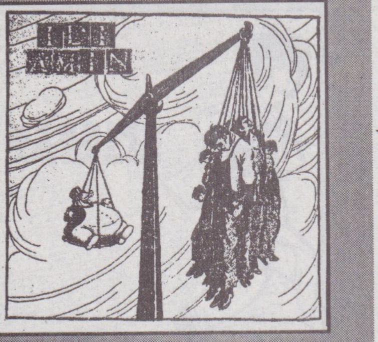
SPAZM 151 - "Freedom" LP
Another of the crazy Mind Control gatefold covers that he seems to prefer. It's a weird thing, because the artwork is black and white, and doesn't really benefit from the additional space. Regardless, this is some energetic hardcore from Dallas. They walk a middle line between all out thrash and more traditional hardcore—there's enough of a pace that you're never waiting, but it's varied enough that it's not boring. Covers of the OFFENDERS ("I Hate Myself") and JERRY'S KIDS ("Build Me a Bomb") seem entirely appropriate. Some of the songs tend to run a bit long by my tastes—not so bad that I wanted to pick up the needle, but enough that it was noticeable. Mixed in Sweden, cover art Biscuit (BIG BOYS)—neither of which mean anything, but both interesting facts. Wonder about the people/bands in the thanks list who were axed out—hmmm. (TM)
(Mind Control, 1012 Brodie Street, Austin TX 78704)

SPEEDEALER/THE SOCIAL LEPERS - split EP
Speedealer administer their usual Texas sized round of abuse, bashing their way into your heart with nothing but big mean man-love. When you thought it couldn't get faster and meaner the SOCIAL LEPERS from Glasgow, Scotland turn on the anti-charm. Fucking great music for when you just don't know how to deal with that stick up your ass. (RY)
(Bronx Cheer, PO Box 13, Glasgow, G12 8YT, SCOTLAND, UK)

SPISHAK - "Perfecting the Art of Failure" CD
There is quite a load of stuff on this CD, 30 tracks (some aren't really songs but just in between







song crap), 10 of them recorded live and one previously released on a split 7". The first track is this really cheesy emo number but after that it settles into a cheesy pop punk groove. The influences seem to be somewhere in between any number of Aaron Cometbus bands and PROPAGANDHI, with a goofy side at times. The music is played fairly well and the live songs have decent sound but I'm sure glad that they couldn't fit all the 52 songs that they had intended to. (PA)
(Second Rate, 945 Buckland Ave., San Carlos, CA 94070, jon@foor.net)

STACK - "...Kronkret Lichtgeschwindigkeit" Lp
I have been anticipating this release ever since I heard it was happening.....Germany's STACK are fucking mind-blowing fast hardcore that is about as close as you can get to grindcore with still being hardcore. The spaces in between the songs leave no room for a breathe while these songs fucking fly by at light speed. Its reminds me of NICE VIEW meets NO COMMENT. STACK have just made an LP that all others will have to be judged by...fucking great. (MW)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931)

THE STUCKISTS - "Art or Arse/Anachronism In The UK"
Now this is how I like BILLY CHILDISH when he is pointing fun. "Art or Arse" speaks for itself. The break even includes someone giving a half-assed opinion on a piece of art. It rocks and is very funny. Reminiscent of the HEADCOATS "We Hate the Fuckin' NME." "Anachronism in the UK" is simply a cover of the SEX PISTOLS, but begins with an amusing spoken word piece about the Turner Award, suggesting that it be renamed "The Duchamp Award For the Destruction of Artist Integrity." Yeah. I have a feeling Mr. Childish never won that award. (CK)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London E17 9GH, UK)

STUPID BABIES, GO MAD! - "Guinea Pig" EP
Japanese punk with a cool name and raw sound. This four song EP (two studio, two live) is a decent mix of snotty '70s punk and early '80s hardcore. They seem to lean heavier on the second influence, though. The quality of songwriting varies from track to track. Not bad. (BG)
(HSR c/o Mike Pigott, 14 McKinley Terr, Pittsfield, MA 01201)

TEMPLARS - "The Horns of Hattin" CD
These guys always deliver superb catchy as fuck oi tunes! This is a brand new album with ten never released songs written between '98-'99. Some of these tracks definitely have a bit of a rock n roll feel to them. This bit of cross over has definitely created an awesome unique sound. "Breakdown" and "Ockham's Razor" are excellent examples. They even hit a more mellow streak with "Lies." This is a fantastic album. Avid fans will not be disappointed. (SR)
(GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

TEMPLARS/DEVILSKINS - split EP
On this split EP the TEMPLARS pay homage to one of the most revered rock bands of all time: Mr. Keith Richard and his ROLLING STONES. The version of "Last Time" is respectful and quite similar to the original. On side two you are treated to the very talented Italian skinhead group, the DEVILSKINS doing "Simone da Locarno" and "La Tua Rivolta." These two Oi! numbers have forceful singing, intricate guitar playing and a rigid backbone of drums with bass accompaniment. The sing-a-long choruses are a perfect compliment to the musical prowess of the instrumentalists. The enthusiasm of the DEVILSKINS is infectious. A thorough listen to this disc will have you on your way down to the bar for a couple of beers with your friends. Get this split now! This record is very good!(BR)
(Oi! Strike, c/o Paolo Petralia, via Oderisi da Gubbio 67/69, 00146 Roma, ITALY, soa.records@iol.it)

TERVEET KADET - "Mi Enthalvan" LP
This fucking hammer of a compilation documents the early years of one of the bands by which international hardcore is measured. Finland's TERVEET KADET was, is, and always shall be a legendary milepost in all that is hardcore punk rock. This expansive LP includes 44 songs culled from *Rock Lea Hausta Vastaan* 7" (1980); the self-titled 7" (1981); *Aareto Joula* 7" (1982); *Terveet Kadet* 12" (1983); *Message* 12" (1983); *Black God* LP (1984); plus a rehearsal from 1982 and a demo tape from 1981. Spectacular! All fast and all punk! Get this as soon as possible! (BR)
(no address)

THERE IS A LIGHT THAT NEVER GOES OUT - "IE" LP
When I first saw this in my pile, my heart sank—I thought it was a SMITHS tribute LP. Luckily, this Japanese band are just named after one of their songs, so my disappointment was short lived. In fact, as soon as the needle hit the groove my frown turned upside down. THERE IS A LIGHT THAT NEVER GOES OUT are an example of all that is salvageable from the tired phrase "emo core" in 2001. Quirky, intense hardcore, built on driving rhythms, from-the-gut vocals, and combinations of searing six-string burn and neck-wrenching noise skronk. Once again we must turn to Japan to see how it should be done. Pretentious cry-baby trust-fund kids, take note. (AM)
(Dim Mak, PO Box 14041, Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

TIMESCAPE ZERO – "Total War" CD
TIMESCAPE ZERO pound out some heavy duty hardcore with straightforward mosh-filled chord progressions, while strong vocals spew out angry lyrics. If you dig bands like POWERHOUSE, this may be right up your alley. (RC)
(Timescape Zero, PO Box 820407, Miami, FL 33082-0407)

TOTAL CHAOS - "Punk Invasion" CD
Here's the new album from the leather-clad, freshly-dyed, spiked-hair boys who've been around the

block for a while. Not much divergence here—it's exactly what you'd expect from them (including that Lemmy inspired vocal style). Two pretty sad covers of "Sex and Violence" and "We're not Gonna Take It." I can't stop staring at this awful promo shot. Are those really painted-on eyebrows? (SR)
(Reject, PO Box 595, N. Hollywood, CA 91603, rejectrecords.com)

TOXIC NARCOTIC – "Live in LA" DVD
I know what you're thinking—*Toxic Narcotic DVD?!?"* No it's not a typo, I laughed when I saw this...I'll say it again—TOXIC NARCOTIC DVD . So I took a break from *NHL 2001* and popped this in the old PS2. The sound and picture quality are good though not necessarily any better than say VHS. The performance itself is pretty good. They start off with bagpipes (what is it about bands from Boston and bagpipes. Fuckin' micks) then launch into 13 tracks of their trademark speedy, drunken, obnoxious thrashy punk. The crowd in the packed Showcase Theatre is lively and sings along to such classics as "Asshole", "Drink", "Junkie Bastard", and "All Bands Suck". A good time is had by all, then I beat the New York Rangers 5-1. (AD)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 335, Newton Centre, MA 02459, USA)

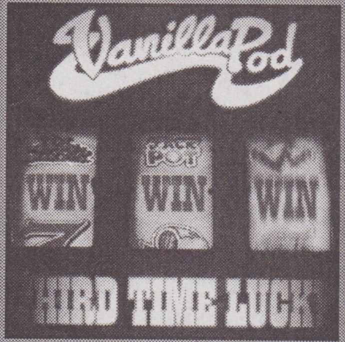
TRUE FEEDBACK STORY - "Viva Hate" EP
An odd mix of quirky pop and hardcore that works rather well. The vocals consist mostly of screaming but at time they are sung in a raspy way and often sound frighteningly similar to RITES OF SPRING. The music also has hints of RITES OF SPRING but the fuzzy guitar and the quirky pop parts give it more of a HÜSKER DÜ feel. The fact that songs are a bit sloppy and the recording is slightly lacking makes the listen a little difficult at times. (PA)
($3 ppd: PO Box 603436, Providence, RI 02906)

UNHOLY GRAVE/IDI AMIN - "Stupiditiez" CD
UNHOLY GRAVE is raging and super-fast Japanese grindcore. This is dark as fuck.The demons from beneath have been unleased into the mortal world! Vocals are incoherent. This is definitely a bit much for me. IDI AMIN is super fast as well but they have their down time and you can understand what the guttural and screeching vocalists are saying some of the time. Good angry poetic lyrics. (SR)
(Wicked Witch, PO Box 3835, 1001 AD, Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

UNHOLY GRAVE - "Tortured Alive" 10"LP
Like I said before, UNHOLY GRAVE can do no wrong by me. Yes, every song sounds the same, yes they have ten LPs worth of 1:00 grindcore songs, but holy shit, tell me who does it better. Fierce grindcore not unlike early NAPALM DEATH or FEAR OF GOD. This shit rules. The recording only enhances their brutality. (MW)
(Farewell c/o Micha Meyer, Gustav-Freytag-Str. 18, 47057 Duisburg, GERMANY)

UNITAS - "Porch Life" CD
I like these guys, a lot. I recall hearing they have some members of PANTHRO UK, and that would make a lot of sense. The music is loud, the chords and choruses are driving, and the majority of the songs are about heartbreak. Reminds me of NAKED RAYGUN and LES THUGS, and a bit of the French band the DHARMA BUMS. Check this out if you're not willing to pay $50 for "Dear You" on eBay. (RD)
($8 ppd: No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

THE URCHIN - "Another Day, Another Sorry State" LP
THE URCHIN is probably one of the better pop punk bands out of Japan right now. This issue features the band beginning to move away from their original influences such as J CHURCH, JAWBREAKER and SNUFF and moving in the direction of more strait forward rock and roll. The songs still have the catchieness of their early records but have matured to the point where you can no longer point out exactly which on the above bands each song sounds like. The songs are catchy and driving at the same time, the guitar is fuzzy and the abundance of hooks keeps the record interesting. (PA)
(Broken, P.O.Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402, www.brokenrekids.com)



USELESS ID – "Bad Story, Happy Ending" CD
This CD is one solid melodic punk disc from these Haifa, Israel based punkers. Okay these guys still sound a little too much like NO USE FOR A NAME meets the ATARIS, but not everybody can sound original. Still the songwriting, hooks, melody and sincerity are there, and that makes this record worth picking up. Also, please remember supporting your international scene goes beyond one specific genre. (JF)
(Kung Fu, PO Box 38009, Hollywood, CA 90038)

VALLIUM - "Flagello" EP
Low grind vocals sung over simplistic grind/punk that reminds me of the most primitive of the early '90s grind/fast thrash bands. When they stick with the straight forward 1-2 beat, they sound like ATOXXXICO, but other times fall short of anything earth shattering. Fans of VIOLENT HEADACHE should check this out. (MW)
(Step Ahead, via Sassari 98, 09032 Assemini (CA), Sardegna, ITALY)

VANILLA POD – "Third Time Lucky" CD
Very American-sounding British band. Isn't it funny, there's these British bands who sound American, and then there's all these American bands trying to sound British. The irony. I don't mean to put VANILLA POD down, they're just playing the kind of music they love. I'd heard that this kind of emo/melodic hardcore was big (and when I say "big" I mean 40-50-people-at-a-show-instead-of-10 big) back in England and these guys play it really well. In fact they sound way better than most of the bands over here. I actually like this. Good luck to them, England does suck. (AD)
(Deck Cheese, 49 Muswell Hill, London, N10 3PN, U.K.)

THE VAPIDS - "Charm School Dropouts" CD

Ontario, Canada's best imitators of late period RAMONES, or so I've just decided to call them. Without a doubt, rockable, catchy and entirely derivative. They totally pull it off, without being the least bit irritating, good lyrics like "a parking lot, ain't no place to fall in love". Hey—long as yer fullfilled, but remember: HEAD only had 2 full-length records (and only 1 good one!). (RY)
(AMP, 92 Kenilworth Ave. South, Hamilton Ontario, L8K-2S9 CANADA)

VERLORENE JUNGS - "Engel Oder Teufel?" CD

Here's some pretty good guitar and bass filled oi tunes from Germany. Great sounding anthems with tons of catchy singalong lyrics. I just wish I knew what they were singing about! I lose them a bit on the ska tune and the acoustic one. (SR)
(Bad Dog, PO Box 610641, 10937 Berlin, GERMANY, info@coretexrecords.com)

VITAMIN X – "People That Bleed" EP

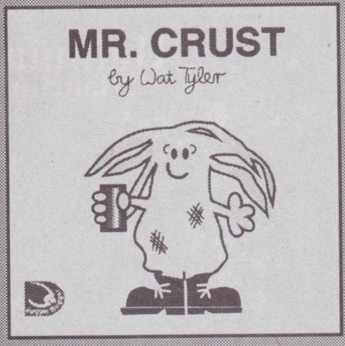
Holy fuck! this shit goes and doesn't stop. Super fast, super loud, super pissed, super *good* hardcore from Holland. Political straight edge is (to me anyway) the only good straight edge and these guys are angry and want to tell you about a few things. Sounds like NEGATIVE GAIN, an aggro YOUTH OF TODAY, CHRIST ON A CRUTCH, a mach five LIFE'S BLOOD, and legions of old Japanese hardcore. Twelve tracks on colored vinyl, (the limited edition is just too much, clear vinyl between two printed thick plastic slabs) you cant argue with that. Hardcore in your face and up your ass! (AD)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

JIMMY WAGES/TOMMY BLAKE - split EP

How do I, an aging punk rock girl, review something that was recorded before I was born? This is that rockabilly music that was considered evil by parents in the fifties, but seems very tame to those of us who defied our parents by dying our hair blue, covering our clothes with safety pins, and listening to the DEAD KENNEDYS. #843 in the Sun Records Jukebox series, this will get eaten up by the vintagely-correct swing dance hipsters. (DP)
(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

WALKEN - "We've Lost Our Little Chance at Heaven...." EP

When I first laid eyes on the cover art I thought for sure it was going to be some pretty and melodic emo. So you can bet I was shocked when I laid the needle down and was slammed back with some crazy metal-backed hardcore. The songs are super choppy with lots of wild time changes and vocal chord snapping screams. If you are into frenzied technical hardcore like I am, then this will be right up your alley. (RC)
(Omerta, no address)



WAT TYLER - "Mr. Crust" EP

One side of this is the WAT gang doing a MEKONS type of thing. The flip has one gal vocal song (so we get the great EGGPLANT effect) and one guy vocal pop dittie. Not essential but the EGGPLANT-like song is nice. (RL)
(Rugger Bugger, PO Box 357, London, SE19 1AD, UK, sean@roughtrade.com)

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? – "The Second Year" CD

After an amazing first year WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? continued to thrash ahead and ignore any showing of a sophomore jinx. "The Second Year" collects three different singles and their song from the *Memories of Tomorrow* compilation, plus one 9 second outtake from the *Stand Fast* LP. The songs are straight up fast thrashy hardcore, so overflowing with DIY sincerity and power that it's truly inspiring. (JF)
(625 Thrashcore, P.O. box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

WITHIN BLOOD - "Captain Blood" EP

This Australian band takes a cue from NY bands like COMIN' CORRECT and slam down five pissed-off hardcore songs. Hard music, hard vocals, hard lyrics and don't forget the Jason (*Friday The 13th*)-styled hockey masks. You already love or hate it. (RC)
(Resist, PO Box 372 Newtown, NSW AUSTRALIA 2042, resistrecords.com)

WOJCZECH/CUT YOUR HAIR - split EP

WOJCZECH is pretty cool, but don't really offer anything too new. Plenty of time changes and a dual-vocal attack that ranges from INFEST to LOCUST. Hats off to the drummer of this band, though who just demolishes while still being super-tight. I was expecting something similar with CUT YOUR HAIR (maybe another mock-grind band) but this is actually quite good, and stylistically very different than WOJCZECH. They start things out with a long quiet part that had me thinking of TWELVE HOUR TURN or even THE PROMISE RING (well, that might be a stretch), then launched full force into something that had me thinking of a more straight-ahead HONEYWELL, only with a little more melody. As a whole, CUT YOUR HAIR remind me a bunch of ANOMIE (the one from France, that is) but definitely have their own ear for song-structure and dynamic. (SP)
(Headfakka / Anti-Musick, c/o D. Posselt, Georg - Buchner Str. 22, 18055 Rostock, GERMANY)

X - "Aspirations" LP

Reissues. I love 'em, especially because some of my favorite bands were introduced to me by reissues. If it weren't for *Bloodstains* and *KBD*, I would have been deprived of a ton of amazing music. Now R 'n' R Blitzkrieg has joined the fun. This reissue is of an Australian band from the late '70s, but if they put this record in front of me and said it was a great new band I would have believed it. This is the exact sound so many bands today are trying to emulate. All thumping bass and floor tom action, it's primitive and raw, with growly vocals and just a tinge of blues. Awesome record. (DP)
(Rock 'n' Roll Blitzkrieg, PO Box 11906, Berkeley, CA 94702)

Y - "Global Player" LP

Holy Shit. One look at the lyric sheet, and my head was spinning. I'll get back to that later - perhaps if I ever take up drugs again! My, that's something on the level of RUDIMENTARY PENI artwork. Another 17 powerhouse songs from these German thrashers—they've not slowed or mellowed over time. As with everything I've ever heard from them, it's top notch thrash—taking clues from metal at times, unafraid to slow things to a death march, unashamed about using samples often—this is a another solid release. Ken certainly knows how to pick them. (TM)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington KY, 41047)

YELLOWCARD – "One for the Kids" CD

Initially I thought this wasn't punk enough for the glorious regular review section, but I also couldn't stop listening to this. Maybe it was the cello, strings, violin, or the great slick tempo changes that had me sit on this for a month but this is a great release! For emo pop fans of PROMISE RING and JIMMY EAT WORLD but this also has that pop punk bite of FAT and HOPELESS type bands when it wants to. Great arrangements and great songs with the before-mentioned instruments mixed in at times. Not for the oi crowd, but certainly one of the year's best full lengths! Emo pop punk heaven for sure. (RL)
(Lobster, PO Box 1473, Santa Barbara, CA 93102, band@yellowcardrock.com)

ZEMEZLUC/DAVOVA PSYCHOZA - split EP

Both sides feature fast, guttural hardcore. DAVOVA PSYCHOZA are the stronger proposition, with a powerful guitar sound, wandering bass lines, and throaty, earnest vocals. As an added bonus, the sleeve has the political lyrics translated into English. (AM)
(Papagájuv Hlasatel, c/o Pavel Friml, Mrstíkova 393, Rícany u Brna 664 82, CZECH REPUBLIC)

ZOMBIE IV - "Zombie!" EP

Time warp release here circa 1995 via 1965. These guys crank out farfisa-driven garage-foolery that went outta style for the twenty-seventh time about six months ago but they're up off the canvas and knocked so stupid they don't know what year it is so I get to hear a totally great garage 45. 4 songs, all loopy. (RW)
(Boom-Boom, 20720 SE 192nd Street, Renton, WA, 98058, 425-432-3036)

ZOUNDS - "The Curse of Zounds" 2xLP

I love this band. I have kept a record store buyer's eye out for their shit for years, and only found scraps of it—until the CD was reissued a couple of years back, of course (with the same material). But we all know that somehow lacks the satisfaction of holding the double LP I now hold in my hands. On it: all the songs from the original *Curse of Zounds* LP, plus the singles. Not all the ZOUNDS stuff is essential, which makes this a funny opera to lust after, in a way. But, come on, "War/Subvert" and "Demystification" alone, like all truly great punk songs, have that rare power to convert the unbeliever by simply pointing out the obvious—that society's plan for our lives is bleak, dreary, and painful. And while not all their songs fall into that category, you just can't touch their blend of wry, observational politics and so-cold-it's-hot, WIRE-like emotion. For me, they are among the top three of the British "peace" punk bands of the early '80s, for sure, and this is a great collection of their hard-to-find work. (AC)
(Broken Rekids, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402, brokenrekids.com)

V/A - "Bored Teenagers Vol. 2" LP

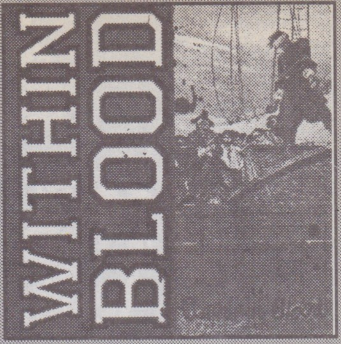
Comp of early and obscure UK junk circa 1978-1982. This whole comp is necessary just to get DISORDER's "Air Raid", which is one of best heavy 'n' driving punkers (with insane guitar) to ever come out of the UK scene, no shit. Then there's the ZIPS who manage to be totally melancholy and catchy at the same time. Also, UXB, THRUST, NEGATIVES, KNIFE EDGE, CASSETTES, NO COVER and the REPORTERS with multiple tracks by most. Alot of this stuff has been booted, but this comp is legit and the sound is *lots* better so snap this up if you need to hear more primo-primitevo UK mod-punk-gunk. (RW)
(Detour, POB 18, Midhurst, West Sussex, GU29 9YU, ENGLAND, detour-records.com)

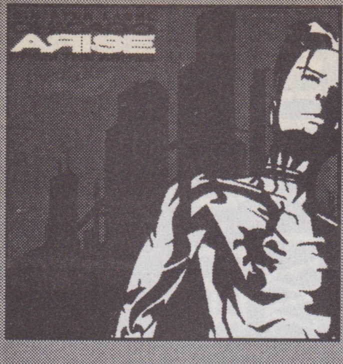
V/A - "Chicago Arise from the Ashes" CD

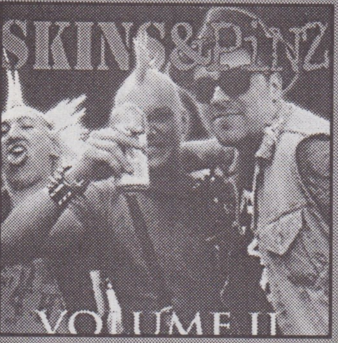
This CD contains a range of punk bands from the Chicago area and covers most of the punk spectrum from pop to grindcore. Although there aren't a lot of great bands on here, there are surprisingly few complete throwaways. The better bands include: JOHN BROWN BATTERY, doing a poppy emo tune with a bit of edginess, KUNG FU RICK, with a great grindcore song, TALE OF GENJI, doing the emo hardcore thing, and ROCKS PENNY CAR, with a good pop song. Other decent bands include: LANDOS 45, SIG TRANSIT GLORIA, FRONTSIDE, and LOGANS LOSS. The most disturbing moment is when DIVISION decides to cover a CAP'N JAZZ song while trying to sound exactly like CAP'N JAZZ—except they just aren't as good at it. (PA)
(Sinister Label, sinsiterlable.com)

V/A- "Cottage Cheese from the Lips of Death" CD

Harken, ye fellow believers, back to the Reagan era with bands whose names are quietly whispered in the annals of collector scum-dom. The lack of information here would imply that this is a bootleg. But I don't hear any scratchy records playing, and the sound is pretty damn good. Hell it even sounds good on CD. All the heavies are here: REALLY RED, (pre-metal) DRI, OFFENDERS, HUGH BEAUMONT EXPERIENCE, DICKS, BUTTHOLE SURFERS, BIG BOYS. Makes one think about why all these bands came out of Texas, but I'm sure that's a subject Ryan Richardson could pontificate endlessly about. But y'know, there was always something about Texas that made the bands especially twisted. I mean, just listen to this shit and some of the bands' take on "punk rock" and how it came out!. This is still a damn fine comp. Not as rare as some but up there in terms of consistent quality. Pretty essential I think. (JY)
(no address)







V/A - "End the Warzone" EP

A boot of by far the *best* compilation EP that has ever existed, hands down. None come close, and when I first got this gem a year after its release, it became one of my most cherished records. You have LÄRM, PILLSBURY HARDCORE, ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT, and STRAIGHT AHEAD packed onto this longer-than-normal EP. I was actually a little bummed to see this booted cuz I know of a guy who has the original plates/rights and I have always hoped to see a legitimate repress of it. Essential, get it now or pay $75 for the original. (MW)
(no address)

V/A - "Falafel Grind" CD

This is a *huge* grind/noise comp that pays homage to CRIPPLED BASTARDS. The international grind/noise scene works in mysterious ways, and is really, truly an underground phenomenon, since it requires liking the most primitive and brutal form of music. It's not marketed like the electronic noise scene is (with $20 import CDs) but relies on small pressing of vinyl and mostly tapes. A lot of it goes over my head although I try to keep up. So with this I was initially surprised that there is yet another tribute/covers comp (which I think is the worst idea for any form of music), but the fact that its for a "legend" in the current grind scene is kinda cool. Although I would have enjoyed it *much* more if this was all originals from these 32 bands from all over the world, I'll still give credit where its due. And with that, I finish with.....only for the diehard grind fans and/or CRIPPLED BASTARDS fans. (MW)
(Obscene Productions c/o Miloslav Urbanec, Dolany 117, CZ-53345 Opatovice nad Labem, CZECH REPUBLIC)

V/A - "Girls In the Garage—Vol. 10" LP

......I started this record out on 45 and it sounds good on that speed too...so you pick.....I usually like these records in this series, this one sounds nice too...hey, all these chicks ain't speaking no English.....all '60s overseas stuff....nice....the cover art sucks, but it's in color......play it for your mother, watch her shimmy in the nude....(SW)
(Romulan, no info)

V/A - "Punk's Revenge! Black Eyes and Broken Bottles Volume II" CD

A Beer City comp with some winners: BORIS THE SPRINKLER's "I'm Gonna Perforate You", DEAD EMPTY, VERY METAL, the INSULTS, WHITE TRASH DEBUTANTES, WANDA CHROME & the LEATHER PHARAOHS, the INFECTED. Okey dokey. (RY)
(Beer City, PO Box 26035 Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

V/A - "Sk-8 or Die"EP

I never was much of a skateboarder—no natural balance you see. Anyway— not all skateboarders are annoying spoiled middle-class brats it would seem, there's still a little punk in there. This comp is made up of five such bands, the music's fast hardcore (duh...) from WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?, LIFES HALT, NO COMPLY, FISTFULL, and DIRT DIRT & THE DIRTS. It's all very...rad, and it totally...shreds...(Dude). Now grow up and get a job. (AD)
(Pigpen Inc. No address)

V/A - "Skins & Pinz" CD

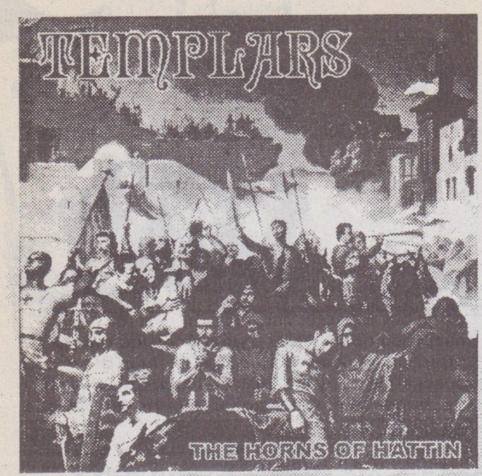
Great streetpunk and oi compilation! This is a great sampler of what GMM Records has to offer. Some highlights include CONDEMNED 84, HUDSON FALCONS, ONE WAY SYSTEM, KRAYS, DROPKICK MURPHYS, and more. Definitely recommended. (SR)
(GMM, PO Box, 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

V/A - "Snarl Out 3" CD

There are multiple labels who put out comps that feature awesome, yet unknown, bands from Japan. MCR and Dan Doh plus a gazillion other labels have put out EPs and CDs that showcase up and coming bands that punish. The first two *Snarl Out* EPs that Oriental Noise (ex-Slightly Fast) have ruled, but it's been some time between those and this new CD. But it flat out rules...it accomplishes what comps are supposed to do....expose new bands, highlight various genres, while still maintaining quality all the way through. Nine bands, mainly from the Osaka/Kyoto area, that all rule, that probably most US/European punk kids have never heard of. Bands are: DUDMAN (Tokyo fastcore), FEROCIOUS X (best tracks, raging thrash), FGC (slower but heavy), HENESY (good aggressive punk), RATS A POI (ripping Italian style punk), REDUCTION (ex-YSC kids, playing Scandanavian crust), TRAPPED (Tokyo metallic hc), UNIQ (dual vocal grindcore) and WHAT EVER (awesome HC played like early '80s). Awesome, 100% recommended, get it now. (MW)
(Oriental Noise, no address, distributed by MCR Company)

V/A - "Sympathetic Sounds of Detroit" LP

Anybody see the *Entertainment Weekly* story last month about how garage rock is the "next big thing"? (my apologies to Handsome Dick Manitoba) Despite the relative success of the WHITE STRIPES, I still can't picture mall rats buying the DEADLY SNAKES or the MOONEY SUZUKI. Anyway, this is a compilation of Detroit bands recorded by Jack White and it fairly buzzes with raw guitars and tough drums. And despite the garage rock tag, the bands here actually work from punk, soul, blues and other classic rock'n'roll influences. Standouts for me were the HENTCHMEN, the BUZZARDS, the CLONE DEFECTS, the PAYBACKS, the COME ONS and BANTAM ROOSTER, but the whole thing's pretty tasty. (JG)
(Sympathy for the Record Industry, sympathyrecords.com)



GMM

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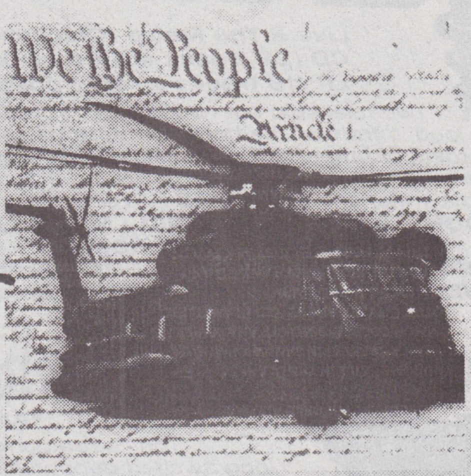

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22 - Lake Elsinore, CA Filthy's
24 - Tuscon, AZ TBA
25 - Albuquerque, NM ABQ Collective/Insugro
26 - OK City, OK - tba
27 - Tulsa, OK El Pistolero
29 - New Orleans, LA Dixie Tavern
30 - Hot Springs, AR -tba

JULY

1- Paducah KY- 311 Indie Rock Cafe
2- Lexington KY- TBA
5- Baltimore MD- Sidebar
6- Scranton PA- TBA
7- Boston MA- TBA
8- Boston MA- Brandeise University
9&10- Toronto- TBA
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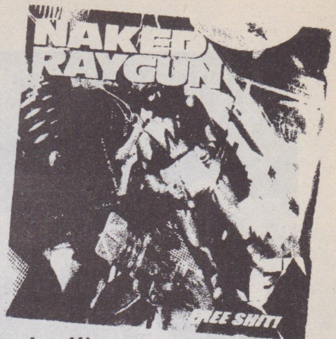

HTR#11

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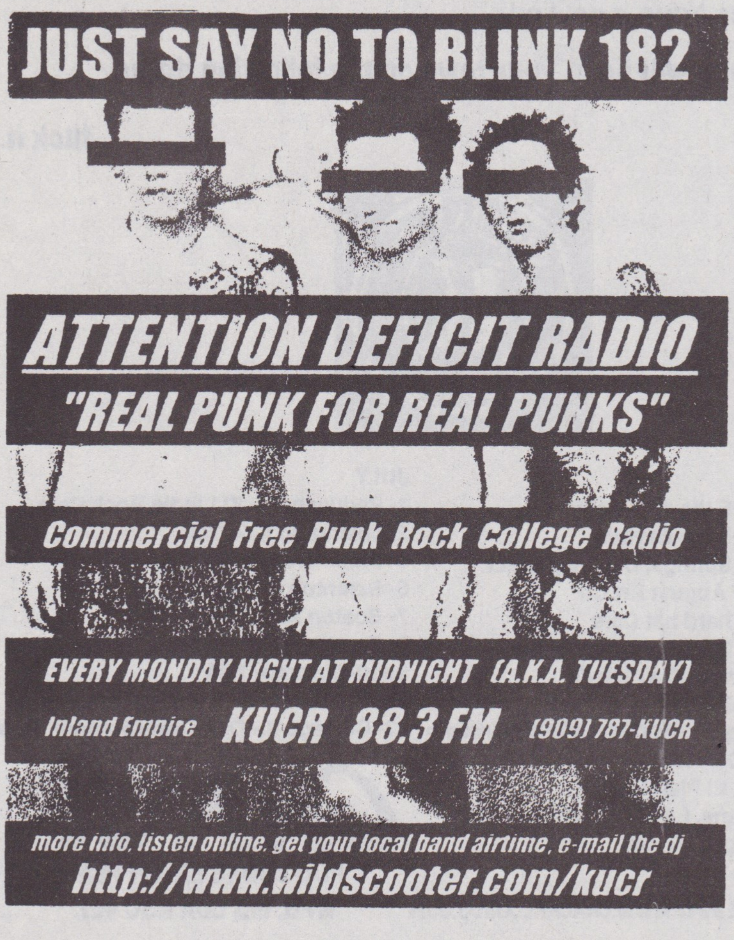

HONEY BEAR RECORDS

ANARCHY IN THE UK

As some of you may already know, I'm in the process of collecting interviews and information for a series of articles and subsequent book focused on the so-called anarcho punk scene of the late '70s and early '80s. Were you there? Were you in one of the bands? Any help and/or information would be greatly appreciated. Here are a few of the bands I'm still trying to track down: Six Minute War / The Fallout, D&V, Null & Void (Andy Stratton), The Apostles (Andy Martin), Polemic Attack, The Sears, The Naked, Part 1, Assassins Of Hope, No Defences, Tears Of Destruction, Dominant Patri, Earth's Epitaph, A Touch Of Hysteria, Apf Brigade, Anarka And Poppy, Kultur Kampf, Look Mummy Clowns, Hagar The Womb/We Are Going To Eat You, Liberty, Exit Stance, The Waste, Fiend, Hysteria Ward, The Review...

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www.hbrecords.org
honeybearrecords@hotmail.com

ZINES

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (MK) Mark Kessler, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo,(MT) Mike Thorn (AW) Amy Watson

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

AMERICA? #8 / $1 or 3 stamps ppd
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
This whole thing is just very brief random thoughts, mainly about 'the scene'. At first I was pretty bored, but then began to get into the whole abstract aspect of the whole thing, I do enjoy thinking about what things mean. I have to say, however, that I have always been a little confused by people like this, people who seem to take it so seriously. Not that I don't, but I just never really felt let down by any scenester, because I never believed in them much in the first place...(GF)
PO Box 13077 / Gainesville, FL 32604-1077

BARRICADA #7 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 20 pgs
Differing from most anarchozines, *Barricada* speaks in terms of the here and now rather then a revolution sometime in the future. I'm not sure if I really believe that we're at a place where black clad folks need to start small arms drills, but I respect that there are people serious enough about it to devote a good portion of a zine to it. Aside from the writing on self defense and revolutionary violence, there are articles on the Black Bloc in Quebec, some international news, and tactical proposals for Black Block actions. An interesting zine that doubtless will continue to be more and more relevant as opposition to globalization and police repression continues to find new ways of manifesting itself. (CR)
PO Box 73 / Boston, MA 02133

THE BLACK CLAD MESSENGER
#17 / $1 or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
The news briefs totally carry this zine. They're abundant, and cover anarchist (and some activist) events, regional and global. I'm less enthusiastic about the articles, on the whole there are some really oversimplified statements and "solutions," but also some interesting and better developed rants. Overall, a worthwhile read, and you shouldn't miss the article on the Anarchists taking responsibility for the Seattle earthquake. (NN)
no address

BULLDOG #21-22 / $ 4
11 x 8 - offset - 128 pgs - Czech & English
It is pretty damn hard reviewing a zine devoted to the skinned scene, since the only time in my life when I had no hair was when I got locked up in jail for kicking a cop in the ass. Anyway this zine seems to be centered around the SHARP scene which I want to assume is anti-racist and anti-nationalistic. Yet in one interview with someone at www.skinheads.net I read, "fuck yes I'm proud to be an American," next to snapshots of dudes holding assault rifles. So I will just finish this review by saying, the zine is professionally well done with lots of interviews (Vice Squad, Combat 84, Slackers), ads and record reviews. And that if you have no hair and are into oi this zine will probably excite the hell out of you. But if you are just a normal punk rocker you may find it a bit too esoteric. News flash, the zine gives *MRR* 210 a great review. (HH)
Vladimir Cerveny / PO Box 48 / 199 21 Praha 9 / Czech Republic

BURNING JELLY #2 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
As soon as I spied the Wisconsin address on this, I knew that I would probably like it (being a former Milwaukee resident, myself) and guess what?! I was right. Super simple typewriter layout (love it!)...and personal stories. Can't beat that combo in my book! Tales of sociological experiments whilst waiting line for the roller coaster, warehouse jobs, the future, depression, chasing dreams, school, becoming comfortable with yourself...in a nutshell, life. There are also a couple of fiction bits in here. Good writing equals good stuff...and the bubbler reference is sheer genius! Get this. (KC)
N89 W17109 Highland Ct / Menomonee Falls, WI 53051
kev517@netzero.net

BUST #1 / $3 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 40 pages
A zine "dedicated to the straight edge lifestyle" from the Netherlands that features a couple of interviews, a ton of photos, and the expected record reviews. I found it terribly entertaining that there are pictures of the Oath on the page right before the interview with Skarhead's Lord Ezac, in which he tried valiantly to not sound like a moron. This focuses mostly on NYHC styled stuff, with a bit of youth crew revival for good measure, but it's clear also that the author really likes the current explosion of old school hardcore bands like Amdi Peterson's Arme and ETA, which would

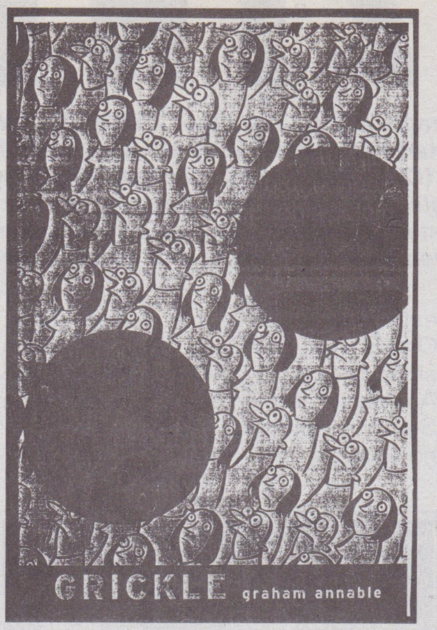
have made for a way more interesting zine. A pretty bland read, although I really enjoyed the (short) piece on improper moshing at shows...you'd think the kids would be over their kung fu phase by now, I mean, it is almost 3 years old, ain't there a new fad yet? (RC)
Pytrick Schafraad / Uilenstede 423/5102 / 1183 AE Amstelveen / Netherlands

CIRCLE ONE #2 / $2 ppd, trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
As suggested by the title, focusing mainly on hardcore, this one comes from Australia. Interviews with Sense Of Purpose, DS-13, and also some old Australian hardcore history. Kind of simple, but also had a good "80's style" feel to it, without the stupidity, that is.... (GF)
10/47 Pacific St / Main Beach, Qld / Australia 4217
circleonezine@hotmail.com

CLASS WAR #81 / £5 for five issues UK, £10 Europe, £20 world
11 1/8 x 16 3/8 - offset - 16 pgs
London and British focused, this issue is more explicitly anarchist than past issues I've seen, with a piece attacking Trotskyist groups along with the usual suspects. Rich people in the Green movement also get a "fuck off." Some extensive (and some short) book reviews also are featured herein. Worth a look if you live in the area and haven't seen it. (JM)
London CW / PO Box 467 / London E8 3QX / UK

COTTON FIST #13 / stamps or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
Small punk zine with music, zine and cider reviews, info on animal rights, and some personal bits on big corporations, Celtic art, and some poetry/lyrics. (MD)
32D Greygates / Stillorgan Road / Stillorgan / Co-Dublin / Ireland

DISORDERLY CONDUCT #3 / $3
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 68 pgs
"For the destruction of civilization" reads the subtitle. Well, I read it, and did not smash the state immediately afterwards, but maybe you will! This is a very militant, anti-authoritarian zine with lots of information on world-wide anarchist activities. It has silly anti-Wobbly and pro-gun cartoons (two things anarchists and Republican businessmen can agree on!) and makes fun of Radical Puppetry, which made me like this zine. There's lots here on riots, gender issues, militancy, political actions, etc. It's obvious there are many contributors, because this zine does not have one "voice." But then



there are parts of it that obviously come from a place of privilege— take action, but don't get caught; fuck work—all good in theory, but...! I'm not really into the pro-violent aspect of some of this stuff, but found it very interesting and inspiring to see acts of resistance going on around the world. However, if you are going to destroy civilization, why do so many of the contributors have e-mail and websites? (MD)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR / 97440

EAT SHIT #18 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs
If memory serves, I've reviewed this before and didn't really enjoy it too much. This issue, though, seems to be a significant improvement with better writing, a slightly easier-to-follow layout, and some interesting interviews. Along with the usual columns, are interviews with The Voids, Plague Rages, and New Society of Anarchists, reviews, and a lot of reprinted anarchist, political prisoner, and ALF information. Maybe next time I'll be able to indulge them with some bad press! (CR)
PO Box 4766 / South Lake Tahoe, CA 96157

EXTRA #36 & 37 / free
7 x 10 - offset - 56 pgs - Japanese
Extra's style is compact but easy to read, if you read Japanese, that is, and I wish I could. Issue #36 starts right off with short interviews with the Ryders and Slang, along with a slew of other (mostly Japanese) bands of various slants. What Happens Next? is in here too, but then again, they're everywhere. The review staff provides an impeccably organized and varied list of favorite records, to help you better pigeonhole their taste, then several pages later launch into the reviews themselves.They cram 62 of these onto two pages, but manage not to confuse your eyes in the process. If my Japanese professor in college hadn't been insane, I might even be able to tell you whether the reviews were well written. #37 is more of the same, with interviews with Blue Beat Players, Bouncing Souls, Nine Lives, and more. They neglected to tell me how much they charge to send copies out here, but I'd send postage and hope for the best. (AC)
Awaji-Cho Tosei Bldg. / 2-3 Kanda Awaji-Cho / Chiuyoda-Ku Tokyo 101-0063 / Japan
extra@diskunion.co.jp

FIFTEENTH PRECINCT #4 / $4 anywhere
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 100 pgs - comes with free mini zine and 1 compilation CD
This has to be the bargain of the year. For $4 you get a big fat zine, mini zine and a CD that doesn't suck. This girl must of broke the bank to get this out. The main zine, *15th* , is done by a girl who is all about supporting her local scene in Australia. Has tons of local stuff and interviews with some U.S. bands like the Donnas, Vandals and Swinging Utters. She also writes about her recent trip to California/Nevada, which is interesting. The mini zine is called *21 Stars to Go*, and has interviews with AFI, music and gig reviews. The 12 band CD of East Coast Australian bands run the gamut of punk styles and is pretty enjoyable. So send her $4 and find out about all the content I didn't have space to mention. (DS)
P.O. Box 1390 / Capalaba QLD 4157 / Australia
bianca@bit.net.au

THE FLAGBURNER #9 / $2 Europe-$3 world
8 1/2 x 11 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
This didn't really do much for me. I can't really put my finger on it, I guess the layout just left me pretty indifferent...very computer generated with no real character to it. Interviews with Inhale Corpses, Downsided, Flat Earth Records, Pax Americana, Positive Bastards, plus short articles on

the evils of Shell, resistance in the Third Reich, and eating disorders. My favorite part of this zine is the 'punx in the kitchen'...with a tasty sounding vegan Indian dish. There are also some music and zine reviews along with a few poems. (KC)
Janne Nystrom / Eurantie 12 A9 / 00550 Helsinki / Finland

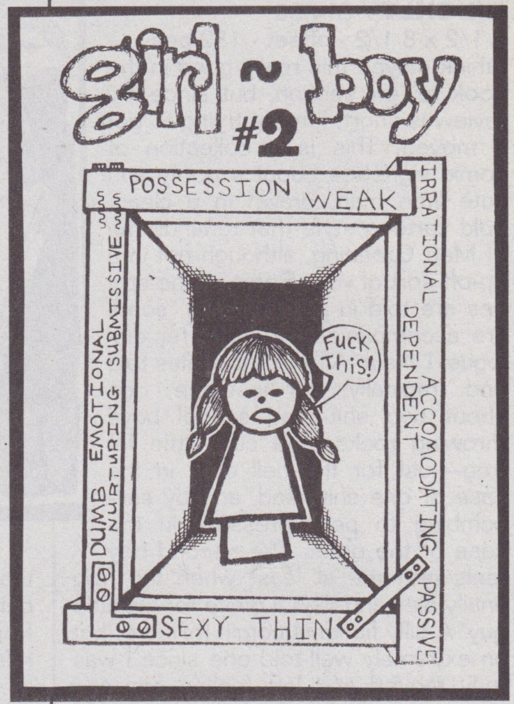
GET OFF MY LAWN #16 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
According to the creator of *GOML*, every negative review he has gotten from "the heads of the PC police" here at *Maximumrocknroll* has resulted in an increase in letters written to him. Well prepare yourself for a fucking deluge of letters, dude. For the most part, it's just a sloppy zine with boring little journal entries, record and zine reviews, and an interview; but standing out as a beacon of stupidity is his lame attempt at explaining his past frequent use of disparaging comments about bigger women. Keep on digging that hole, pal! (CR)
PO Box 141 / 7107 S Yale Ave / Tulsa, OK 74136

A GIRL AND HER BIKE #8 / $3 ppd
4 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 110 pgs
The beautiful screen-printed covers would seem to suggest deliciously witty (and even sexy) indie rock girl writing but the content falls short, and more than a little flat. The tales of Ladyfest, shows, everyday annoyances and encounters could use some more description, wit and insight. Seriously, a word-for-word conversation with the power company about the payment of a bill does not make for riveting reading. On top of this, why is the text presented two lines at once? (MN)
PO Box 2425 / Winnipeg, MB / Canada R3C 4A7
alwaysrockit@hotmail.com

GIRL/BOY ZINE #2 / $3
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 80 pgs
This is a collaborative split between two persons ostensibly geared at gender deconstruction, which I appreciate when done well and sadly, that's not the case here. (Be aware that I'm approaching this review as a feminist theorist and women's studies lecturer.) It reads like weird college writing assignments caught a time warp (circa riot grrrl 1995), and is "conceptual" without being intellectually rigorous. Shyla (the girl) dedicates most of her side of the split to the notion of "liberating women's sexuality," including a discussion of sex radicalism in which she selectively utilizes a poststructuralist analysis of language. Oddly enough she cites *Foucault's History of Sexuality, Vol. One*, even though Foucault expressly argued that the "freeing" potential of a "natural" sexuality (to be excavated from social constraints) is illusory. Yet throughout the fanzine she discusses the joys of "discovering" masturbation, of helping other women to "discover" this joy (she worked in a sex shop), of developing a "meta-sex consciousness," et cetera, as if there were some more real or "primal" sexuality or essence to be found down deep. On the other end Rob (the boy) argues in one breath for the destruction of binary gender roles, and in the next is reifying *Iron John*-style "male earth gods." (His side of the fanzine is also rife with images of men and their penises, spilling, er, their seed into what looks like a galaxy or cosmic whatever. Seriously gross.) His essays about "male initiation" and masculinities are less confrontational and more confessional, which I can't stand. The weird New Age "primal" vibe combined with the terrible co-counseling "I'm okay, you're okay" writing just made me nuts. (MN)
POB 743 / Mankato, MN 56002

GHOLA #3 - $1
5 1/2 x 4 1/2 - copied - 38 pgs
Somehow nothing I read made much of an impression on me, though that's not to say this is a terrible personal zine. It's in that middling territory of standard writing about standard topics – i.e., vague exhortations to "think," the American Dream (wanting it, not wanting it), a blow-by-blow of a rather dull civil trial, song quotes, depression, reviews, and eight year-old journal excerpts from a hospital stay. (MN)
638 Lehigh Rd / Apt M-10 / Newark, DE 19711

GNOME SANE? #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 12 pgs
Here's a very short zine about all things related to gnomes. Like the writers of this zine, I am an admirer of gnomes—but who isn't? And if you're not, why the hell not? (Beware of anyone unable to appreciate cute and adorable!) Anyway, the zine starts out with some historical information about gnomes—who they are, where they live, what they like, etc. This section is a good

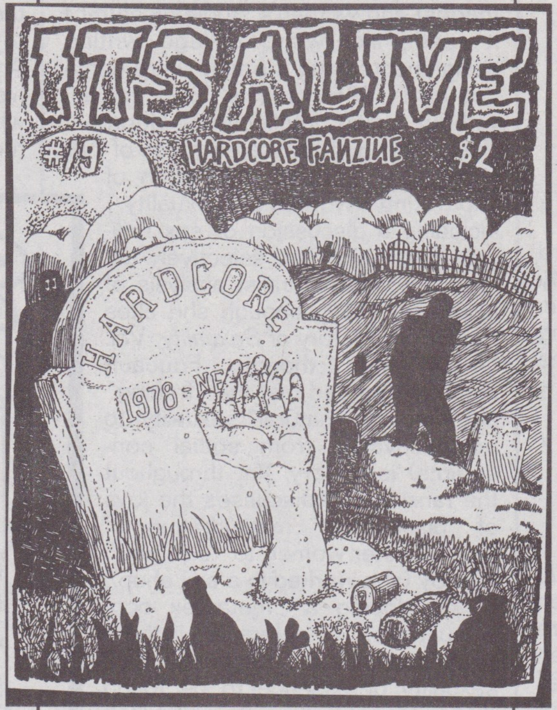


read for those who are unfamiliar with this basic stuff. I think I own the same book from which these boys summarized their gnome history. I do wish the writers were not afraid to go all the way and allow themselves to admit to believing wholeheartedly into the little cuties. I mean, isn't the point in loving gnomes pretending if we have to? One of the writers says he's "on the fence as believing in a little man who helps out around the house..." I do agree with him there, but that's because I think all the gnomes live far away from we crazy humans, but that's really just my own personal theory (although that cute red-headed friend of Harry Potter has a garden full of them...so who knows.) I think this zine is genius most-

ly because they thought of concentrating on this widely-ignored subject before I did. And I'm left inspired to do my own gnome themed zine now to further enrich the genre. I must say though, I adamantly disagree with the rationale of whoever wrote about stealing painted clay garden gnomes at night with his friends. *Stealing gnomes is never OK*! Seriously, steal any stupid, ugly, ridiculous, or cute lawn ornament from the suburbs, but leave the gnomes alone! The well-constructed and truly adorable ones are sometimes hard to find, and anyone with the good sense to put a sacred statue of a gnome in their yard is a friend of mine. (AW)
2846 Evergreen St / Abbotsford, BC V2T 2S1 / Canada

GRICKLE / $14.95
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 132 pgs
I think maybe this really goes in the book review section, but since my review is short, I'm not trying to get it moved. This is a collection of comic vignettes about a goofy and cute little man, drawn in a clean, bold cartoon style that reminds me of Matt Groening, although not in a rip-off sort of way. Some of the stories are told in pictures only, some are accompanied by character dialogue. I like it. A few of the tales told end tragically. For instance, one about two shit-head school boys throwing rocks at a cute little fat frog—just for the hell of it in the case of one shit-head, and by succumbing to peer pressure in the case of the other. The second boy feels remorse at least when the frog finally dies and digs a grave for the little guy. A silly fictional comic for sure, but an extremely well-told one since I was truly moved and left feeling sad and gloomy at the end of that one. (Of course, I am typically sappy and prone to tears.) The tragedy written into the other stories is well-balanced against an equal dose of irony that's clever and takes true skill for a writer to pull off. If you like comics without super-heroes, you'll probably like this one. Whether it's worth fifteen bucks or not is certainly debatable, though. (AW)
Alternative Comics / 503 NW 37th Ave / Gainesville, FL 32609-2204

HOPEWELL #2 / $1 or trade
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
Francis packs this slim volume with unusual fanzine fodder along with the stand-bys (interviews with *R'Lyeh Rising*, Sound Pollution, fanzine and record reviews). Native American burial mounds in the Midwest and a modern jazz synopsis, which quite neatly covers everything from be-bop to free jazz, make for interesting introductions to their subjects. Unfortunately, Francis falls short in his analysis of the recent spate of black riots in Cincinnati, arguing that his white punk rock pal, driving a twelve year-old Ford Escort and sporting crusty dreads, is not "the Man." Punk rock does not cancel out white privilege, no matter how crusty the pants or the dreads. To suggest



that the chosen downward mobility of being a crust punk is an escape route from being complicit in uneven race relations is incredibly shortsighted, as is suggesting that the issue is more about class than race, when clearly police brutality is an overwhelmingly racialized (and racist) practice. (There's also some condescension here toward the rioters, for having not brushed up on the "legitimate targets for property destruction" anarchist primer beforehand.) It's not a bad fanzine, but this did not get my motor running. (MN)
2915 Kenmore Ave / Dayton, OH 45420

IT'S ALIVE #19 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 64 pgs
Fuck yes!!! One of the best hardcore fanzines going and it's mine all mine!!!! Simple concept kids nothing but photos and flyers of the bands Fred loves, with snippets of their lyrics thrown on top for effect. Quality, clean cut and paste layout. Get it now. (MT)
P.O. Box 6326 / Oxnard, CA 93031-6326
itsalive@hotmail.com

JERSEY BEAT #69 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 128 pgs
I'd never read this thing before, but I always thought of it as Jersey's *Suburban Voice*. That's not accurate these days, as *Jersey Beat* covers a spectrum of "indie" rock music through interviews and reviews. This issue has a talk with Bane and a short chapter from Ben (Weasel) Foster's novel, along with plenty of coverage of up and coming NY/NJ/East Coast rock bands and J. Rabid of *Big Takeover*. There is plenty of material that makes my skin crawl, like the reports from the CMJ convention and SxSW (fuck, fuck, *fuck* that shit, and the parasitic losers who attend) but even the interviews with bands who are "reworking their promo kits" are done well enough, making the *Beat* a good read if you are into that sort of thing. I tip my hat to Jim Testa for his longevity and dedication. (JM)
418 Gregory Ave / Weehawken, NJ 07087
jim@jerseybeat.com

KING-CAT COMICS #59 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Ever read *Harold and the Purple Crayon*? That's what the drawing style reminds me of, with its simplicity and delicacy, every line intentional and important in telling the story. Few words are used in the comics, keeping me from taking the drawings for granted. This is interesting and unique, and I would actually pay for this if I hadn't already gotten it for free. John's writing and drawing is that good. (AW)
Spit and a Half / PO Box 881 / Elgin, IL 60121

THE NEUS SUBJECT #34-36 / SASE
8 1/2 x 14 - copied - 1 page
More great additions to the five year saga of what is basically an Ohio area scene report. Each issue features show reviews, local (Ohio, silly) band news and a few record reviews. This thing has been coming out forever, and is a great resource for keeping up on the goings on somewheres else. These 3 issues include the fifth anniversary issue (#34), reports from Kent and Cincinnati, and blurbs about bands like Crimson Sweet, Kill The Hippies, and The Detox Police, to name a few. And

hell, the thing only costs a friggin stamp. (RC)
PO Box 18051 / Fairfield, OH / 45018-0051

NO MAN IS A RIKER #3 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
Written mostly as a response to the DNC and the police response, *No Man is a Riker* does a surprisingly good job of relating, clearly and coherently, the protests in LA and the obvious excitement about them felt by the writer. The firsthand accounts of the police tactics, the liberal Nader/Gore puppeteers, and the Black Bloc are all interesting, but the best part is the retelling of his encounter with Jello Biafra; "...I went up to him and said, "Hi," he said "Hi." And then he told me, "Vote Nader!" Good times. For a buck, *No Man is a Riker* is a pretty good read. (CR)
PO Box 1273 / Cypress, CA 90630

NO PASARAN #6 / $1 Arg., $2 world
8 x 11 - offset - 16 pgs - Spanish
Always a pleasure to find *No Pasaran* in my bin. This issue has interviews with The Boils (from Philadelphia), and Razzapparte, an Italian oi band. There's a retrospective of (and update on) The Business, and also music and zine reviews (thankfully, not too heavily dominated by US bands/zines). The articles are interesting and well-informed. The most notable ones of this issue were on sexism/homophobia and current conflicts and policy in Colombia. Definitely check this one out. (NN)
C.C. 28, Suc. Quilmes / 1878 - Quilmes, Buenos Aires / Argentina
info@nopasaran.com.ar

O.J. KILLED ELVIS #5 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 36 pgs
In this installment, our drug-loving narrator takes Greyhound across the USA and moves to Portland, OR, where he has a number of interesting adventures but decides to move back home. There is a lot of handwritten material in here, copied from his journal, and I felt the material suffered from a lack of editing. The stories of the freaks he'd hang out and the stuff they'd do with were fine, but the introspection and "maybe this will happen..." when you find out on the next page it didn't, sometimes was too much for me. I loved #4 so hopefully Mike will tighten this shit up. (JM)
252 Grand Ave Apt 2 / Johnson City, NY 13790

OUTSIDE WORLD #3 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
It has been 2 1/2 years since the last issue and I think he should of waited another 2 years to publish. Harsh? Yes, but content wise the zine was so unex-

citing. The zine starts off with some news stories and the editor gives his opinions. Hardly ground breaking thoughts. A column about being a confused college student and an article about moving to Berlin should of been more interesting but they weren't. I won't even mention the poetry and lame comic. Just kinda dull. (DS)
1547 Salem Rd / Quakertown, PA 18951

PASSIVITY=COMPLIANCE #4 / £1.10 or $2 + SAE or 2 IRC
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 80 pgs
Tons of reading here, all pretty much music focused, along with some local happenings and news. Southampton has always seemed like a really cool scene, but also one of those UK scenes that appears a little too awed by the American bands (I am specifically talking about Down By Law; NO ONE in America likes Down By Law. You had Leatherface and you wanna gush about Down By Law?) Anyway, that isn't really a problem, it just makes me feel sorry for you, but along with that you get a huge amount of enthusiasm and excitement that can be seriously lacking in US zines, which makes for good reading and a lot of very impressive knowledge of punk rock minutiae. (GF)
95a Malmesbury Road / Shirley, Southampton / SO15 5FP UK

PAXIL #2 / ?
5 3/4 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
I like the packaging on this...nice bright red and orange paper, tape bound, and nice cut & paste layout. Unfortunately, the contents were a little bit of a let down. The writing itself is pretty good, but there isn't much of it...feels like it was rushed and in the vein of 'hey I've got a few good bits in my journal, I'm gonna run down to Kinko's tonight!' That's not necessarily a bad thing, but it left me kind of hanging when I got to the end. Stories in here about drinking (thunderbird & 40's), living, dropping boom boxes off of bridges onto the highway, optimism and eager smiles, bike rides, and the blissful ignorance a walkman can bring you on a crowded train. I think that this definitely has potential...I'd love to see a longer issue in the future. No price was listed. (KC)
PO Box 821 / Valley Stream, NY 11581
oldschoolbrendan@aol.com

PLASTIC BOMB #34 / $5
11 x 8 - offset - 140 pgs - German
This zine is always a good informative read especially for anyone interested in the German scene, although the zine is very international in it's scope. This issue has interviews with No Respect, The Real Mckenzies, Ralf Real Shock, Upright Citizens, Snuff and Attila The Stockbroker. There are also lots of cool ads and record reviews, plus interesting columns and two great articles on Yugoslavia and South America. Finally the damn thing comes with a free CD featuring some of the bands interviewed. (HH)
Frank Herbst / Quellstr. 83 / 46117 Oberhausen / Germany
frank@plastic-bomb.de

P.U.N.K #8 / $4 US-$5 overseas
8 1/2 x 14 - copied - 132 pgs
Holy shit! This thing is a monster! Super thick and absolutely packed with columns, interviews, art, reviews and photos. Featured interviews include Subtonix, Toxic Narcotic, Benumb and a huge section of flyer art by Marcus Da Anarchist. Tons of music, show and zine reviews...plus a Bay Area scene

report. The most impressive part of this (hands down) is the photos! Pages and pages of awesome pix...I'm not going to mention all of the subjects, but here's a little taste/teaser...are you ready?! Here goes: Artimus Pyle, Capitalist Casualties, Citizen Fish, Crucial Section, Dead Bodies Everywhere, Fleshies, Lifes Halt, Loudmouths, No Justice, Raw Power...okay, that should be enough to get you running to the mailbox and sending off your money today. This is essential, you need this. (KC)
456 Castro St / SF, CA 94114

PUNK ROCK LOVE #3 / $1 (or four 34¢ stamps)
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
The first thing I noticed here was the wasted space - this could have easily been a 16 page issue. Inside there are short, basic interviews with the Liberats and Drastic Action, some show reviews (my favorite part), a piece on Anti-Flag selling out, a critical look at punk music, and how to silk screen. Overall this zine is pretty weak, but the editor is fourteen and I liked the enthusiasm he brought to reviews of shows at shit venues like the Whisky and the Troubadour. Well you can read it on the internet at the library for free. (JM)
16161 Ventura Blvd / PMB 451 / Encino, CA 91436
toadflax1@hotmail.com

3RD GENERATION NATION #21 / $4
11 x 8 - offset - 76 pgs - German
It isn't too difficult to say this is my favorite punk zine from Germany, and perhaps Europe. It is always entertaining, this issue having interviews with the bands Discontent, The Derita Sisters, The Forgotten Rebels, The Automatics, The Addicts, The Controllers, plus others. There are also lots of fun reading columns, informative record reviews, and reports from live shows. And finally there is the always great cover photos. (HH)
Ralf Hunebeck / Muhlenfeld 59 / 45472 Mulheim / Germany
Realshock@aol.com

REFLECTIONS #14 / $6
8 1/4 x 11 1/2 - offset - 96 pgs
With zines like these, it's hard to figure out where the editor is at. It's definitely hardcore. It's kind of straight edge, and kind of religious, but in this subtle, covert way. It's like the hip thing now is to be "spiritual" without following any particular religion, but coming from an ex-Christian, then ex-Krisna, it feels more like the flavor of the month as far as your belief in "god" goes. The editor's questions and comments creepily tried to get interviewees to justify his own opinions/beliefs: "...goodness comes from within, and that's a proof of God...", "when a band like Shelter came and they brought this whole idea about spirituality, isn't that progression within hardcore? (asked of Paul from Seein' Red, no less!?) It's still feels like he's trying to convert the reader to accept a god...and that will always rub me the wrong way. That said, it's a good music rag if you can overlook that (and believe me, I won't blame you if you can't). The interviews are decent—featuring *MRR*'s own adorable Mike Thorn, Life's Halt, Ensign, Ruination, Vique Simba and Seein' Red, who always have something intelligent to say! There are tour diaries for the Oath and Stretch Armstrong (but come on, how much fun do straight edge guys have on tour?), columns, lots of ads and reviews, and a very interesting and informative piece on how to sing hardcore without destroying your vocal chords. I'd say this was a mixed bag. In some ways, it reminded me of the lone Christian who asked me if I wanted to get to know Jesus Christ while I waited for the bus the other day. All I can say is "no thanks." (MD)
Spoorwegstraat 117/ 6828 AP Arnhem / Netherlands
reflectionsrecords.com

RETAIL WHORE #3 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
Very personal zine about depression and Paxil, first kisses, working shitty retail jobs, info on STDs, with some reviews and those ubiquitous "lists" (you know, fave records, best and worst things about turning 21...). (MD)
retailwho1/2re@hotmail.com

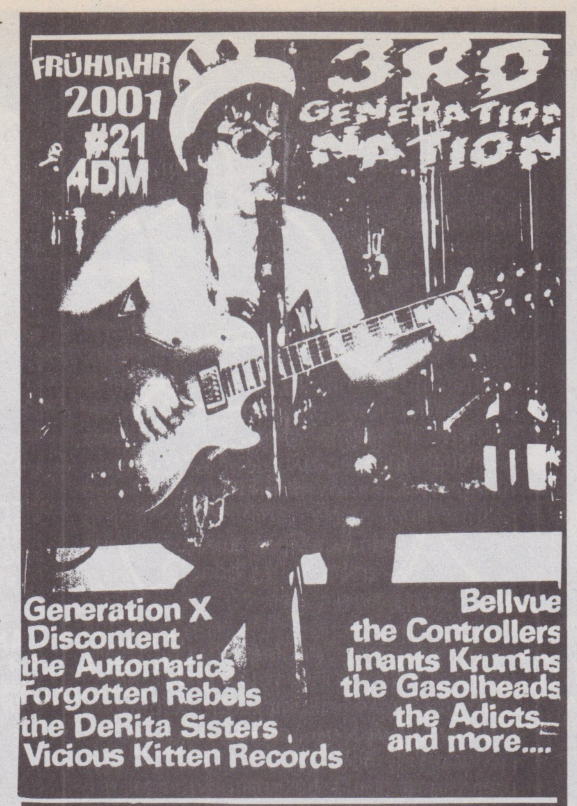
SPEAK MY MIND #3 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 -copied - 44pgs
UGGGHHHH!!!! WHY ME?!!? Listen, just cause I got a SxE tattoo on my arm and a disintegrating Chain Of Strength shirt in my closet does not mean I relate one iota to a zine like this...who the fuck gives a shit if Andy from Kill Your Idols isn't straight edge anymore? They're still a great fucking band! I just don't get it and I never have!! Anywho for those of you who do, this puppy has interviews with Reach The Sky, Amendment 18, Run Devil Run, Lunachicks (who are *not* straight edge at all!!!) a Reaching Forward tour diary, plus all the usual columns, reviews and related shit. And don't you worry he has his (made in sweatshops by a 13yr old) Nike's shined up and his hooded sweatshirt ironed (Who tha' fuck irons their sweatshirt? Who tha fuck even irons their clothes!?) awaiting the next "old school" revival to come around, here's hoping he's waiting a long time! (MT)
Nieuwkuijksestr. 167 / 5253 AG Nieuwkuijk / Netherlands
speakmymind@hotmail.com

TAR & FEATHERS #1 / two stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
Lots of grandiose anarchist rhetoric and romanticized visions of a "back to nature" DIY utopia characterize the content of this zine. The entirety of the zine pretty much revolves around the author's diagnosis of the miserable, dehumanizing quality of life that most people endure within the context of late capitalist culture. I found this to be pretty obnoxious. He urges us to embrace a life more intimately connected with nature in a style that sounds creepily like some sort of religious cult. As I was reading, I felt like I was being force-fed this person's extremely generalized, dogmatic analysis of the quality of my life and what I need to be "free." Like a lot of anarchist ideology, the author explains that anarchism can't be realized through force and coercion, but through the "changing" of people's minds. Can't the aim of "changing someone's mind" because you presume that you know what is "best" for them and convincing them to think like you be considered coercive and potentially violent? The whole time I was reading, it was like I could hear the author's preachy voice espousing his self-righteous views of the world and it got really annoying. Aside from my gen-

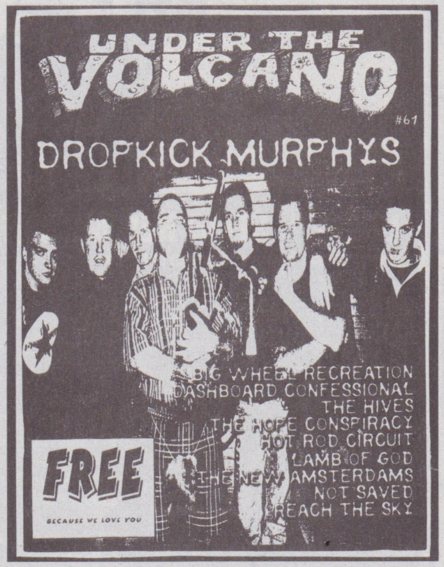
erally negative impression of *Tar and Feathers*, I found the articles about wild medicinal plants and the instructions on how to start a fire to be the most redeeming parts of this zine. (JL)
37 E Chestnut #3 / Asheville, NC 28801

THESE DAYS... #1/$?
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 28pgs
My fucking christ!! I'm not going to be able to do any justice on how good this is, so basically I'm just wasting space but... this is the shit punk is made of kids. Tales of tours, inspiration, making out, connecting with folx and just being fucking alive. Most personal zines make me fuk'n wretch but there's just something about Mikey's writing and the tales that he weaves that I can just relate to... especially the one about way over-held grudges and making out with Pat Buchanan's in punk clothing. Not to mention the amazing cut and paste layout of the whole thing that just gives it such a humane feel– especially after having to be subjected to so many fucking computer laid out zines. There's just so much heart and emotion packed into this and that you can't help but feel totally absorbed in it, amazing! (MT)
PO Box 55783 / Valencia, CA 91385

UNDERDOG ZINE #31 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 46 pgs
A two-in-one zine, issue 31 of *Underdog Zine* is merged with another, new zine called *Greenleaf Rebellion*. Both hail from Chicago, emerging from the DIY/ hardcore/ punk culture of the area. I have reviewed *Underdog Zine* a few times now and appreciate its straightforward, unpretentious approach to covering various topics of local, national, and international interest. *Underdog* features a history of Chicago gangsters and the St. Valentine's Day massacre, a "requiem" for now defunct restaurants in the Chicago area, letters, and political rants, among other things. *Greenleaf Rebellion* includes a fictional story, a historical article about the Haymarket riot, a rant against college and computers, a recipe, and obituaries. I really like that these zines want to avoid being pigeonholed as "music zines." You might find this to be a limitation of a punk zine, but I consider it a strength. (JL)
1513 N Western Ave / Chicago, IL 60622



UNDER THE VOLCANO #61/ $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 80pgs
I've always heard tons about this zines and was quite interested in checking it out, but maybe I just got the wrong issue. Don't get me wrong, it's still better than most zines, from its layouts to it columns to it's reviews... but the interviews in this particular issue just do not interest me at all. Be it the wanna



be major label doofus from Big Wheel Recreation, metal heads Lamb Of God, churchy recording "artist" Dashboard Confessional, Ayn Rand quoters Reach The Sky or barroom heroes Dropkick Murphys (I mean have they done anything good since *Do or Die*? The answer is no.) Still I'd probably give this another three or four chances, especially since my only complaint is that I don't like the interviews... I mean why didn't I get the one with the D4 interview for review, that was a great issue...(MT)
P.O. Box 236 / Nesconset, NY 11767

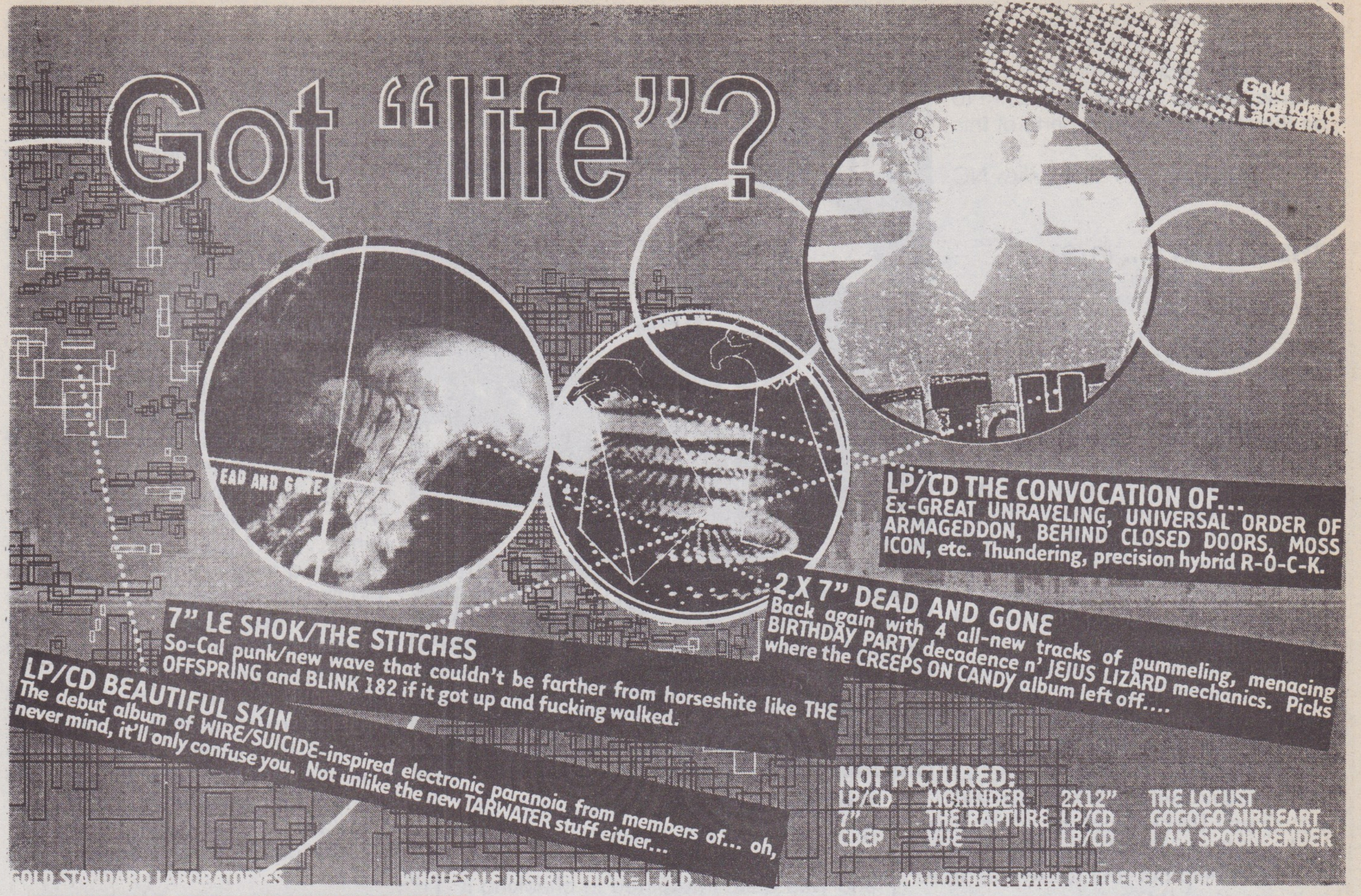
WILD CHILDREN #2 /
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 71 pgs
This little zine is filled with plenty of personal, intimate rants of the emo variety and stories about friendships, passion, childhood innocence, and travel. The pages are peppered with some cool pictures and illustrations as well. The writing doesn't really speak to me very much and seems, at times, like crazy talk, yet is oddly engaging and poetic at the same time. I don't know if the author was going for this effect, but this is probably the most emo zine that I have read in a long while in the subject matter and the style of writing. (JL)
545 Calle del Norte / Camarillo, CA 93010

more listings

KILLER ELF ZINE #1 / $1
Not bad for issue #1. Columns by friends, a bit about punk rock friendship that is kinda cute and excerpts from her online journal.
2643 Hwy 11 S / Mansfield, GA 30055

RED ALERT COLLECTIVE #2 / $?
Writing about homophobia, Anarchism, and food irradiation.
1315 Jefferson Ave / Des Moines, IA 50314

UNITY SUCKS #7 / free
This glossy eight-page Dutch newsletter will probably cost non-Nederlanders postage. Interviews with the Butcher and Cooper, plus CD-only reviews of punk bands on large indie or psuedo-indie labels.
Postbus 4269 / 5604 EG Eindhoven / Netherlands



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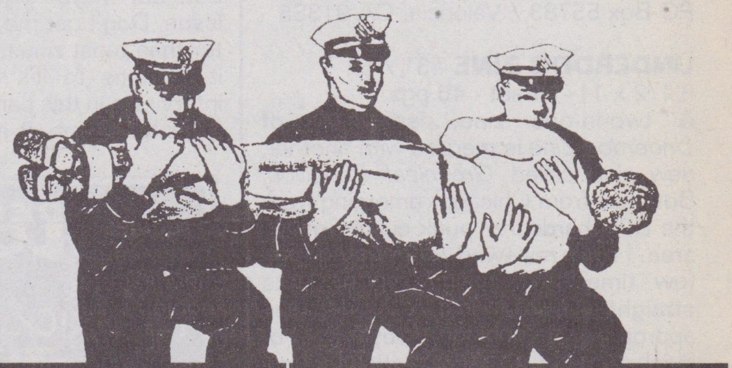

LÄRM
Discography - CD

SEEIN'RED/MK ULTRA
Network of friends part 3 - CD

DEVOID OF FAITH/VOORHEES
Network of friends part 5 - CD

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[RE]freshed: **In/Humanity** Your future 7" ▩ **Devoid Of Faith** Slowmotion enslavement 7" ▩ **DropDead** 1st LP [Euro press, diff. cover].

▩ **Prices:** 7" - $6. LP/10" - $14. CD - $12

▩ **Coalition records**. Hugo de Grootstraat 25. 2518 EB Den Haag. The Netherlands
E-mail Coalition_rec@hotmail.com Fax +31 70 392 0634

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Political, powerful Dutch hardcore that mixes thrash and modern HC styles.

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HIGHSCORE - Discography CD
Super fast youth crew from Germany. Contains the LP, EP, comp tracks and the demo. Crucial Response fans will dig....

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Been in the works for years, finally happening in support of the US Summer Tour!

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PLUTOCRACY - Dankstahz CD
HHH - 2xCD Discography
JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS - EP (repress soon)
CURTAINRAIL/KUNGFU RICK-Split EP
YOUTH ENRAGE - LP (almost gone)
MAJESTIC FOUR - Demo EP
DISCARGA - EP
KUNGFU RICK - CD
Gorymelanoma/Emetic - Split EP
LIE - Debut Ep (found a few left)

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V/A - Barbaric Thrash Vol II EP
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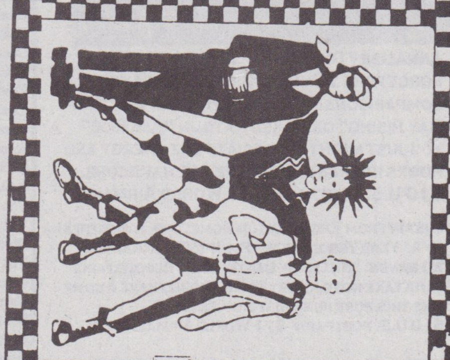

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